1867
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Mrs Le Clerc

& Miss Crampton

from the Editors

A MEMOIR

OF

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

A MEMOIR

OF

MARIA EDGEWORTH,

WITH

A SELECTION FROM HER LETTERS

BY THE LATE

MRS. EDGEWORTH.

EDITED BY HER CHILDREN.

Not Published.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH MASTERS AND SON,
ALDERSGATE STREET AND NEW BOND STREET.
1867.

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To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 18, 1828.

"Harder than the rock must be the heart that did not feel for you, my dearest kindest aunt.[1] I have you and Sophy, and all your packings and doings before my eyes at every interval from daily business and in 'the stilly night.' It is a very odd thing, but such is the inconsistency of the mind—though I knew that all this was certainly to come to pass, and that you were assuredly to leave Black Castle, still I felt as if it were a dream. But what must be must be, and most grateful am I to heaven for your wonderful strength of mind and body at this trying time.

"I see in to-day's paper the death of Mr. Wren of Wroxal Abbey, Miss Wren's relative who received us so very kindly. He was only fifty-two. Did Harriet Beaufort, or anybody tell you of the escape Captain Beaufort had; it frightens us to think of it. He was driving by the Brunswick theatre an hour before the

[1] Mrs. Ruxton and her daughters now went to reside at Bloomfield, near Dublin. Her son, who had taken the name of Fitzherbert, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, who had been on the Continent since Mr. Ruxton's death, coming to reside at Black Castle, they pulled down the old cottage and built a large house.

roof fell; delayed by a dray and proposed going to the theatre to look at it—most providentially he did not.

"There has been, I cannot imagine from whom, an announcement in the Literary Gazette, that 'Miss Edgeworth is far advanced in a novel called, Take for Granted.' The fact is, that it was never designed for anything more than a short tale, and I have done nothing to it since I saw you. I have been occupied in writing a story[1] of about fifty printed pages, which I finished yesterday, and read to the family. I could not bring myself to refuse to do it for Mr. Lockhart, who asked me to contribute something to his young friend Mr. Croker's 'Christmas Box.'"

To Mrs. Stark.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 23, 1828.

"My dear kind Mrs. Stark and Mrs. Bannatyne,

"I received your letter this morning, the first thing that blessed my eyes, and read it to Mrs. Edgeworth, who blesses you for thinking of her boy at the right moment, and thus having the goodness to remember the invitation you gave him months ago. This is uncommonly kind—but no kindness is extraordinary from Scotch hearts. Pakenham left us the day before yesterday to pass a few days with Harriet and his friends in Dublin before setting out for Scotland. Be assured we had not forgotten your kind invitation to him, as you will see by a note of mine which he has now in his pocket, and which was addressed to all your good family greeting, and claiming hospitality for him.

[1] Garry Owen, published in a little Annual for 1829, called The Christmas Box.

"I rejoice as you do with a mixture of regret for the loss of her sister, which Margaret will feel at the happy marriage of Miss Anne Gibson Craig. Your description of the simplicity of taste of those children of prosperity is beautifully just and characteristic.

"I am glad Mr. Bannatyne is able to go out and enjoy himself again just in time for Spring delights at the cottage. Plant plenty of evening primroses in your flower beds there; mine are bordered with them, and are at this moment in lilac beauty, and they have been in blow almost all the year round. Tartarian honeysuckle I hope you have also: beautiful in its first green at this time, and in its pink flowers it will be in another week before grander things deign to come out."

A distant relation, Mrs. Anna Edgeworth, of London, died this year, bequeathing to Maria a pair of diamond earrings and pearl bracelets, with the proceeds of which she built a market house in the village, with a room over it for the Magistrates' Petty Sessions.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 13, 1828.

"We had a serious alarm this morning, and serious danger, but it is perfectly over now, and no damage done but what a few days' work of plasterer and carpenter can repair. At seven o'clock this morning a roaring was heard in the servants' hall, and Mulvanny,[1] who had put on the blower, found the chimney on fire, and Anne[2] saw dreadful smoke breaking out in the passage going from the anteroom of my aunt's dressing-

[1] Mulvanny, the knife boy. [2] Anne, my maid.

room. Barney Woods[1] perceiving that it was no common affair of a chimney on fire, had the sense to ring the workman's bell. I was dressed, heard it, and Anne met me coming from my room to inquire what was the matter, and told me—indeed her face told me! Lovell up and ready—most active and judicious. Thirty men were assembled; water in abundance. Frank Langan indefatigable and most courageous. The long ladder was put up against the house near the pump; up the men went, and bucket after bucket poured down, Mulvanny standing on the top of the chimney. Meantime the great press, next the maid's room, was torn down by men working for life and death, for the smoke was bursting through, and the whole wall horribly hot. The water poured into the chimney would not, for half an hour, go down to the bottom; something stopped it. A terrible smell of burning wood. The water ran through all manner of flues and places and flooded the whole ceiling of the hall. Holes were made to let it through, or the whole ceiling would have come down *en masse;* the water poured through in floods on the floor; Margaret[2] and boys sweeping it out of the hall door continually. While the men were at work under Lovell's excellent orders, Honora and I were having all papers and valuables carried out, for we knew that if the flames reached the garrets nothing could save the house. All the title-deed boxes, and lease presses, and all Lovell's, and all your papers, and my grandfather's books, and my father's picture, were safe on the grass in less than one hour. It took three hours before the fire was extinguished, or, I should say, got under. The pump was pumped dry, but Lovell

[1] The steward. [2] The housemaid.

had sent long before a cart with barrels for water to the river—tons of water were used, pouring, pouring incessantly, and this alone could have saved us.

"By eleven o'clock all the boxes and papers, and pictures, were in their places, and we sent for the chimney sweepers, not the old ones, who, as we rightly guessed, were the cause of the mischief. The chimney has been broken open and a boy has been working incessantly tearing down an incrustation of soot—immense pieces of black *tuffa*,—in fact, the chimney became a volcano, fire, water, and steam, all operating together. The fire was found still burning inside at five this evening, but is all out now, the boy has been up at the top.

"The zeal, the sense, the generosity, the courage of the people, is beyond anything I can describe, I can only feel it. But what astonished me was their steadiness and silence, no advising or pushing in each other's way—all working and obeying. Lovell had lines of boys from the ladder to the cow's pool handing the buckets passed up by the men on the ladder to the frightful top. Thank God not a creature was hurt.

"*Honora adds*—

"I need add nothing to what Maria has said about others, but I must say about herself, that nobody who has seen her in small alarms, such as the turning of a carriage, or such things, could believe the composure, presence of mind and courage she showed in our great alarm to-day. I hope she has not suffered; as yet she does not appear the worse for her exertions."

I was staying with Mrs. Ruxton at Bloomfield. This letter was directed to me at my aunt's in Dublin, who

had heard from her footman that he had met the guard of the Longford coach, and been told that "Edgeworthstown house was burned to the ground. It was seen in flames when the coach passed by." As soon as Maria's letter arrived, my aunt drove out with it to Bloomfield; she could not conceal her emotion as she put the letter into my hand, and when she heard all was safe burst into tears of joy.

Maria went soon afterwards to stay with her aunt, and left her in July.

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"31, *Merrion Street, Mrs. Waller's,*
"*July,* 1828.

"We had a delightful drive from Bloomfield here, with Mr. Crampton. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed the time I have spent with you, which appeared so short, I can hardly believe it was five weeks. The pigeons are very safe in the back parlour eating and drinking away, and will, I hope, get safe to Maxwell. Mrs. Waller is so well that she went with us yesterday to Mr. Barlow's and to Mrs. Colville's, and we had a delightful day. Mrs. Colville, your friend, appeared, though it was Friday,[1] and was very agreeable; she said she would not have done so in any ordinary case, and very civilly and humorously added, 'Pray don't ask me to do anything wrong, for I am sure I could not refuse to do anything on earth you asked me.'"

[1] The day on which this lady was accustomed to settle her accounts and refuse all morning visitors.

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 8, 1828.

"In the first and foremost place, my dear sir, I congratulate you and ourselves and the two worlds, old and new, upon your safe arrival in England with Mrs. Hall, that best of travellers and best of wives and mothers. I congratulate you both (not forgetting Mrs. Cownie,) on the recovery of dear little 'Chicky' from that disorder with a horrid name. We have become quite intimate[1] with and interested for you all, father, mother, child, and nurse, beyond what I dare express in this first setting off in my letter lest you should think it flattery or exaggeration. But we have so long seen, heard, lived with you, and known your thoughts, living as they rose, that I feel you have by treating me with such confidence acquired a right to know all my thoughts, especially all of mine that concern your intended publication.

"The strongest general impression left in my mind is, that the Journal is extremely interesting and entertaining in its present form, and that by altering the form a vast deal of this interest and amusement must be diminished—not only diminished but absolutely destroyed. The words 'Personal Narrative' must not be used since Plunket's *bon mot* on Keppel's Personal Narrative, vide last Edinburgh Review. But without calling it by any name, and without making any apology, I would, were I you, retain as much of these private de-

[1] Captain Hall had kindly complied with Maria's request, and sent to her during his tour in America regularly his own Journal and some of Mrs. Hall's letters to her family.

tails as give the stamp of truth and living individual interest to the book. As much; how much? you will ask. That must be decided by the proportion of the parts when you have arranged your materials. Leave the cutting these living parts till the last. Preserve in the first place the life, while there's life there's hope. I have in common with thousands, perhaps millions of readers, felt this in reading Scott's Works, especially his nine volumes of Napoleon's Life; the *life*, the *spirit* bear the reader through, urge him on and all the faults are overlooked and overborne.

"There will be great difficulty, I am aware, in preserving the Journal in its present form, and at the same time compressing sufficiently to bring the whole into compass, and to make room and place proper for general reflections and a comprehensive view of the vast subject. It might be feared that the trivial tone, and the serious and dignified would not coalesce, and that by preserving the light off-hand style, you might not be able to give sufficient weight and importance to the work and to maintain that unity of design, or at least unity of effect, which is essential to success.

"I would draw pencil lines in the first place over all the parts of the Journal which you think *should, could,* or *might* be left out, and I would make separate marks for each of these, leaving under the third head all that *might* be omitted, for the sake of shortening. You will feel that under the head *should,* many passages of great interest and amusement which would hurt individuals must be cut out. Be not hasty in the operation, try to preserve the facts, the living pictures and character without giving names.

"Mark, I repeat, generally with pencil, and keep the

consideration of individual cases for leisure discussion between you and Mrs. Hall, who will be an excellent judge of what may or may not hurt you to publish; I mean in point of honour.

"You might perhaps manage in this way; give a portion of the Journal, suppose voyage and landing at New York, and up to any point you think proper. Then interpose in another style, and writing as reflective author and not narrative journalist, whatever general observations are necessary. Then relieve the reader's attention again with the amusement of the Journal; give the dashed-off sketches which are delightful, invaluable, which no after-thoughts could supply. Give the natural style, the off-hand touches, which no finely-rounded periods, *impromptus à loisir* could compensate to the practised or unpractised reader. Perhaps the practised readers would enjoy most the raw material, they would certainly be soonest aware of any attempt to manufacture—I do not mean to misrepresent, of that I could not possibly suspect you in any degree, but I mean to soften or make decorous for the public, in short, all that goes under the head, preparing for the press.

"First impressions! first impressions! first impressions! A reader of travels always longs to get at these, and seldom can; he wants always to know what the traveller felt at first going to a new country, and he is told only what the traveller thinks, after his feelings probably are cooled. It is peculiarly interesting to a philosophical reader to see the changes produced in the traveller's mind by further experience. In many instances your Journal marks this with admirable truth and candour.

"I send to you with this, my own genuine first thoughts, which were written down exactly as you desired at the very moment of first reading. One of my sisters read the Journal aloud and without stopping her, or stopping her but for a moment, I scribbled a word or two to put myself in mind afterwards of any observations or feelings. The original papers are unintelligible, undecipherable by you, otherwise without looking to my own disgrace, I would send them to you just as they are. I have copied them faithfully, diminishing nothing of blame, and only translating x into excellent. Where I made abbreviations, shorthand signs of my thoughts, I have scrupulously filled up the thought, but never altered on reflection, so that you have all the little return I can make you for the very great confidence you have placed in me.

"The only part I found tedious was the description of Niagara, that must be shortened. It is impossible by words to give an idea of Niagara. You felt this and were quite overwhelmed by the sense of this impossibility. This is the only part of your Journal which is laboured and where the labour does not effect its purpose. The history of the feelings, and thoughts, and comparisons, and allusions, rising in your mind did not command our sympathy, or give any clear ideas to any of this family. It happened that we, some of us, read this part separately and did not communicate our opinions of it to each other till all had finished; we were unanimous that it was unlike yourself and tiresome. The pencil notes which Mrs. Hall saved at your return are worth all the rest put together; preserve those and forgive me—I know you will. That you are above all authorship susceptibility, and perfectly candid, and more than candid,

really unaffected and wonderfully humble in your estimate of your talents, appears all through this Journal, in a manner which I defy the most cunning man upon earth to have made appear had it not been true.

"You have made us all quite love as well as admire you, my dear sir; Mrs. Hall must give us leave to say *love,* young and old, and well she may, for believe me she has her share of the love and admiration both. I refrain from much that I should like to express lest you should suspect me of flattery. I must, however, say that you have deeply obliged me, and that I have not only been grateful, as I read, for the very great pleasure, but for the trust you have placed in me, and I have frequently repeated—'I wonder how he could be so kind to me.'

"I have exactly adhered to my promise; nobody out of this family knows that you have lent me this Journal, or knows, from us, of its existence.

"Sidney Smith will not have occasion this time to accuse you of seeing everything *couleur de rose.* The letter you were so good to forward to me in your last from Mr. Noah expresses his opinion that your representation of America will be the most just that has ever been laid before the public. He is charmed with you altogether. I am sorry my good Jewess, Mrs. Lazarus, had not the pleasure of seeing you.

"If I thought there was any possibility of your coming to Ireland how glad we should be! and we could say so much more in five minutes of the *magnum opus* than writing would ever bring about.

"I am but just returned home after an absence of some weeks, which has caused some delay in my returning the last volume of the Journal."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 19, 1828.

"I congratulate you, and my aunt, upon being able to have and having Aunt Mary at a time when she could not be comfortable anywhere else.

"We have been staying two days and a half at Lady Hartland's, and brought Honora, who met us there, home from Lough Glyn yesterday. We liked our visit very much. I have grown quite fond of Lady Hartland.

"N.B.—She has given me a Key of Portman Square for Francis Beaufort's children, which I have long been trying to get."

"*August* 30.

"I enclose Mr. Calcott's letter, and I think when you read it you will come to the conclusion that young Bridgeford[1] had better not go to London. If his father determines to keep him to painting in Dublin I will keep up to the utmost of my power the interest which Charles Fox, Mr. Schoales, and Mrs. Colville's nephew already feel for him, and you will do a great deal more I am sure."

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, Aug.* 30, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"It happens that several friends whom we have not seen for years—amongst others, Captain Beaufort —have come to us just as I had finished your fourth

[1] A young self-taught genius, for whom Mrs. Ruxton was interested, and who has since distinguished himself as a painter.

volume. I dare not delay in returning it, and I have not the wonderful power, which you possess in such a miraculous degree, of thinking, feeling, and writing at the same time.

"I am incapable at this moment of doing more than sending to you, uncopied, the scribble of notes I penned down while my sister Fanny read to me. I had intended to prose, but you have a good escape. My general impression is that you should take time to cool before you begin to write for the public. Distance will do much to bring things to proportion. This is nonsense, I perceive, now I have written it, for the proportion would be the same let the distance be what it might: I should say, to soften the shades, &c.

"I have never been so tempted in my life to betray confidence as since Captain Beaufort arrived here; especially since I have been reading in my own room before breakfast parts of your admirably entertaining fifth volume: I have so longed to show or talk to Captain Beaufort about it, and I have a conviction that his observations would be so useful to you. He is so true, and so really friendly and able; and as to his habit of being in the objective mood—the only fault upon earth he has—that would be an advantage to you. You want a good objector; you will have admirers enough, and too many, probably, for your and Mrs. Hall's good taste. I earnestly advise you to show parts of your Journal, or give me leave to send the fifth volume to Captain Beaufort; I am sure he would not have time to read all, but he would look over and *pounce* well.

"Excuse—or rather give me credit for—my freedom; it is a proof of grateful regard."

"*Sept.* 20.

"I delayed returning your fifth and sixth volumes, chiefly in the hope of being able to show them, after receiving your permission to do so, to Captain Beaufort, who, after he had journeyed to Dublin, let us know that he was tempted to come back again, on purpose to take Mrs. Edgeworth and my sister Fanny to the North to meet my brother William and some scientific friends, who are invited by Colonel Colby to see the measurement of a base line. Captain Beaufort did come here the day before yesterday, and spent all the hours he could possibly get to himself in reading your Journal, in which he was very much interested. It is so difficult and hazardous to repeat other people's opinions, that I hardly ever attempt it; but I think I may venture to say that, in almost every point on which I heard him speak, he nearly agreed with what I have written to you in notes or letters, except about solitary confinement, of which he thinks better than we do. I think you had best hear his reasons, if you wish for them, from himself, if you are likely to meet him in London. He has left me, as people usually leave others, of my own opinion still, and yours, on that subject.

"Captain Beaufort is even more impressed than we are with the difficulties and amazing extent of your subject: not merely with the difficulty of satisfying all the world—both the worlds—that a man of sense and honesty puts out of his view; but the difficulty of avoiding to do mischief by irritating—the difficulty of doing justice; and, even after you have got all the information in your power, of drawing a balance, or coming to any average estimate, while the mass of in-

formation you have obtained becomes unmanageable, distracting. But sorting and compression will do it in time, I make no doubt.

"Of manners give instances, and leave them there to speak for themselves: all very well to touch, but *touch and go*. Consider that, when once an author of reputation, who can make himself heard, has published these little remarks, the Americans will of course be so extremely piqued, that the very pain will make them change the habits immediately; and then all these drawings of *manners* become antiquated, and of no value in the author's book. However good the satire, when the faults are mended there's an end of the matter. Not so when an author, by reasoning or satire, attacks and conquers important national faults or even foibles of CHARACTER: his name and fame stand; vide Cervantes.

"Good critics and the judicious part of the public judge of an author's enlargement of mind and sound understanding by the proportion of value he keeps between his objects. It would be well to fix steadily in your own mind by what principles, by what standard you would judge of the merits or demerits of a nation, moral, political, &c.; what circumstances are essential to national happiness, honour, and wealth—all distinct questions.

"When these principles or standards for judging are fixed and numbered in due order, each under each, in your mind, your particular remarks, whether of praise or blame, of government, morals, or manners, would all fall of themselves into good order and just proportion. Of course I do not mean that any of this pedantic rule-and-compass work should appear to the reader. All who understand mechanics and dancing enjoy the per-

formance of a rope-dancer or the beauty of stage scenery the more when it has attained the perfection of concealing the art by which it is performed."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.* 25, 1828.

"Perhaps you may have already heard all about my mother and Fanny's excursion to the North with Captain Beaufort: it seldom happens that a party of pleasure so completely succeeds. It must have been most gratifying to my mother to see how her brother was received by all the scientific men; I cannot conceive anything more flattering to her and to Fanny. This he could not tell you himself; but my mother and Fanny have described it to me, and have let me be the looking-glass to flash the light brightly back to you. Dr. Robinson was very kind and entertaining, and Colonel Colby very polite; and they dined in a tent."

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, Oct.* 12, 1828.

"Dear Sir,

"I hope you have received safely No. 6, which I sent from hence Sept. 21.

"I have read diligently, and by myself, to fulfil your wishes, and to return this volume on the day you mentioned—a week from the day I received it. You might naturally think that diligent reading might have accomplished it in less time, and so I think myself; and am ashamed when I come to state the fact, but so it is. I have been forced to do a great deal of business this

week, such as receiving my brother's rents, preparing houses in the village to be let Nov. 1, &c. In short, so it is.

"The chief general suggestion I have to make is, that you should consider well and fix steadily in your mind what is the principal object of your work. Is it to conciliate the two worlds, the Old and the New? Is it for this purpose to be addressed to America and Europe? Or is it chiefly for the purpose of making Great Britain and America better friends? or for the purpose solely of making them better known to each other? Is it to be chiefly an instructive work—a work of authority and reference as to commercial, political, moral, and legislative information? Or is it to be chiefly an amusing book of travels, written by an author of reputation and a man of philosophical and benevolent views, but not claiming to be more?

"You will perceive that, according to what you decide, you must take your tone and fashion your materials; and you must decide, because the different objects are so far incompatible, that you could not bring them into one work with any consistency or good taste. Some are, as you, perhaps, feel more strongly than I do, incompatible.

"It is quite beyond my power even to offer an opinion as to which, of all I have named, or what mixture or modification of what I have named, *should* be your object. But make it out distinctly, not merely in your own thoughts, but specify it on paper; so that, when a reviewer sets to work to analyse, and to ask in public the same sort of *cui bono* questions, your book may answer satisfactorily, and stand the test of any analytic process.

"Your answer to my notes of recommendation to you to read sundry works is excellent, as far as it goes; I quite submit to your reasons of expediency as to yourself, in your present position, going to write, and with your head full of an immense, unmanageable mass of new materials. You say justly that you could not have time to bring yourself up to the point of equality with those who have been hard at work in their closets reading away—special readers, as it were, to plead on certain points: the old and the new might jumble together; and, above all, the freshness, the raciness of your original thoughts and observations might be dulled and blurred. I repeat, to prove to you that I have fully seized your meaning, and fully feel its force.

"But these are all reasons for yourself, not for the public: I mean they are good only to preserve your powers in their best condition; but they would be of no force with the public, in case you were (after doing your best) convicted of having bestowed your time ineffectually in going over some arguments which had been, to the reading world, settled previously by authors whom you had not read.

"If you do not assume the tone of a JUDGE, or of one who DECIDES, you are safe. If you only give evidence, produce new facts, and leave persons well read on such and such subjects to make use of these, you are perfectly safe; and all the combatants on each side and all the theorists will pounce with triumph and gratitude on your facts and on your opinions. But wherever you speak *en grand juge*, wherever you pronounce sentence, you must be certain that you know at least all that is known on both sides. For instance, on

questions of legislation, the advantages and disadvantages of certain forms of law, juries, &c.; when you take the scales of justice in your hand, you must not only be sure that your hand is steady and your eye accurate, but that you know all the weights and their values, and that no stander by can throw in some weight that you have forgotten, or ought to have thought of or known, but did not.

"You have many excellent conversations and weighty opinions on each side of great questions which you might use in this manner: you might use the very words that were spoken, without names, and placed so as never to betray persons. In this way you might get out all your favourite opinions, and refute all your blockheads, without committing yourself, or enraging the opposite party by ranging yourself, Captain Hall in all his glory, as the opponent.

"The Presidential question, the tendency to democracy, the opinion in America as to the effect of that tendency, of its gaining ground, of the impossibility of things remaining as they are, of the happiness of the people not being increased by practising individually, and without being prepared for it by education, the office of legislators, might all be presented and argued in the manner I have suggested.

"I am as adverse, from reason and from aristocratic taste, as you can be to democracy; I feel as keenly as you do the monstrous, the disgusting absurdity of letting the many-headed, the greasy many-headed monster rule. The French Revolution gave us enough of the majesty of the people. But you must take care that your hatred of democracy does not touch, or seem

to affect your love of liberty, your love of manly freedom—I mean, in short, your LIBERALITY, in the largest sense of the word.

"Your fame as a writer and as a man rests, and rests solidly and securely, upon your last work on South America, which breathes the noble spirit of rational love of liberty. You have there shown, more strongly than ever author had before opportunity and facts to enable him to show, how the human intellect and human exertions are quickened by freedom; how nations spring forward and rise in the scale of being when they become free.

"You must take care, in the first place, *to be* consistent, and in the next place to *appear* so; you must take care that, while you plead the cause of limited monarchy, and attack misrule, you do not give room for any to accuse you of being the advocate of arbitrary power. Take care that your present feelings of disgust against the inconveniences of universal suffrage do not carry you straight to the convenience of something too near despotism. Remember, I only warn you; I do not say you would do this.

"In arguing about the happiness of the people, how far it is affected by their having to do with public affairs, law-making, &c., you must take into account the other extreme—how much their happiness is affected by exclusion from thinking and interfering on these subjects. Observe that, whenever they become indifferent, and turn into mere tillers of the earth or artizans, they may for a time be happier perhaps, like 'the miller of Mansfield, who eats when he's hungry,' &c.; but where does this lead? All despots wish to prevent the people

from thinking on public affairs. You must keep your eye on the absurdity of extremes, that you may avoid them. 'Truisms—pooh!' But in the heat of writing you might overlook them.

"You say that your opinions with respect to liberty, democracy, American independence, and so forth, have been much changed since you have actually seen America. You repeat frequently that no one without having seen America can feel how different the real state of that country, in public matters, is from what we suppose. This is very well in your journal, but will do nothing, or worse than nothing, in your book. You must never say anything like this: you must bring the reader up to your point of view, up to your feelings and opinions, by facts. The more you can do this without giving your own sentiments in words, the better.

"And as to doing good, you must keep people in tolerably good humour with themselves, if you hope to mend them, and would avoid raising rancorous passions and party spirit inextinguishable.

"That excellent Judge Story's answers to your questions are most valuable. I think you could not do better than begin your preface or introduction with his reply to 'How would the Americans *take* a faithful picture of themselves?' without giving names: 'a distinguished American,' and so forth. This would bind them over to their good behaviour.

"You have not convinced me that the Americans do not strongly feel love of their country; I think they surely do. Your analysis, in your last letter, of love of country, or rather description of it, was far from complete. You would, of course, make it much more care-

fully before you brought it into print. But probably I am talking to you of what you have by this time completely forgotten: as it happens to me frequently to have completely forgotten everything I have said in a letter when the answer comes which refers to it.

"Though you have convinced me that you have not time to read now, and that you cannot in truth both read and write at the same time; I nevertheless cannot help wishing that in some odd leisure ten minutes M. de Stael's 'Lettres sur l'Angleterre' should fall in your way, that you might see how well he, even a foreigner, sees and explains how each man in England, in every class, finds proper employment for his desire *to be doing* something for his country: from the churchwarden to the minister of state, all have their share.

"You may attack the absurd system of universal suffrage as much as you will, provided you clearly and strongly show the advantages of just representative government. Define well to yourself what you mean by loyalty. I admire all you say about the degrading nature of selfishness and its insufficiency to happiness, and I admire all you say about enthusiasm—enthusiasm for virtue, for the fine arts, &c. I feel it absolutely necessary to conclude with this protestation, lest you should consider me as 'ame de boue et de fange.' No, I am only afraid you should run into the opposite extreme.

"I think Mrs. Hall, if she reads this letter, will be quite out of patience with me, and that I should be very sorry for. I pray her to suspend her judgment against me, and not to set me down as a sordid, cowardly trimmer, though I have given you such a chapter of fears, cautions, and truisms. I will allow her to say,

as I fancy I hear her saying to you, 'My dear Basil, keep on your own way up the hill, and never turn or listen to the black stones, even though one of them calls to you with the voice of *that* Maria Edgeworth.'

"N.B.—I think Mrs. Hall's advice to you was excellent: not to buy the portraits of the American Indian chiefs till you had seen the originals."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 16, 1828.

"Thank you, thank you for the roses; the yellow Scotch and Knight's dark red, and the ever-blowing, came quite fresh, and just at the moment I wanted them, when I had taken to my garden, after finishing my gutters. Lady Hartland told me that the common people call the rose des quatre saisons, the quarter session rose.'

"Have you read the 'Recollections of Hyacinth O'Gara?' It is a little sixpenny book; I venture to say you would like it; I wish I was reading it to you. I am much pleased with Napier's History of the Peninsular War. The Spanish character and all that influenced it, accidentally and permanently, is admirably drawn. There is the evidence of truth in the work. Heber is charming, but I haven't read him! People often say 'charming' of books they have not read; but I have read extracts in two reviews, and have the pleasure of the book on the table before me.

"I have not a scrap of news for you, except that an ass and a calf walked over my flower-beds, and that I did not kill either of them. If the ass had not provoked me to this degree, I was in imminent danger of

growing too fond of him, as I never could meet him drawing loads without stopping to pat him, till clouds of dust rose from his thick hide. But now, I will take no more notice of him—for a week!"

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 26, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have this morning received your note of the 20th. I send you the American Quarterly you wished for, in all haste. The article in which you are named is the review of Saxe Weimar; but Ward's Mexico will, I think, be interesting to you.

"I have received and read with delight your most interesting and curious ninth volume. I am much obliged for your 'travellers' habits,' which are very interesting to me.

"Yours affectionately.

"In much haste—shameful—dinner on the table."

"*After dinner.*

"I have escaped away from company, and can add a few lines more. I send two scraps of newspaper in the Review; one a letter of Washington, which I pray you to take care of and return to me. This letter of Washington's was sent to me by my friend Mr. Ralston: it is more *amiable* than anything I ever saw or heard of that great man.

"An American correspondent writes to me, 'It is quite amusing to see, in the English newspapers, the wise remarks relative to the threatened dissensions of our confederacy. The Southern States cannot exist

without the Middle, Eastern, and Western States; for they—most unfortunately for their prosperity, and most disgracefully as regards our Christian and republican character, have a large number of slaves, who are the natural enemies of the whites, and who would take advantage of any disunion of the States to rise upon their masters; so that the people who now talk (and it is nothing but talk) would never be so unwise as to put their threats in execution, and thus bring ruin upon themselves. The excitement in the South has subsided, and never was general in that portion of the country. A few young lawyers, who wish to bring themselves forward, and produce a movement which may possibly benefit them by giving them an opportunity for public speaking—which in this logocracy is a *sine quâ non*—can, with the assistance of the newspapers, produce the appearance of great dissatisfaction. Those who have anything to lose in South Carolina and Georgia are adverse to these demagogues. We have never felt more uneasiness about these proceedings than you probably felt about the mobs excited by Hunt, &c.'"

"*Dec.* 11.

"Your two letters of the 5th and 6th reached me this morning, and threw me into dreadful consternation about your eighth volume of Journal; for although my letter-book avers that it was despatched the 12th of October, through Lord Rosse, I frightened myself into the absurd belief that the property might still be found upon me; nor, till I found your own letter acknowledging the receipt of it, did I recover from my perturbation. Your letter, dated Dunglass, Oct. 22, 1828, now, to my unspeakable comfort, lies before me; and

thus it sayeth: 'Dear Madam,—Your letter of the 12th, with vol. viii., reached me only the 19th.'"

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 1, 1829.

"Fanny Edgeworth is now Fanny Wilson; I can hardly believe it! She is gone! I feel it, and long must feel it, with anguish, selfish anguish. But she will be happy—of that I have the most firm, delightful conviction; and therefore all that I cannot help now feeling is, I know, only *surface* feeling, and will soon pass away. The more I have seen and known of Lestock, the more I like him and love him, and am convinced I shall always love him, whose every word and look bears the stamp and value of sincerity.

"Both their voices pronounced the words of the marriage vow with perfect clearness and decision. Mr. Butler performed the ceremony with great feeling and simplicity. I will tell my dearest aunt and you all the little circumstances; at present they are all in confusion, great and small, near and distant, and I am sick at heart in the midst of it all with the shameful, weak, selfish, uppermost sorrow of parting with this darling child."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Bloomfield, Jan.* 19, 1829.

"An immense concourse of people, cavalcade and carriages innumerable, passed by here to-day. We saw it, and you will see it all in the newspapers. Banners with *Constitutional Agitation* printed in black,

*M*obility and *N*obility in black, crape hatbands, &c. Lord Anglesea's two little sons riding between two officers, in the midst of the hurricane mob, struck me most. One of the boys, a little midge, seemed to stick on the horse by accident, or by mere dint of fearlessness: the officer put his arm round him once, and set him up, the boy's head looking another way, and the horse keeping on his way, through such noise, and struggling, and waves multitudinous of mob.

"Entertaining article in the Quarterly Review on the Subaltern. I do not like that on Madame de Genlis; coarse, and over-doing the object by prejudice and virulence. The review of Scott's Prefaces ungrounded and confused—how different from his own writing! But there is an article worth all the rest put together, on Scientific Institutions, written in such a mild, really philosophical spirit, such a pure GREAT MAN's desire to do good; I cannot but wish and hope it might prove to be Captain Beaufort's. If you have not read it, never rest till you do."

"*Jan.* 29.

"Sir Charles Styles, who was here with Miss Crampton, spoke with much feeling of Mrs. Strickland's death as a public as well as a private loss."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Bloomfield, Feb.* 24, 1829.

"I am extremely pleased and obliged by your warm sympathy. It was indeed very good-natured of Captain Hall to think of sending me these sheets.[1] A cold,

[1] The Introduction, by Sir Walter Scott, to the new edition of the

vain man would never have thought of the pleasure this would give me or my family, but would have passed it over as a thing that concerned not him or his Tour in America.

"Sir Walter Scott has, in the most delightful and kind manner, said everything that could gratify me as an author, friend, and human creature. My dear Honora, I have not expressed the feeling I have for your sympathy. Knowing your perfect sincerity and freedom from all exaggeration, every word from you has such weight and natural warmth. I assure you that your note gave me more pleasure than even Sir Walter Scott's praise. My Aunt Ruxton vowed, with a look so like my father, that she will forgive Sir Walter 'whatever faults he may commit in his next novel, and for the rest of his life, for this charming passage.'"

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 12, 1829.

"You might well say that I should be 'ill to please' you might have said impossible to please—if what you sent to me had not pleased, gratified, delighted me to the top of my bent; saturated me, head and heart, with the most grateful sense of the kindness of my most admired friend, and with the unspeakable gratification of such a testimony of his esteem and affection. I know full well, most sincerely I feel, that he overvalues infinitely what I have written; but of this I am proud, because it proves to me that private friendship of his,

Waverley novels, which, when passing through the press, was seen by Captain Hall, who sent to Maria the sheets in which she was named.

which I value above all, even his public praise. It would, I am sure, give you very great pleasure if you could have seen the pleasure your last packet gave to all my family, as well as to myself. One and all exclaimed, 'How excessively kind it was of Captain Hall to send this to you, Maria, and to think of doing so in the midst of his own work, and that he found time for it too, is wonderful!'

"Believe me, my dear sir, I feel it all; and if I could, as you say, flatter myself that Sir Walter Scott was in any degree influenced to write and publish his novels from seeing my sketches of Irish character, I should indeed triumph in the 'thought of having been the proximate cause of such happiness to millions.'

"In what admirable taste Sir Walter Scott's introduction is written. No man ever contrived to speak so delightfully of himself, so as to gratify public curiosity, and yet to avoid all appearance of egotism,—to let the public into his mind, into all that is most interesting and most useful to posterity to know of his history, and yet to avoid all improper, all impertinent, all superfluous disclosures.

"I am astonished at the celerity with which you have got forward with your work. I cannot comprehend how you could accomplish so much in so short a time. The idea of a dialogue between you and an American for the concluding chapter is excellent. It may admit of all the unsolved doubts and desiderata which you could not throw into the body of your work, and may anticipate, and disarm, and make critics ridiculous beforehand, in the delightful way in which this is accomplished by Moore in the critic's interludes in 'Lalla Rookh'—Fadladine.

"Children's questions are often simply *sublime:* the question your three years old asked was of these—'Who sanded the sea-shore?' You say that a letter from me cheers you, else how could I venture to interrupt you?

"My sister Fanny, now Mrs. Lestock Wilson, is connected now with your family. Lestock Wilson's first cousin, Mr. Boileau, is married to your sister: I hope this may lead to a good acquaintance and future happiness. When you go to London, remember No. 6, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 23, 1829.

"I got home just in time for my business.

"Our Merrion Street friends were indeed most hospitable, both to Mr. Strickland and to Mr. Bodenham, his friend. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, too, showed me kindness in the most agreeable way, by inviting them to their evening party: indeed, Caroline Hamilton wanted me to bring them to dinner, but I would not encroach so far upon their kindness. I wish Sophy had been with me at dinner; it was particularly agreeable. William came that morning to Dublin, and, meeting Mrs. Henry Hamilton in the street, she invited him to dinner, and he stayed for it that day in Dublin.

"My camellia japonica travelled very comfortably in the corner of the chaise, and never incommoded Mr. Strickland's long legs or my short ones.

"Fanny's last letter gives an account of good Lord Carrington's having called on purpose to tell her that Mr. Smith, his brother, had sent him the first monthly report of Pakenham at Haileybury: six great G's, sig-

nifying good, good, and conduct quite correct—in short, the best possible report of him; and I had a very agreeable letter from Pakenham himself.

"The name of the author of our favourite Nightmare Abbey is Peacock, a young man of Cambridge.

"You see that public affairs are going delightfully; I am glad you have lived to see this great measure carried."

"*April* 12.

"Before I go any further I will answer your question about 'Blue Stocking Hall.' Notwithstanding its horrid title, I have read a great deal of it; and I thought there was a great deal of good, and of good sense in it. If you have seen a story in the papers of a butcher leaving his immense body to Mr. Erle, the surgeon, and managing that his wife should not know he did it, I can give you the satisfaction of knowing that it is every word true."

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 20, 1829.

"May be you think me very ungrateful—and what some people would think worse, ill bred—in not having answered your letter, returned your proof, and thanked you for your kindness. But my brother William has been very ill, and still is in so much danger from an inflammation on his chest, that I really cannot think *rightly* of anything else. Nevertheless I am sensible that, at the bottom of my mind, I am very much obliged to you for your exceeding good nature in sending me the whole preface. The anecdote of the schoolboy, and the passage relating to Mr. T. Scott, are most

beautiful and natural. Your friend, for whose opinion you carried your proof-sheet in your pocket, must have long since settled your mind about the troublesome 'while.' Had I been to decide, I should have cut it clean out. I do not like an unnecessary 'while,' unless it is to mark the opposition of two sentiments existing in the mind at the same time. In one of Dr. Darwin's poems he has this line:

'*Ducks* to the mandates of imperial fate.'

I imagine that he put in 'ducks' merely to fill the line till he could find a better word of one syllable, and forgot to take out the 'ducks' before it went to press.

"P. 159. Oriental climate without oriental scenery, very good.

"The black getting milk for the child do not omit"—

Maria went in this manner through Captain Hall's book, noting, so as to fill twelve sheets of letter-paper, all the passages she admired, or doubted about, or objected to, as well as verbal corrections.

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 21, 1829.

"My dearest Sophy,

"I rejoiced to see your hand again. I am afraid of your straining to appear as well as possible, to relieve the anxiety of your friends; and I should say to you as the old knife-grinder did to the little girl who turned her wheel too fast, 'Don't be trying! don't be striving!'

"Dr. Robinson was exceedingly entertaining and instructive, and very kind to William. I dare not enter

upon any of his budget of information now; I must reserve that for another letter, or for future talk. Mrs. Robinson was as good-natured and kind as could possibly be; and Dr. Robinson promised that, whenever we wrote word that William is well enough to enjoy his conversation, he will return.

"William is not yet out of danger. Was it not very kind of Mr. Butler to send Harriet here as soon as he heard of William's illness?"

"*April* 26.

"I hope to heaven that my aunt and you have not been in want of Dr. Browne while he has been here. He has shown himself now, as in all the past, a person of decided judgment, integrity, and goodness; but, alas! you will hear his opinion of William."

"*May* 8.

"Dr. Browne had so well prepared your mind, and your own judgment so little ventured to yield faith to our vain hopes, that now the shock will not be so great to all of you as it has been to us."

William had not till this spring shown any symptoms of the fatal malady of his family: he had returned home in March with a bad cough, and died on the 7th of May. He was so young when I married, that I had seen him grow up from childhood to manhood, and now saw him cut off, with all his great abilities, and ardent, generous character in the prime of life. I grieved for him as for my own child. He had done much in his short life—before he was seventeen he had assisted his father in the construction of the spire, and had made a

survey of a bog district under the Commissioners for draining the Bogs in Ireland. He completed, before he was thirty, maps of the Counties of Longford and Roscommon. He was engaged in the Stockton line of railway, in that over Bolton-le-Moor, in the works at the harbour of Valentia in the County of Kerry, and in the Ulster Canal. He laid out part of the great mail-coach road from Dublin to Sligo, and the beautiful lines of road by the coast of Antrim and by Glengarriff. In all his works appeared the same perfect accuracy, the same inventive genius and refined taste.

Maria to Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 29, 1829.

"I cannot forbear writing specially to you, as I know you will feel so much about Captain Beaufort's appointment to the Hydrographership; I wish poor William had been permitted the pleasure of hearing of it. It would have given him pleasure even on his dying bed, noble, generous creature as he was; he would have rejoiced for his friend, and have felt that merit is sometimes rewarded in this world. This appointment is, in every respect, all that Captain Beaufort wished for himself, and all that his friends can desire for him. As one of the first people in the Admiralty said, 'Beaufort is the only man in England fit for the place.'

"Very touching letters have come to us from people whom we scarcely knew, whom William had attached so much: and many whom he had employed speak of him as the kindest of masters, and as a benefactor whose memory will be ever revered."

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.* 27, 1829.

"I am now able, with the consent of all my dear guardians, to write with my own hand to assure you that I am quite well.

"I enjoyed the snatches I was able to have of Wordsworth's conversation, and I think I had quite as much as was good for me. He has a good philosophical bust, a long, thin, gaunt face, much wrinkled and weather-beaten: of the Curwen style of figure and face, but with a more cheerful and benevolent expression.

"While confined to my sofa and forbidden my pen, I have been reading a good deal: 1st, 'Cinq Mars,' a French novel, with which I think you would be charmed, because I am; 2nd, 'The Collegians,' in which there is much genius and strong drawing of human nature, but not elegant: terrible pictures of the passions, and horrible, breathless interest, especially in the third volume, which never flags till the last huddled twenty pages. My guardians turn their eyes reproachfully upon me. Mr. William Hamilton has been with us since the day before Wordsworth came, and we continue to like him."

There was always a playful struggle between Mrs. Ruxton and Maria about receiving and giving presents, Mrs. Ruxton always objecting to receive, and Maria always succeeding in giving. She had, in December, 1829, amused herself by making a silk cloak to throw over her aunt as she lay on the sofa, and she sent it to her on New Year's Day, 1830, with the following lines:

"WITH AN OLD DYED COVERLET SENT TO MY DEAR AUNT RUXTON.

JANUARY 1, 1830.

Go! wretched, dyed, resuscitated thing,
Round my dear aunt your dingy purple fling,
Warm on her feet, and light upon her breast,
Snug round her shoulders, soothe her soft to rest.
So shalt thou, scorned of womankind,
Be blessed and prized by one of peerless mind.
Poor quilted one! henceforth nor Tyrian dye,
Nor Persian silk, far-famed, with thee shall vie.
While rival Cashmeres jealous boast their art,
Close and more close she folds you to her heart;
And, fondly murmuring between sleep and wake,
She owns she loves you for Maria's sake!
Ay, and will love you ever, 'o'er and o'er,'
The older still she loves her friends the more;
Loves with a love that youthful love defies,
So choice, so well-bred, and, *I* think, so wise!"

To Mrs. Ruxton.

"*May* 3, 1830.

"It is very happy for your little niece that you have so much the habit of expressing to her your kind feelings; I really think that if my thoughts and feelings were shut up completely within me, I should burst in a week, like a steam engine without a snifting-clack, now called by the grander name of a safety-valve.

"You want to know what I am doing and thinking of: of ditches, drains, and sewers; of dragging quicks from one hedge and sticking them down into another, at the imminent peril of their green lives; of two houses to let, one tenant promised from the Isle of Man, and another from the Irish Survey; of two bullfinches, each in his cage on the table—one who would

sing if he could, and the other who could sing, I am told, if he would. Then I am thinking for three hours a day of 'Helen,' to what purpose I dare not say. At night we read Dr. Madden's Travels to Constantinople and elsewhere, in which there are most curious facts: admirable letter about the plague; a new mode of treatment, curing seventy-five in a hundred; and a family living in a mummy vault, and selling mummies. You must read it.

"My peony tree is the most beautiful thing on earth. Poor dear Lord Oriel gave it me. His own is dead, and he is dead; but love for him lives in me still.

"Sir Stamford Raffles is one of the finest characters I ever read of, and *did* more than is almost credible. I have been amused with 'The Armenians,'[1]—amused with its pictures of Greek, Armenian, and Turkish life, and interested in its very romantic story."

"*July* 19.

"If there should not be any insuperable objection to it on your part, I will do myself the pleasure of being in your arms the first week in August, that I may be some time with you before I take my departure for England for the winter.

"The people about us are now in great distress, having neither work nor food; and we are going to buy meal to distribute at half price. Meal was twenty-three shillings a hundred, and potatoes sevenpence a stone, last market-day at Granard. Three weeks longer they must be supported till new food comes from the earth.

"We had a storm the day before yesterday, which

[1] A novel by Macfarlane.

broke an elm-tree short off at the fork, and strewed the grass with little branches and leaves, so as to look like autumn."

This is the last letter Maria addressed to her aunt. She paid her intended visit to her in August, but had left her before her last illness began. She died on the 1st of November, while Maria was in London. The loss of her Aunt Ruxton was the greatest Maria had sustained since the death of her father: the object of such exceeding love, with whom every thought and feeling was shared, the source of her greatest happiness —all over now!

To Miss Ruxton.

"69, *Welbeck Street, London,*
"*Dec.* 8, 1830.

"All my friends have been kind in writing to me accounts of you, my dear Sophy. You and Margaret are quite right to spend the winter at Black Castle; and the pain you must endure in breaking through all the old associations and deep remembrances will, I trust, be repaid, both in the sense of doing right, and in the affection of numbers attached to you.

"I believe I wrote to you from Warfield in October. Nothing could be kinder than Mrs. O'Beirne; and, next to my own family, I felt more at home with her in the anxiety I was then in than I could have been anywhere else: she and all there sympathised so tenderly with me.

"I spent a fortnight with Sneyd very happily, in

spite of mobs and incendiaries. Brandfold is a very pretty place, and to me a very pleasant house. The library, the principal room, has a trellis along the whole front, with 'spagnolette windows opening into it, and a pretty conservatory at the end, with another glass door opening into it. The views seen between the arches of the trellis beautiful; flower-knots in the grass, with stocks, hydrangeas, and crimson and pale China roses in profuse blow. Sneyd enjoys everything about him so much, it is quite delightful to see him in his home. You have heard from Honora of the sense and steadiness with which he resisted the mob at Goudhurst.

"I spent a morning and an evening very pleasantly at Lansdowne House. They had begged me to come and drink tea with them in private, and to come early: I went at nine: I had been expected at eight. All Lady Lansdowne's own family, and as she politely said, 'all my old friends at Bowood' now living: Miss Fox, Lord John Russell, Lord Auckland, the young Romillys, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Wishaw, Mr. Turner,—whom I must do myself the justice to say I recollected immediately, who showed us the Bank seventeen years ago,—and Conversation Sharpe.

"They say that Charles X. is quite at his ease, amusing himself, and not troubling himself about the fate of Polignac, or any of his ministers: there is great danger for them, but still I hope the French will not disgrace this revolution by spilling their blood. Lord Lansdowne mentioned an instance of the present King Louis Philippe's presence d'esprit: a mob in Paris surrounded him—'Que desirez-vous, messieurs?' 'Nous desirons Napoleon.' 'Eh bien, allez donc le trouver.' The mob laughed, cheered, and dispersed.

"Mr. Jacob and his daughters drank tea here, and made most grateful inquiries for you: the kindness and hospitality shown to them was certainly not thrown away.

"I have seen dear good Joanna Baillie several times, and the Carrs. It has been a great pleasure to me to feel myself so kindly received by those I liked best in London years ago. It is always gratifying to find old friends the same after long absence, but it has been particularly so to me now, when not only the leaves of the pleasures of life fall naturally in its winter, but when the great branches on whom happiness depended are gone.

"Dr. Holland's children are very fine, happy-looking children, and he does seem so to enjoy them. His little boy, in reply to the commonplace, aggravating question of 'Who loves you? Nobody in this world loves you!' 'Yes, there is somebody: papa loves me, I know—I am sure!' and throwing himself on his back on his Aunt Mary's lap, he looked up at his father with such a sweet, confident smile. The father was standing between Sir Edward Alderson and Southey, the one sure he had him by the ear, and the other by the imagination; but the child had him by the heart. He smiled and nodded at his boy, and with an emphasis in which the whole soul spoke low, but strong, said, 'Yes, I DO love you.' Neither the lawyer nor the poet heard him.

"Here I was interrupted, and was very glad to be interrupted, and that is saying a great deal, by Mr. Creed, dear, good friend, and most agreeable and radiant with goodwill.

"All my friends understand that I keep out of all

fine company and great parties, and see only my friends.

"Here the carriage came to the door, and we have been to see Mrs. Calcott, who was Mrs. Graham, who was very glad to see me, and entertaining; and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread as kind and affectionate as ever. She is struggling between her natural pride on her brother's ministerial appointment, and her natural affection which fears for his health.

"Joanna Baillie tells me that Lord Dudley wrote to Sir Walter, offering to take upon himself the whole debt, and be paid by instalments. Sir Walter wrote a charming note of refusal.

"I find I have omitted to say what I was most intent upon telling you—that Pakenham is with us, and has left the East India College with the greatest credit. He was at the head of the College, and has obtained more prizes, medals, and character for good conduct than any person there; and we have heard from various quarters that both the masters and the young men his companions speak of him in the highest terms."

"*Thursday.*

"I saw Talleyrand at Lansdowne House—like a corpse, with his hair dressed *aîles de pigeon* bien poudré. As Lord Lansdowne drolly said, 'How much those *aîles de pigeon* have gone through unchanged! How many revolutions have they seen! how many changes of their master's mind!' Talleyrand has less countenance than any man of talents I ever saw. He seems to think not only that 'la parole était donné à l'homme pour déguiser sa pensée,' but that expression of countenance was given to him as a curse, to betray his emotions:

therefore he has exerted all his abilities to conquer all expression, and to throw into his face that 'no meaning,' which puzzles more than wit; but I heard none. His niece, the Duchesse de Dino, was there: little, and ugly—plain, I should say—nobody is ugly now but myself."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"1, *North Audley Street*,[1]
"*Jan.* 8, 1831.

"Now I will tell you of my delightful young Christmas party at Mrs. Lockhart's. After dinner she arranged a round table in the corner of the room, on which stood a magnificent iced plum cake. There were to be twelve children: impossible to have room for chairs all round the table: it was settled that the king and queen alone should be invited to the honours of the sitting; but Mr. Lockhart, in a low voice, said, 'Johnny! there must, my dear Sophia, you know, be a chair for Johnny here—all's right now.'

"Enter first, Miss Binning, a young lady of fifteen, Johnny's particular friend, who had been invited to make crowns for the king and queen—a very nice elegant-looking girl with a slight figure.

"Then came from the top of the stairs peals of merry laughter, and in came the revel rout; the king and queen with their gilt paper admirable crowns on their heads, and little coronation robes; the queen was Mrs. Lockhart's youngest child, like a dear little fairy; and the king to match. All the others in various ways pleasing

[1] Maria was now staying with my daughter, Mrs. Lestock Wilson.

and prettily simply dressed in muslins of a variety of colours; plenty of ringlets of glossy hair, fair or brown, none black, with laughing blue eyes. And now they look at the tickets they have drawn for their twelfth-night characters, and read them out. After eating as much as well could be compassed, the revel rout ran up stairs again to the drawing-room, where open space and verge enough had been made for hunt the slipper; and down they all popped in the circle, of which you may see the likeness in the Pleasures of Memory. Then came dancing; and as the little and large dancers were all Scotch, I need not say how good it was. Mrs. Lockhart is really a delightful creature, the more loveable the closer one comes to her and in *London*. How very very kind of her to invite me to this quite family party; if she had invented for ever, she could not have found what would please me more."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*London, January* 20.

"I write this 'certificate of existence,' and moreover, an affidavit of my being a-foot[1] again, and can go down stairs with one foot foremost like a child, and wore a black satin shoe like another last night at Mrs. Elliot's, where I was talking most of the evening to Mr. Edmonstone about Pakenham.

"Now sign, seal, and deliver for the bare life—of Mrs. Hope and the Duchess of Wellington in my next."

[1] Maria had twisted her foot a few nights before in getting out of the carriage, and was unable to use it for some days.

"*January* 22.

"I left off at the Duchess of Wellington. I heard she was ill and determined to write and ask if she wished to see me; a hundred of the little London *remoras* delayed and stopped me and fortunately—I almost always find cause to rejoice instead of deploring when I have delayed to execute an intention, so that I must conclude that my fault is precipitation not procrastination. The very day I had my pen in my hand to write to her and was called away to write some other letter much to my annoyance; much to my delight a few hours afterwards came a little pencil note begging me to come to Apsley House if I wished to please an early friend who could never forget the kindness she had received at Edgeworthstown. I had not been able to put my foot to the ground, but I found it easy with motive to trample on impossibilities, and there is no going up stairs at Apsley House, for the Duke has had apartments on the ground floor, a whole suite, appropriated to the Duchess now that she is so ill, and I had only to go leaning on Fanny's arm, through a long passage to a magnificent room—not magnificent from its size, height, length, or breadth, but from its contents: the presents of Cities, Kingdoms, and Sovereigns. In the midst, on a high narrow mattressed sofa like Lucy's, all white and paler than ever Lucy was, paler than marble, lay as if laid out a corpse, the Duchess of Wellington. Always little and delicate-looking, she now looked a miniature figure of herself in wax-work. As I entered I heard her voice before I saw her, before I could distinguish her features among the borders of her cap; only saw the place where

her head lay on the huge raised pillow; the head moved, the head only, and the sweet voice of Kitty Pakenham exclaimed, 'O! Miss Edgeworth, you are the truest of the true—the kindest of the kind.' And a little delicate death-like white hand stretched itself out to me before I could reach the couch, and when I got there I could not speak—not a syllable, but she, with most perfect composure, more than composure, cheerfulness of tone, went on speaking; as she spoke, all the Kitty Pakenham expression appeared in that little shrunk face, and the very faint colour rose, and the smile of former times. She raised herself more and more, and spoke with more and more animation in charming language and with all her peculiar grace and elegance of kindness recollected so much of past times and of my father particularly, whose affection she convinced me had touched her deeply.

"Opposite her couch hung the gold shield in imitation of the shield of Achilles with all the Duke's victories embossed on the margin, the Duke and his staff in the centre, surrounded with blazing rays, given by the city of London. On either side the great candelabras belonging to the massive plateau given by Portugal, which cannot be lifted without machinery. At either end, in deep and tall glass cases, from top to bottom ranged the services of Dresden and German china, presented by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. While I looked at these, the Duchess raising herself quite up, exclaimed with weak-voiced, strong-souled enthusiasm, 'All tributes to merit! there's the value, all pure, no corruption ever suspected even. Even of the Duke of Marlborough that could not be said so truly.'

"The fresh untired enthusiam she feels for his cha-

racter, for her own still youthful imagination of her hero, after all she has gone through, is most touching. There she is, fading away, still feeding when she can feed on nothing else, on his glories, on the perfume of his incense. She had heard of my being in London from Lord Downes, who had seen me at the Countess de Salis', where we met him and Lady Downes; when I met her again two days after we had been at Apsley House she said the Duchess was not so ill as I supposed, that her physicians do not allow that they despair. But notwithstanding what friends and physicians say, my own impression is, that she cannot be much longer for this world."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*North Audley Street, Feb.* 10, 1831.

"I am just come home from breakfasting with Sir James Macintosh. Fanny was with me, double double pleasure, but we both feel as we suppose dramdrinkers do after their 'mornings.' My hand and my mind are both unsteadied and unfitted for business after this intoxicating draught. O what it is to 'come within the radiance of genius,'[1] not only every object appears so radiant, but I feel myself so much increased in powers, in range of mind, a *vue d'oiseau* of all things raised above the dun dim fog of commonplace life. How can any one like to live with their inferiors and prefer it to the delight of being raised up by a superior to the bright

[1] Quoted from a letter of her sister Anna on the death of Doctor Beddoes, "You don't know the blank of life after having lived within the radiance of genius."

regions of genius? The inward sense of having even this perception of excellence, is a pleasure far beyond what flattery *can* give. Flattery is like a bad perfume, nauseous and overpowering after the first waft, and hurtful as well as nauseous. But as luncheon is coming and we must go directly to the Admiralty to see Captain Beaufort and then to the Carrs'—no more rhodomontading to-day."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*North Audley Street, Feb.* 11, 1831.

"You must have seen in the papers the death of Mr. Hope, and I am sure it shocked you. But it was scarcely possible that it could strike you so much as it did me. I, who had seen him but a few days before, and who had been rallying him upon his being hypochondriac. I, who had been laughing at him along with Mrs. Hope, for being, I thought, merely in the cold fit after having been in the hot fit of enthusiasm while finishing his book. He knew too well, poor man, what we did not know. I believe that I never had time to describe to you the impression that visit to him made upon me. I had actually forced Mrs. Hope to go up and say he must see me; that such an old friend, and one who had such a regard for him, and for whom I knew he had a sincere regard, must be admitted to see him even in his bed-chamber. He sent me word that if I could bear to see a poor sick man in his night-cap, I might come up.

"So I did, and followed Mrs. Hope through all the magnificent apartments, and then up to the attics, and through and through room after room till we came

to his retreat, and then a feeble voice from an arm-chair—

"'O! my dear Miss Edgeworth, my kind friend to the last.'

"And I saw a figure sunk in his chair like La Harpe, in figured silk robe de chambre and night-cap; death in his paled sunk, shrunk face; a gleam of affectionate pleasure lighted it up for an instant, and straight it sunk again. He asked most kindly for my two sisters —'tell them I am glad they are happy.'

"The half-finished picture of his second son was in the corner, beside his arm-chair, as if to cheer his eyes.

"'By an Irish artist,' he politely said to me, 'of great talent.'

"When I rallied him at parting, on his low spirits, and said, 'How much younger you are than I am!'

"'No, no; not in mind, not in the powers of life. God bless you; good-bye.'

"I told him I would only say *au revoir,* and that never came; it was only the next day but one after this that Fanny read to me his death in the paper. It was dreadfully sudden to us; what must it have been to Mrs. Hope? I am sure she had no idea of its coming so soon. I forgot to say that as I got up to go away, I told him laughing, that he was only ill of a plethora of happiness, that he had everything this world could give, and only wanted a little adversity.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I am happy, blessed with such a wife and such a son!'

"He looked with most touching gratitude up to her, and she drew back without speaking.

"O! I cannot tell you the impression the whole scene left on my mind."

"*March* 14.

"I hope your mother is better, and now inhaling spring life. Tell her, with my love, that I have exhibited her work[1] at various places to the admiration and almost incredulity of all beholders—such beautiful flowers at ninety-two!

"At last we were fortunately at home when Lady Wellesley and Miss Caton called, and thanks to my impudence in having written to him the moment he landed, and thanks to his good nature, Sir John Malcolm came at the same moment, and Lady Wellesley and he talked most agreeably over former times in India and later times in Ireland. Lady Wellesley is not nearly so tall or magnificent a person as I expected. Her face beautiful, her manner rather too diplomatically studied. People say 'she has a remarkably good manner;' perfectly good manners are never 'remarkable,' felt, not seen. Sir John is as entertaining and delightful as his Persian sketches, and as instructive as his Central India."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"1, *North Audley Street,*
"*March* 16, 1831.

"We are most thankful and delighted to hear that Mr. Butler[2] has got to chicken and politics again. The days are hardly long enough to read all men's speeches

[1] A scarf worked for Maria by my mother—a grey ground embroidered with flowers, done when she was ninety-two. I have carefully preserved it.

[2] Mr. Butler was recovering from a dangerous fever.

in Parliament. I get the result into me from Fanny, and read only the notables. Mr. North's speech was, as you say, the best and plainest he ever made and was so esteemed. Macaulay's reads better than it was spoken, quite marred in the delivery, and he does not look the orator; but no matter, in spite of his outside, his inside will get him on: he has far more power in him than Mr. North. As soon as Fanny is equal to it I will try to kill her *à la lanterne*, with Sir Charles Lemon's assistance who is doing his best to get us there.

"Whenever Mr. Butler is able to read again, I recommend to him 'Jones on the Distribution of Wealth,' I like him and his book. I met him at Doctor Felton's, and think him first-rate in Political Economy.

"Get the eleventh volume of the new edition of Sir Walter's poems, containing a new Introduction and Essay on Ballads and ballad writing, all entertaining, and a model for egotists which very few will be able to follow, though many will strive and be laughed at for their pains.

"Rogers has been very good-natured to me, and has lent me an English translation of I Promessi Sposi, which will save me much looking in dictionary."

"*March* 29.

"Old as I am and imaginative as I am thought to be, I have really always found that the pleasures I have expected would be great, have actually been greater in the enjoyment than in the anticipation. This is written in my sixty-fourth year. The pleasure of being with Fanny has been far far greater than I had expected. The pleasures here altogether, including the kindness of old friends, and the civilities of acquaintances are still

more enhanced than I had calculated upon by the home and the quiet library, and easy-chair morning retreat I enjoy. Our long-expected visit to Herschel above all has far surpassed my expectations, raised as they were and warm from the fresh enthusiasm kindled by his last work.

"Mrs. Herschel, who by-the-bye is very pretty, which does no harm, is such a delightful person, with so much simplicity and so much sense, so fit to sympathize with him in all things intellectual and moral, and making all her guests comfortable and happy without any apparent effort; she was extremely kind to Fanny, and Mr. Herschel to Lestock.

"Thursday I went down to Slough alone in Fanny's carriage, as Lestock was not well, and she would not leave him. There was no company and the evening was delightfully spent in hearing and talking. I had made various pencil notes in my copy of his book to ask for explanations, and so patient and kind and clear they were.

"On Saturday I began to grow very anxious about six o'clock, and Mrs. Herschel good-naturedly sympathized with me, and we stood at the window that looks out on a distant turn of the London road, and at last I saw a carriage glass flash and then an outline of a well-known coachman's form, and then the green chaise, and all right.

"There were at dinner the Provost of Eton in his wig, a large fine presence of a Provost—Doctor Goodall; Mrs. Hervey, very pretty, and gave me a Gardinia like a Cape jessamine, white, sweet smelling—much talking of it and smelling and handing it about; Mrs. Gwatkin, one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' nieces, has been

very pretty, and though deaf is very agreeable—enthusiastically and affectionately fond of her uncle—indignant at the idea of his not having himself written the Discourses; 'Burke or Johnson indeed! no such thing—he wrote them himself. I am evidence, he used to employ me as his secretary: often I have been in the room when he has been composing, walking up and down the room, stopping sometimes to write a sentence,' &c.

"On Sunday to Windsor Chapel; saw the King and the Queen, and little Prince George of Cambridge, seen each through the separate compartments of their bay window up aloft. The service lasted three hours, and then we went, by particular desire, to Eton College, to see the Provost and Mrs. Goodall, and the pictures of all the celebrated men. Some of these portraits taken when very young are interesting; some from being like, some from being quite unlike what one would expect from their after characters. We saw the books of themes and poems that had been judged worth preserving. Canning's and Lord Wellesley's much esteemed. Drawers full of prints; many rare books; the original unique copy of Reynard the Fox—the table of contents of which is so exceedingly diverting I would fain have copied it on the spot, but the Provost told me a copy could be had at every stall for one penny.

"Got home to Herschel's while the sun yet shone, and I having the day before begged the favour of him to repeat for Fanny and Lestock the experiments and explanations on polarized light and periodical colours; he had everything ready and very kindly went over it all again, and afterwards said to Mrs. Herschel, 'It is delightful to explain these things to Mrs. Wilson; she

can understand anything with the least possible explanation.'

"It was a fine moonlight night and he took us out to see Saturn and his rings, and the Moon and her volcanoes. Saturn I thought looked very much as he used to do; but the Moon did surprise and charm me—very different from anything I had seen or imagined of the moon. A large portion of a seemingly immense globe of something like rough ice, resplendent with light and all over protuberances like those on the outside of an oyster shell, supposing it immensely magnified in a Brobdignag microscope, a lustrous-mica look all over the protuberances and a distinctly marked mountain-in-a-map in the middle shaded delicately off.

"I must remark to you that all the time we were seeing we were eighteen feet aloft, on a little stage about eight feet by three, with a slight iron rod rail on three sides, but quite open to fall in front, and Lestock repeatedly warned me not to forget and step forwards.

"Monday, our visit, alas! was to come to an end. Mr. Herschel offered to take Lestock to town in his gig, which he accepted with pleasure, and Fanny and I went with Mrs. Herschel to see Sir Joshua's pictures at Mrs. Gwatkin's. There is one of Charles Fox done when he was eighteen: the face so faded that it looks like an unfinished sketch, not the least like any other picture I have ever seen of the jolly moon-faced Charles Fox, but some resemblance to the boy of thirteen in the print I begged from Lord Buchan. The original 'Girl with a muff' is here; the original also of 'Simplicity,' who has now flowers in her lap in consequence of the observation of a foolish woman who looking at

the picture as it was originally painted, with the child's hands interlaced, with the backs of the hands turned up, 'How beautiful! How natural the dish of prawns the dear little thing has in her lap.'

"Sir Joshua threw the flowers over the prawns.

"There appeared in this collection many sad results of Sir Joshua's experiments on colours; a very fine copy of his from Rembrandt's picture of himself, all but the face so black as to be unintelligible. There was the first Sir Joshua ever drew of himself—and his last; this invaluable last is going—black cracks and masses of bladdery paint. He painted Mrs. Gwatkin seven times. 'But don't be vain, my dear, I only use your head as I would that of any beggar—as a good practice.'

"Her husband is a true Roast Beef of Old England King and Constitution man, who most good naturedly hunted out from his archives a letter of Hannah More's, which happened to be particularly interesting to me; on Garrick, in the character of Hamlet; it was good, giving a decided view of what Garrick at least thought the unity of the character.

"From metaphysics to physics, we finished with a noble slice of the roast beef of Old England, 'fed, ma'am,' said Mr. Gwatkin, 'by his present Majesty, God bless him.'

"Arrived at No. 1 in good time, and dined yesterday at Lady Davy's. Rogers, Gally Knight, Lord Mahon, and Lord Ashburner, who was very agreeable. He has been eleven years roaming the world, and is not foreign-fangled. Mrs. Marcet, who came in the evening, was the happiness of it to me."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"1, *North Audley Street,*
"*April,* 1831.

"Such a day as yesterday! sun shining—neither too hot nor too cold. This was just the time of year, I think, that you saw Knowle, and I never did see a place and house which pleased me more; exceedingly entertained with the portraits, endless to particularize. Several of Grammont's beauties, not so good in colours as in black and white. Sir Walter's black and white portrait of James I. made the full length of his unkingly Majesty a hundred times more interesting to me than it could otherwise have been,—mean, odd, strange-looking mortal. And then the silver room, as it is called, how it was gilt to me by the genius of romance, all Heriot's masterpieces there, would have been but cups and boxes ranged on toilette table and India cabinet but for the master magician touch. But we had to leave Knowle as we had engaged the day before at Brandfold to go to Mr. Jones, (on the Distribution of Wealth,) at Brasted. Such crowds of ideas as he poured forth, uttering so rapidly as to keep one quite on the stretch not to miss any of the good things. Half of them, I am sure, I have forgotten, but note for futurity; specially a fair-haired heiress now living, shut up in an old place called the Moate, old as King John's time. Mr. Jones had invited Doctor and Mrs. Felton, and had a luncheon comme il y en a peu and wines of every degree: hock from Bremen, brought over by our mutual friend Mr. Jacob, and far too valuable for an ignoramus like me to swallow.

"Chevening? You are afraid we shall not have time to see Chantrey's monument. 'O! but you must

see it,' said Mr. Jones, and so he and Doctor Felton ordered gig and pony carriage to let our horses rest, and follow and meet us, and away we went. Mr. Jones driving me in his gig to a beautiful parky place where Doctor Felton flourishes for the summer, and saw his children, who had wished to see the mother of Frank and Rosamond. Then through Mr. Manning's beautiful place—never travelling a high road or a by-road all the way to Chevening churchyard. The white marble monument of Lady Frederica Stanhope is in the church; plain though she was in life, she is beautiful in death, something of exquisite tenderness in the expression of her countenance, maternal tenderness, and repose, matronly repose, and yet the freshness of youth in the rounded arm and delicate hand that lightly, affectionately presses the infant—she dies, if dying it can be called, so placid, so happy; the head half-turned sinks into the pillow, which, without touching, one can hardly believe to be marble. I am sure Harriet recollects Lady Frederica at Paris, just before she was married.

"We left Chevening, and can never forget it, and drove through the wealds and the charts, called, as Mr. Jones tells me, from the charters, and see a chapel built by Porteus to civilize some of the wicked ones of the wealds or wilds, and Ireton's house, where some say Cromwell lived, now belonging to Perkins the brewer. Then 'see to the right that rich green field, where King Henry VIII. used to stop and wind his horn, that people might gather and drag himself and suite through the slough,' and it was near eight before we got to town, and Lestock waiting dinner with the patience of Job. He, Lestock, not Job, is a delightful person to live with, never annoyed about hours or trifles of that kind."

"1, *North Audley Street,*
"*April* 30, 1831.

"On Monday last I drove to Apsley House, without the slightest suspicion that the Duchess had been worse than when I had last seen her. When I saw the gate only just opened enough to let out the porter's head, and saw Smith parleying with him, nothing occurred to me but that the man doubted whether I was a person who ought to be admitted; so I put out my card, when Smith, returning, said, 'Ma'am, the *Duchess of Wellington died on Saturday morning!*'

"The good-natured porter, seeing that I was 'really a friend,' as he said, went into the house at my request, to ask if I could see her maid; and after a few minutes the gates opened softly, and I went into that melancholy house, into that great, silent hall: window-shutters closed: not a creature to be seen or heard.

"At last a man-servant appeared, and as I moved towards the side of the house where I had formerly been—'Not that way, ma'am; walk in here, if you please.'

"Then came, in black, that maid, of whose attachment the Duchess had the last time I saw her, spoken so highly and truly, as I now saw by the first look and words.

"'Too true, ma'am—*she* is gone from us! her Grace died on Saturday.'

"'Was the Duke in town?'

"'Yes, ma'am, BESIDE HER.'

"Not a word more, but I was glad to have that certain. Lord Charles had arrived in time; not Lord Douro. The Duchess had remained much as I last

saw her on the sofa for a fortnight; then confined to her bed some days, but then seemed much better; had been up again, and out in that room and on that sofa, as when we heard her conversing so charmingly. They had no apprehension of her danger, nor had she herself till Friday, when she was seized with violent pain, and died on Saturday morning, 'calm and resigned.'

"The poor maid could hardly speak. She went in and brought me a lock of her mistress's hair, silver grey, all but a few light brown, that just recalled the beautiful Kitty Pakenham!

"So ended that sweet, innocent—shall we say happy, or unhappy life?—Happy, I should think, *through all;* happy in her good feelings and good conscience, and warm affections, still LOVING on! Happy in her faith, her hope, and her charity!"

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*London, May* 6, 1831.

"Pakenham is not gone yet, but he goes to-day. One of our farewell visits yesterday was to Mrs. Lushington, who was so glad to see us, and so kind and so polite to Pakenham; and when we had talked our fill about him, we went to politics, of which every head in London is fuller than it can hold. Lord Suffield described the scene in the House of Lords[1] as more extraordinary than could have been imagined or believed. One lord held down by force, and one bawling at the top of his voice, even when the door opened, and the

[1] On the opening of Parliament, when the King was to propose the bringing in of the Reform Bill.

King appeared as his lordship pronounced the word 'RUIN!'

"Ruin did not seize the King, however, nor was he in the least affected by the uproar. He walked calmly on.

"'I kept my eye upon him,' Lord Suffield said; 'I looked at his knees, they did not tremble in the least. I am sure I could not have walked so firmly; I do not believe another man present could have been so calm.'

"The King quietly took out his paper, felt for his spectacles, put them on composedly, and read with a firm voice. They say nothing was ever like the confusion and violence since the time of Charles I. and Cromwell.

"The day before yesterday we did a prodigious deal. Mr. Drummond came at ten o'clock, by appointment, to take us to the Mint, to see the double printing press; and we saw everything, from the casting the types to the drying the sheet; and then to the India House. There was some little stop while Pakenham's card, with a pencil message to Dr. Wilkins, was sent up. While this was doing, a superb mock-majesty man, in scarlet cloak and cocked hat, bedizened with gold, motioned us away. 'Coachman, drive on; no carriage can stand before the India House—that's the rule.'

"Dr. Wilkins came out of his comfortable den to receive us, laid down his book and spectacles, and showed us everything. The strangest thing we saw was a toy of Tippoo Sahib's, worthy of a despot—an English soldier, as large as life, in his uniform, hat, and everything, painted and varnished, lying at full length, and

a furious tiger over him; a handle, invisible at a distance, in his ribs, which, when turned by the slave, produced sounds like the growling of the tiger and the groans of the man!

"We had a very pleasant day at Epping. Mrs. Napier went with us; I inside with her, Fanny on the barouche-seat with Pakenham, and Lestock behind with Sneyd. The place is so much improved! I saw Fanny's horse Baronet: very pretty.

"*2 o'clock, Luncheon.*

"Pakenham is eating his last bit of gooseberry pie: enter Sneyd: boxes—hammering—dreadful notes of preparation. Pakenham yesterday wore the trefoil pin with his aunt's hair, and the sleeve-buttons with his mother's and sister's hair; and I have added a locket to hang to his watch-chain, with a bit, very scarce, of my own hair. The wind is fair: we shall hear from him from Deal."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*North Audley Street,*
"*May* 7, 1831.

"I wrote to Harriet yesterday all about Pakenham to the moment he left this house with Sneyd to join Lestock in the City, and go on to Gravesend.

"Half-an-hour after we had parted from Pakenham, and before we had recovered sense, came a great rap at the door. 'Will you see anybody, ma'am?' I was going to say, 'No, nobody,' but I bid Smith ask the name, when behind him, as I spoke, enter Mrs. Lush-

ington. 'I have forced my way up—forgive me, it is for Pakenham; I hope I am not too late; I've brought him *good* letters from Mrs. Charles Lushington.'

"Comprehending instantly the value of the letters, and our carriage being most luckily at the door, into it Fanny and I got, and drove as hard as we could down to the dock, to the very place where they were to take the Gravesend boat. You may imagine the anxiety we were in to be in time, boat waiting for no one; and then the stoppages of odious carts and hackney coaches in the City: I do not believe we spoke three words to each other all that long way. At last, when within a few minutes of the end of our time, we were encompassed with carts, drays, and omnibuses, in an impenetrable line seemingly before us. Fanny sent Smith on foot with the letters and a pencil note. We got on wonderfully, our coachman being really an angel. We reached the wharf. 'Is the Gravesend boat gone?' 'No, ma'am, not this half-hour; half after four, instead of four, to-day.'

"We took breath, but were still anxious, watching each with head out on our own side; for Smith had not appeared, and Lestock, Sneyd, and Pakenham had not arrived: great fear of missing them and the letters in the hurly-burly of packages, and packers, and passengers, and sailors, and *orderers*, and hackney coaches, and coachmen, and boatmen, men, women, and children swarming and bawling.

"But at last Smith and Lestock appeared together, and the letters got into Pakenham's hand: he and Sneyd had gone into the boat, so we saw no more of them; but Lestock sent us off on a new hurry-skurry for pistols, ordered but not brought. To the Minerva count-

ing-house we drove, to send the pistols by some boatswain there: got to counting-house: 'Boatswain gone?' 'No, ma'am, not yet,' said the dear, smiling clerk. So all was right, and Pakenham had his pistols."

"*Salden House, Mrs. Carr's,*
"*June* 6, 1831.

"My last days in London crowned the whole in all that was entertaining, curious, gratifying, and delightful to head and heart. I am writing while Isabella Carr is reading out 'Destiny,' and very well she reads the Scotch; so you may think I cannot enter into details of the past at present, but I must just note—

"Lady Elizabeth Whitbread and four Lady Harleys.

"Opera with Lady Guilford and two daughters: Medea, Pasta: thrilling shiver, gliding sideways to her children, and sudden retreat.

"French play: Leontine Fay in Une Faute—the most admirable actress I ever saw, and in the most touching piece. Three young men—Mr. Whitbread, Major Keppel, and Lord Mahon—separately told me the impression made on them by this actress was such, that they could not sleep afterwards! I had no trial how this would be with me, because we went off from the playhouse to Sir James South's, to see the occultation of Jupiter's satellites: that was indeed a sublime reality, and no wonder we were broad awake till three o'clock.

"Next morning S. Paul's: moral sublime. I sat next Rammohun Roy, and heard all he said. One curious inquiry he made: 'Why are the boys set *above* the girls?' Sermon by the Bishop of Nova Scotia: Judge Haliburton sat between Fanny and me. Luncheon at

the Bishop of Llandaff's: forty people. Came home: packed up. Mr. Creed at dinner, and this last day delightful."

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 14, 1831.

"Whatever I may be, you, my dear sir, I am sure, are good-natured—especially to me; and I cordially thank you for depending upon my sympathy and hearty congratulations on your recovery of your lost treasures. Conceal! I have nothing to conceal from you; I should be ashamed indeed if I could possibly have forgotten such a loss. Thank you for telling me the curious circumstances of the recovery of the sketches. Where they can have been all this time, or how it could possibly happen that curiosity had not thumbed and spoiled them, I cannot conceive. I now look forward to the thumbing them myself, and hope they will soon be lithographed. Pray get this well done before you go to Italy; I am sure Mrs. Hall will second this prayer, and I, on the other hand, will speak as loud—and if I could, as eloquently—as your conscience pleads, for giving her the well-deserved *jaunt* to Italy: jaunt it may well be called, in comparison with your former travels to new worlds.

"My last visit to universal London confirms to my own feelings your eulogium. I never was so happy there in my life, because I had besides all the external pleasures, the solid satisfaction of a home there, and domestic pleasures, without which I should soon grow a-weary of the world, and wish the business of the town were done. It is most gratifying to me, at such a dis-

tance, to hear and to believe that such kind and cultivated friends as you miss my company, and wish for my future return. I should be very sorry if I were told this minute that I was never to see London again, and yet I am wondrous contented and happy at home. I hope you will come and see some time whether I am only making believe, or telling true. I wish you had been here yesterday, when we were reading your 'Sketches of Naval Life'—a much better title, by-the-bye, I think, than your own 'Fragments.' We were reading your chapter on the influence of a good captain over his ship; the influence of good commanders in general over the men they command, increasing their powers, and making each even of the lowest capacity *tell* in society. This is very useful, and written with great spirit and truth.

"You say I must never say a discouraging word to you, because you are so easily discouraged: for shame! What is that but saying, 'Flatter me?' Now flattery can never do good; twice cursed in the giving and the receiving, it ought to be. Instead of flattering, I will give you this wholesome caution: in your new volumes do not weaken the effect by giving too much of a good thing; do not be lengthy; cut well before you go to press, and then the rest will live all the better. With your facility, this cannot cost you much.

"Thank you for making me see the crowd who went to the opening of the new bridge, clustering on the steeples, &c.: wonderful power, that of bringing pictures before the mind's eye, by making certain little marks on paper!

"We are all quiet and happy in this neighbourhood, and have plenty to eat at present, and every prospect of

a good harvest. The people of this village are improving their houses inside and out. Rents are paid, and tithes are paid."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Rostrevor,*[1] *Oct.* 2, 1831.

"Lestock was gratified by my joining him at Armagh. Mr. Allott was most hospitable. We walked to the cathedral, and saw views of great extent and beauty, and heard learned disquisitions about architecture, and a curious anecdote in support of a favourite theory of his, that small stones *grouted* together, with lime and water put in hot, defies old Time. Great alarm was excited some time ago at Winchester Cathedral: the principal pillars seemed to be giving way, out of the perpendicular, and *bulged*. They fell to work *shoring* and propping; but, in spite of all, the pillars still seemed to be giving way more and more, and they feared the whole would come down. Rennie was sent for, but Rennie was ill, and died. At last an architect looked at the pillars, picked at them, took off a facing of stone, and found, what he had suspected, that it was only this facing that had given way and bulged, and that the inside was a solid pillar of masonry,—small stones grouted together so firmly, that the cement was as hard as the stone.

"Dr. and Mrs. Robinson came in the evening: his conversation is admirable; such an affluence of ideas, so full of genius and master thoughts. He gave me an excellent disquisition on the effect which transcendental

[1] The Miss Ruxtons had at this time a house at Rostrevor, where Maria paid them a visit.

mathematics produces on the mind, and traced up the history of mathematics from Euclid appealing to diagrams and resting on images, to that higher sort where they are put out of the question, where we reason by symbols as in algebra, and work on in the dark till they get to the light, or till the light comes out of the dark—sure that it will come out. He went over Newton, and on through the history of modern times—Brinkley, Lagrange, Hamilton—just giving to me, ignorant, a notion of what each had done.

"Mrs. Robinson told me, and will you tell Harriet Beaufort, that a lady said to her she had been much entertained by Bertha's Visit to her Uncle,[1] Sir Walter Scott's last work. Mrs. Robinson demurred at Sir Walter, but the lady insisted, and Mrs. Robinson submitted.

"Mrs. O'Beirne—dear, kind soul!—would accompany me on the jaunting-car all the way from Newry to Rostrevor, and I am very glad she did; and as the day was fine and the tide in, I thought it would be pleasant on that beautiful road; and so it would have been, but for the droves of cows—Oh, those weary cows with the longest horns!—and if ever I laughed at you for being afraid of cows, you may have your revenge now. Every quarter of a mile, at least, came a tangled mass of these brutes, and their fright made them more terrible, for they knew no more what they were doing than I did myself; and there I was sitting at their mercy, and the horn of one or t'other continually within an inch of my eye, my mouth, or my breast, and no retreat; and they might any moment stick me on the top of one of these horns, and toss me with one

[1] A story for young people, by my sister.

jerk into the sea! Mrs. O'Beirne kept telling me she was used to it, and that nothing ever happened; but by the time I reached Rostrevor I was as poor a worn-out rag as ever you saw. However, I lay down for half-an-hour, and dressed, and went to Mrs. Schoales'; and the dinner was pleasant; and good-natured Mr. Schoales, seeing how tired I was, ordered his carriage, and sent me home early.

"Caroline Hamilton[1] looks handsomer and fresher than she did ten years ago."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 22, 1831.

"Francis was married on the 19th to Rosa Florentina Eroles; Sneyd, Fanny, and Lestock were present. The bride was dressed in a plain white muslin, with a mantilla lace veil of her own work on her head, without any hat, after the fashion of her own country, with a small wreath of silver flowers in her dark hair. Her sister was dressed English fashion, in a bonnet. Both Sneyd and Fanny say that nothing could appear more gentlemanlike, gentle, amiable, and happy than the bridegroom.

"Sneyd has kindly asked them to go to Brandfold next week."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 20, 1832.

"My dear Harriet,

"Can you conceive yourself to be an old lamp at the point of extinction, and dreading the smell you

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton resided at Carpenham, at Rostrevor.

would make at going out, and the execrations which in your dying flickerings you might hear? And then you can conceive the sudden starting up again of the flame, when fresh oil is poured into the lamp. And can you conceive what that poor lamp would feel returning to light and life? So felt I when I had read your letter on reading what I sent to you of 'Helen.' You have given me new life and spirit to go on with her. I would have gone on from principle, and the desire to do what my father advised—to finish whatever I began; but now I feel all the difference between working for a dead or a live horse.

"I find I cut out some good things from Townsend's[1] character, exemplifying the stealing wit and ideas in conversation. On reading Mirabeau, I found I had invented what he had done on a much larger scale, and should like to put them in again.

"James has this morning ridden out again with the horses, and is himself again.

"My auriculas are superb, and my peony tree eighteen full-swelled buds: it will be in glory by the time Sophy and Mag arrive."

The "James" mentioned in the foregoing letter was the coachman, who had been thrown from the carriage on his head. I had driven out in a little sociable with Mrs. Mary Sneyd and Mr. Butler: the horse was uneasy on the road, and alarmed at some white clothes on a hedge as we returned; and when we entered the gate, he ran away down the approach to the house, passed it, and in doing so struck the hind wheel against the stone parapet under the library window, knocking off a piece

[1] Churchill in "Helen" had been originally called Townsend.

of the stone, and with the shock throwing the coachman from the box, while the horse ran on full speed across the lawn, when the traces broke—we were left sitting safe in the carriage, and the horse made his way to the stables. Had the traces held together a few yards further, we should have gone into a deep sunk-fence, and been dashed to pieces. We had clung with all our might, holding on to the carriage, and were none of us injured. When I looked at my hand afterwards, it was black with the force with which I had grasped the iron bar that was across the carriage.

Maria and Honora had just come in from walking, and were standing in the hall when the carriage dashed past the house. Maria was much more frightened than we in the carriage were, and was quite ill all the evening.

The horse had been bought from the priest, and all the Protestants about the place said, "What better could be expected of a priest's horse?" And as the coachman was a Protestant, all the Catholics said, "The fellow had no strength; the horse was as quiet a horse as any in Ireland, only he couldn't drive him!"

The man was very nearly killed by the violence of his fall, and was for a long time dangerously ill.

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 3, 1832.

"My dear Captain Hall,

"I feel afraid of hurting your feelings from writing in ignorance of the circumstances of Sir James Hall's death. If it were only the termination of a

state in which no one can wish a beloved friend and parent to continue, bereft of any power of enjoyment, and exciting only the most painful memory of the past, I ought not to condole with you, but rather rejoice that your heart is relieved from the most painful of all trials.

"But if indeed his days, full of honour, were shortened while health and mental energy, and the power of enjoyment for himself, and of conferring on you that happiness which a father such as he can confer on such a son, then indeed I do pity you, and very few can better sympathise with you, or know with more certainty that the heart never can be comforted by words, or even by time or reason, for such a loss—truly irreparable.

"It is absolutely impossible for me to write to Mrs. Lockhart, because I feel so much for her. Tell me what you know of Sir Walter's present state.

"I think that beautiful character of Sir James Hall, and the able account of his experiments and discoveries which I read this day in the 'Times,' must be written by you."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Aug.* 1, 1832.

"It is impossible to tell you how much I miss you. Never, except at my Aunt Ruxton's, did I ever pass my time away from home so entirely to my own enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured the cheerful sky.

"We are reading 'Eugene Aram;' and almost all I have heard I think affected as to language, and not

natural as to character. I am sure the real story and trial are much more interesting."

"*Aug.* 21.

"Perhaps you think I am at Lady Hartland's at this moment, poor ignorants, as you are! You must know that I was so unwell on Friday, the morning of the day we were to have gone there, that my poor mother was obliged to send James in the rain (poor James!) to put off till Monday; so Lord and Lady Hartland were very sorry and very glad, and sent us divine peaches. *I* send you more of Pakenham's journal, to make you amends for copying for me: I love to pay out of other people's purses, or ink-bottles—so ready!

"The review in the 'Edinburgh' of Mrs. Trollope is a thousand and one times too long, and too severe for its purpose: it is too much to bring out battering-ram and catapulta and all against one poor woman. Nevertheless there are in this review excellent observations from a mind that can see far and wide, and with the pen of a well-read and well-practised writer—perhaps Mr. Macaulay.

"Sir James Calendar Campbell's Memoirs are ill-written—all higgledy-piggledy, facts and anecdotes, some without heads, and some without tails; great cry and little wool, still, some of the wool is good; and curious facts thrown out, of which he does not know the value, and other things he values that have no value in nature.

"Hanley is going to make a set of bricks for me for the little Foxes, of which you shall have your share."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Pakenham Hall, Sept.* 19, 1832.

"My dear Sophy,

"We came here yesterday to meet Caroline Hamilton—dear Caroline Hamilton, and her sensible, agreeable husband. She is always the same, and the sight of her affectionate, open, lively countenance does one's heart good. Lord Longford quite well, and Lord Longford for ever: the children beautiful.

"Captain Beaufort has been ordered to Ireland by the Mining Company: God bless them!"

"*Five,* p.m.

"We have been walking and driving all morning, and seeing all that Lady Longford has done in beautifying the place and employing the people. I never saw, in England or Ireland, such beautiful gardens—the most beautiful American garden my eyes ever beheld. She took advantage of a group of superb old chestnut-trees, with oak and ash for a background, which had never been noticed in that terra incognita; now it is a fairy land, embowered round with evergreens.

"To-morrow Hercules and Mrs. Pakenham come, with all their children—a party of thirteen!"

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Oct.* 9, 1832.

"I send you one dozen out of two dozen ranunculus roots, which good, kind, dying Lady Pakenham sent to

me, with a note as fresh in feeling as youth could dictate."

"*Nov.* 13.

"We are reading Mrs. Trollope's novel; and, as far as we have gone, I do not agree with what is said to be the public opinion, that it is a failure: it interests me. I like 'Zohrab,' too, better at the second time, hearing it from Honora, than at the first reading to myself. These two very different books may be read as we are reading them, morning and evening, without any danger of mistaking them one for the other, or of making the jumble that was in the poor Pakenham Hall novel-reading dancing-master's pate."

To Mr. Bannatyne.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 12, 1832.

"My dear Mr. Bannatyne,

"I am extremely obliged to you and to Mr. Graham for the full and able letters upon the new improvements in canal navigation: they arrived just in time for my friend Captain Beaufort to see them.

"The death of Sir Walter Scott has filled us all, as his private friends and admirers, with sorrow. I do not mean that we could have wished the prolongation of his life such as it had been for the last months; quite the contrary: but we feel poignant anguish from the thought that such a life as his was prematurely shortened—that such faculties, such a genius, such as is granted but once in an age, once in many ages, should have been extinguished of its light, of its power to enlighten and vivify the world, long before its na-

tural term for setting! Whatever the errors may have been, oh, what have been the unremitted, generous, alas! overstrained exertions of that noble nature!

"We are now in this country in dread of the approaching election. There has been more perjury in consequence of this new Registry Act than ever was even in the swearing of the forty-shilling freeholders; more dreadful, shameless perjury.

"I admire the candour of Captain Hall's letter about his misapprehension and misstatement respecting Captain Corbett. There is something more even than candour—magnanimity—in rejoicing that the truth should be brought to light even by his errors, and that the reputation of the injured dead should be righted at his expense."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 15, 1832.

"Thank you, I am quite well. My only *complaint* is that I never can do any day as much as I intended, and am always as much hurried by the dressing-bell as I am at this instant.

"Lord Longford and Lord Silchester called here today on their way back from Longford and Castle Forbes; they sat till late; very agreeable. When I congratulated him on having done so much at Pakenham Hall, and upon having still something to do, he answered, 'Oh yes, I never was intended for a finished gentleman!'"

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 28, 1832.

"I send Mr. Lockhart's letter on the subscription for Abbotsford; it does him honour. I combated, however, his feelings with all the feelings and reasons I have on the opposite side—that it is a national tribute, honourable, not degrading. I refused to give him Scott's letters for publication, and very painful it was to me to refuse him, at present, anything he asked; but principle and consistency, painful or not, required it, besides my own feelings. I could not bear to publish Sir Walter's praises of myself, and affectionate expressions and private sentiments. I did send one letter to Mr. Lockhart, exemplifying what I mean—the beautiful letter on his changing fortunes. As to the subscription, all depends on whether the quantity of good produced will balance the pain to the family. It would gratify me to give the £100 I set apart for the purpose, but then comes the question, with or without my name? If with, there is staring me in the face OSTENTATION. If without—set down as from an 'Unknown Friend'—AFFECTATION.

"Crampton said my name would be useful, and so I suppose I should do what would best serve the cause, and put out of the question all consideration of what may be thought of myself."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Feb.* 10, 1833.

"I am afraid you will be tired of hearing of 'Helen' before you become acquainted with her. Since I wrote

to you last, leaving it to your own choice to read her before or after you come here, I see much reason, for her sake and for my own, to wish that you should put off reading it till after you come to us, and till I have finished it. Now I am in full eagerness *finishing,* and shall be at the end in three weeks, if I do not stop to do a hundred other things: therefore, my dear Sophy and Margaret, I beg you to bear with my changeableness, and *let it be* till the story is finished."

"*March* 4.

"You have written most affectionately to my mother about her mother.[1] Never was there a more happy termination of extraordinarily long life. It seemed to be little more than sinking to sleep without the slightest struggle.

"I suppose you saw the account in the papers of the wreck of Captain Quin's ship, a new letter from him to his wife says that not only were all the lives but all the stores, &c. saved. His own escape in a little boat was wonderful.

"Maxwell has been ill of a feverish cold, and Sophy left him here to *refit,* and he will be able to *put to sea* again in a few days; he is now swimming on dry land in the bedchamber playing with Cis and Annie Strickland."

"*May* 2.

"I must tell you a curious instance of my wondrous good luck, or rather of the wonderful kindness and good nature of people to a spoiled authoress. The very morn-

[1] On the death of my mother, at the age of ninety-four.

ing that I heard from you about the hawking scene I received a huge letter in an old hand I had never seen before, a folio sheet and a half, giving me an account of the hawking scenes the writer had witnessed at Lord Berners', signed Elizabeth Wilson, (sister to the present Lord Berners,) Kirby Cave, Norfolk.

"Look, when you go to Dublin, at the Journal of a Nobleman at Vienna during the Congress; it is very entertaining; I do not think it is real, but très bien trouvé and I dare say true to nature."

In the summer of 1833 Maria finished "Helen," and sent the MS. to Mr. Lockhart, who kindly undertook to negotiate with Bentley about its publication. She had long hesitated as to writing any work of fiction without that support and sanction to which she had been accustomed from her father in all her previous works. She had completed "Frank," "Rosamond," and "Harry and Lucy," because she thought her father had wished her to do so; but to write a tale which was to bear comparison with "Belinda" or "Patronage," seemed to her for many years to be, without her father's encouragement, an impossibility. But the success of the sequels to "Early Lessons" and "Harry and Lucy" gave her spirit to think of a higher work. She once more began, as she sat at her needlework, to meditate on the plot of a story, and after some time to make notes for it. She began to write "Helen" without having first made a complete sketch of the story as she intended it to be: she felt that she had not her father to show it to, and she went on altering the plot as she continued to write, which in some respects injured the completeness of the tale; and she was at times quite

disheartened, and ready to throw the work aside altogether, as appears by her letter to my daughter, Mrs. Butler, April 30, 1832. The sympathy of my daughter, and her eagerness that "Helen" should be completed, with the reliance which Maria had in Mr. Butler's judgment, relieved her from all doubt, and she resumed her writing with all her natural energy. She had begun the story in 1830; but the constant interruptions to which she was liable long delayed its completion. These interruptions were chiefly from her agency business, to which she deferred everything else. Punctual to the day—I might say to the hour—in her payments, her exertions to have the rents paid and the money ready for these payments were incessant. She took much trouble in the repairs, letting of houses in the village, and, as appears from her letters, interested herself in employing the poor people in improving drains and pathways, &c.: this was good for her health, inducing her to walk out and take more exercise than she would ever have done without these objects. The drudgery, too, of accounts and letters of business, though at times almost too much for her bodily strength, invigorated her mind; and she went from the rent-book to her little desk and the manuscript of "Helen" with renewed vigour. She never wrote fiction with more life and spirit than when she had been for some time completely occupied with the hard realities of life.

"Helen," when finished, was read out to the assembled family. Maria was tremblingly alive to the absence of the strong mind and tender care of her father, whose corrections or approbation had been the great stimulus of these readings out of her manuscripts in

former times; but the enthusiastic delight expressed by her brothers and sisters as we proceeded in "Helen," and the deep interest shown by her dear old friend Mrs. Mary Sneyd, the critic and corrector of the press to so many of Maria's former works, re-assured her; and when we came to the noble and touching scenes at the end, our tears were applause that completely satisfied her, and she despatched the MS. to London with more confidence than she had ever expected to feel again in a literary work. The reading of it is described in the following letter:—

C. S. Edgeworth to Mrs. C. S. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 27, 1833.

"After breakfast yesterday I had a stroll with Mrs. Edgeworth through Maria's flower-garden. I wish you could see her peony tree: it is in the very perfection of bloom, as indeed everything is here. After luncheon dinner, the pony-carriage came round, but was refused by all: however, as I was putting in execution my long-formed project of getting a ladder and making the ladies go up into the sycamore-tree with me, we drove that far. I fixed the ladder: I went up, and Fanny, Harriet, and Honora, with a little hesitation, followed. They were all delighted with this airy parlour, lined with the softest, thickest moss; natural seats with backs, a delightful peep of the house, gay parterres and groves. It was amusing, Mrs. Edgeworth's and Maria's surprise when called to from above, as they passed in the carriage. Then we drove round Francis' new walk through the Horse Park fields: beautiful. Then the ladies flocked to their flower-beds, and I was accom-

panied by one or two in my rambles, speaking to old workmen, and bribing new to banish the sparrows. After tea much talking, and a little reading; Harriet read out a new story by Mr. Brittain, who wrote 'Hyacinth O'Gara,' and whom I knew at college.

"This morning was everything that was exquisite, and I have since breakfast had the gardener and heaps of workmen, and have been sawing beech-branches, to my great satisfaction and the approval of others; and in criticism I have found all agree with me, *for* 'Helen' is begun, and at eleven we meet in the library; and Harriet has read aloud four chapters. I am quite pleased with it—altogether Maria's best style; and I think the public will like it as hers, the return to an old friend."

"28*th*.

"Mrs. Tuite, Mrs. Smith, and her youngest daughter came, and we have had an uncommonly pleasant dinner. I was between Honora and Harriet, Maria next; and a general diffusion of converse prevailed."

"31*st*.

"I am sure you would like the cheerful fusion of this home party: each star is worthy of separate observation for its serenity, brilliancy, or magnitude; but it is as a constellation they claim most regard, linked together by strong attachment, and moving in harmony through their useful course. The herons sail about and multiply, the rookery is banished, the reign of tulips now almost o'er, and peonies of many bells are taking their place.

"I am a stranger to any book but 'Helen,' scarcely looking at the newspaper, which Mr. Butler devours.

Harriet has gone in the pony-carriage for Molly, and she is to be driven by Francis' walk and Maria's garden."

"*June* 1.

"Molly was enchanted with her drive, and we set her down at her house some years younger than when she came out.

"Aunt Mary's interest in 'Helen' is delightful. Never did the whole family appear to more advantage; the accordance of opinion, yet cheerfulness of discussion, is charming. I will attempt a difficult task, to sketch yesterday's table-talk to you. It began by my saying I was subject to lowness of spirits, without any assignable cause. Maria said that when she wrote something of that sort from school to my father, he answered, 'If you have any cause for unhappiness, you should tell it to your friends; if not, a woman cannot have a greater fault than allowing herself to be out of spirits.' Harriet observed that it depended on the constitution. Honora said, 'Then it should be struggled against.' I said I thought the best cure was to do something in which you were sure to succeed. Maria approved of this, and said that Bacon says, that 'to keep the mind in health, you must every day do something to which the mind is best and something to which it is least disposed; so to work out the knots and stones of the mind.' I said that a person who had had great success in education told me it was good for children to read what was above them; that easy reading weakened people's minds; and instanced Sir Walter Scott's books for young people. All agreed that this was true. Meantime Aunt Mary, talking to Mr. But-

ler, asked his father's age: he said he had been at Edinburgh the contemporary of Sir James Macintosh, and the name, I believe, made Mr. Butler go on to mention, that when Maria was at Trim, they had been comparing Robertson, Hume, and Macintosh's account of Mary Queen of Scots, and that they preferred Hume's. I asked if they all blamed her? *Harriet:* 'Yes, but Hume the least.' *Mrs. Edgeworth:* 'As he was a Tory.' *Fanny:* 'Macintosh's History is carelessly written.' *Mr. Butler:* 'There is a great deal that a stupid man would not have done so ill, but there is much that none but so able an author could have written so well.' *Fanny* said she preferred Gibbon's style to Johnson's. *Honora:* 'Johnson has not written history, only biography.' *Maria:* 'I think Johnson's life of Savage the finest piece of biography I ever read, but the most dangerous: attributing his faults to his warmth of affection, telling of his ardent desire to catch his mother's shadow as she passed when forbidden her presence, and certainly excusing his profligacy.' *Mr. Butler:* 'But he states it all.' *C. S. E.:* 'Lord Byron's faults arose from disappointed affection.' *Mr. Butler:* 'He would not have made such a friend as Johnson.' *C. S. E.:* 'That his vanity would have prevented.' *Maria:* 'Lord Byron was much superior to Savage.'

"This is a meagre account of a conversation which, on Maria's part, was very brilliant.

"The evening reading of 'Helen' very interesting. When finished, Harriet and I walked round the lawn; the owls shrieking and flitting by in pursuit of bats: clouds in endless varieties in the unsettled heavens. The library, as we looked in at it through the windows,

with all its walls and pictures lighted up by the lamps, looked beautiful. I thought how my father would have been touched to look in as we did on his assembled family."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Ballinasloe,*[1] *Mr. Pounden's,*
"*October* 7, 1833.

"I have not repented yet, my dear Honora, and I hope that nothing has occurred at home that ought to make me repent, of indulging myself in this extraordinary excursion.

"The gray horse of which Mr. Briggs boasted so much was as willing as ever, but not quite able to draw us the whole twenty miles to Athlone, as there were no horses at Ballymahon, and his poor shoulder was worn quite raw the size of half-a-crown. I am sure Aunt Mary would have loved Sir Culling for his gentleness and humanity to the horse. We walked up every hill of the second stage, and were not at all tired. The road is beautiful along the banks of the Shannon to Athlone, and the sun shone silver bright on the water and its many little wooded islands."

"*Ballinahinch Castle, Nov.* 2, 1833.

"I have enclosed my answer to Mr. Bentley to Fanny, and said, after recapitulating his words as to

[1] Sir Culling and Lady Smith having come to Edgeworthstown on their way to Ballinasloe and Connemara, Maria accompanied them in their tour of which she gives an account in a letter to her brother Pakenham, March, 1834.

the two or the three volumes, 'In reply, I leave the matter entirely to Mr. Lockhart's decision: whatever he tells me that he approves of, I shall abide by, and am, &c.'

"In short, I do not understand the publishing and bookselling trade; Bentley and Lockhart do. I have satisfied my own conscience which is my point, as I know that, far from having stretched a single page or a single sentence to *make out* a third volume, I have cut as much as ever I could—cut it to the quick; and now it matters not whether it be printed in three or in two volumes. If tiresome to the ear in three, it would be equally so in two, and would look worse to the eye."

Lady Culling Smith had a dangerous illness at Ballinahinch Castle, which detained the party there for three weeks, and she was with difficulty able to make the journey back to Edgeworthstown, which they reached on the 12th of November, after a much longer absence than they had contemplated when they set out. The generous hospitality and infinite kindness which Maria received from Mr., Mrs., and Miss Martin, excited her warmest gratitude, while their great abilities, their remarkable characters, and their peculiar position gave her a strong interest which made them her friends for the rest of her life.

On her return home Maria found business of all kinds claiming her attention, and a host of letters to be read and answered. Among others was a letter from Madame Belloc which gratified her, as it contained her acceptance of Maria's offer to her that she should have one of the first copies of "Helen" on its publication, to trans-

late into French; and an admirable translation she made. She had already been under great obligations to this excellent lady for her singularly able and spirited translations of "Harry and Lucy" and "Early Lessons."

To M. P. Edgeworth, Esq.

"*Edgeworthstown, Valentine's Day,* 1834.

"The herons this day (according to their custom as Sophy tells me,) sat all in a row in the horse park in solemn deliberation upon their own affairs: the opening of their budget I suppose. They have much upon their hands this session, and there must be a battle soon, on which the fate of the empire must depend; magpies and scarecrows abound, and such clouds of starlings darkened the air for many minutes opposite the library window, settling at last upon the three great beech trees, that Sophy and I would have given a crown imperial you had been by, dear Pakenham, to see them. We have been most fortunate in never having lost any of your Journal. We had heard of your appointment from its announcement in the Asiatic Journal which Fanny sent over instantly. How odd, how breathless the surprise of coming to Michael Pakenham Edgeworth, in the midst of a list of other promotions, and when we were only running through the paper to see why it was sent to us, as no letter from Fanny came with it. Mr. Butler had left the paper on his bed unread. Harriet took it up and you may, if you have a good powerful imagination, imagine the rest.

"You ended your Journal and the announcement of your appointment to Amballa with exulting in the new

kingdoms of flowers you would have to subdue, and with the hope that your mother would write to Lady Pakenham for her delightful letter to her son. You will have heard long before this reaches you, my dear, that Lady Pakenham is no more; she died last autumn. I wish that this news could have reached that kind heart of hers. Honora and I went the very day we received your journal to Coolure, to thank Admiral Pakenham; he met us on the steps in a tapestry night-cap. He has grown very old, and has had several strokes of palsy, but none have touched his heart. When Honora read to him the whole passage out of your journal and your own warm expressions of pleasure and gratitude, life and joy lighted in his dear old eyes. Honora only changed the words, 'dear Lady Pakenham' into the 'dear Pakenhams of Coolure.' He asked, 'Who wrote?' and looked very earnestly in my eyes. I was afraid to say Lady Pakenham, and I answered, 'You know,' and pressed his hand. He did know, passed his hand over his eyes and said, 'Like her: she was a good woman.'"

"*February* 19.

"I yesterday found in my writing desk a copy I had made of the letter Lord Carrington wrote to me in answer to mine announcing your former Futtehgur appointment; my heart failed me about sending it at the time, because I feared it would cost you so much, but now that it can go free I enclose it. I like an expression of Lord Mahon's about him in a note I lately received from him. 'My grandfather is in excellent health, and I cannot offer you a better wish than that you may at eighty-one possess the same activity, the

same quickness of intellect, the same gushing, warm-hearted benevolence which distinguishes him.' Gushing benevolence: I like that expression.

"Sophy despatched a letter for you last week, in which I am sure she told you all domestic occurrences. Barry has bought Annaghmore in the King's County: an excellent house; and Sophy and Barry and all the children are to stay with us till Sophy's health—very delicate—is strengthened, and till they have furnished what rooms they mean to inhabit at Annamore; this looks better than with the *gh*, but Sophy stickles for the old Irish spelling.

"Molly and Hetty, and Crofton and child, are all flourishing; poor old George is declining as gently and comfortably as can be. When we go to see him, his eyes light up and his mouth crinkles into smiles, and he, as well as Molly, never fails to ask for Master Pakenham. Though 'Helen' cannot reach you for a year, Fanny has desired Bentley to send you a copy before it is published. I should tell you beforehand that there is no humour in it, and no Irish character. It is impossible to draw Ireland as she now is in a book of fiction—realities are too strong, party passions too violent to bear to see, or care to look at their faces in the looking-glass. The people would only break the glass, and curse the fool who held the mirror up to nature—distorted nature, in a fever. We are in too perilous a case to laugh, humour would be out of season, worse than bad taste. Whenever the danger is past, as the man in the sonnet says,

'We may look back on the hardest part and laugh.'

Then I shall be ready to join in the laugh. Sir Walter

Scott once said to me, 'Do explain to the public why Pat, who gets forward so well in other countries, is so miserable in his own.' A very difficult question: I fear above my power. But I shall think of it continually, and listen, and look, and read.

"Thank you, my dear brother, for your excellent and to me particularly interesting last letter, in which you copied for me the good observations on the state of your part of India, and the collection of the revenue, rents, &c. Many of the observations on India apply to Ireland; similarity of certain general causes operating on human nature even in countries most different and with many other circumstances dissimilar, produce a remarkable resemblance in human character and conduct. I admire your generous indignation against oppression and wringing by 'any indirection from the poor peasant his vile trash.' Some of the disputes that you have to settle at Cucherry, and some of the viewings that you record of boundaries, &c., about which there are quarrels, so put me in mind of what I am called upon to do here continually in a little way.

"I hope Honora and Sophy have given you satisfaction about the exact place of the new walks; as I cannot draw I can do nothing in that way, but I can tell you that I have been planting rhododendrons and arbutus in front of the euonymous tree. I hope you will have a good garden in your new residence, and that you will not be too hot in it. How you could find that your having more to do, made you more able to endure the horrid heat you describe, passes my comprehension. Heat always makes me so indolent, imbecile, and irritable. I remember all this in the only heat *to call heat*, that I was ever exposed to in Paris and Swit-

zerland; I could not even speak, much less write. If I had been under your 107 degrees I should have melted away to the very bone, and never, never, never, could have penned that *dropping* letter as you did to Honora, and with that *puddle* ink too. Well! we are very, very, very much obliged to you, dear Pakenham, for all the labour you go through for us, and we hope that under the shade of the Himalaya mountains you will be able to write at your ease and without all manner of *stodge* in your ink."

"21*st*.

"This morning brought through Harriet, Margaret Craig's joy at your promotion, and——Honora says I must go out this delightful sunshine morning, and look at all the full-blown crocuses, violets, heath, and pyrus japonica. I have a standard pyrus now—vulgar things compared with your *Indian Prides*.

"When I began to write to you to-day I asked Sophy and Honora whether they had told you of young Blackall's marriage, and his bride, and her ball, her 'At Home and Quadrilles.' They say they have told you all this; 'so, my dear Maria,' said Honora, 'instead of troubling yourself to tell all those things that we have told, you had better give him an account of your visit to Connemara that we could not tell him.' I must despatch this to-day, but I will send to you next month my travels in Connemara. Oh! my dear Pakenham, I am sure you are shocked at the death of Sir John Malcolm! both he and Sir James Macintosh, the two whose genius you so admired, and whose conversation you so enjoyed just before you left England—both gone!"

"*March* 8.

"Ever since I finished my last to you I have had my head so immersed in accounts that I have never been able till this moment to fulfil my intention of giving you my travels in Connemara.

"I travelled with Sir Culling and Lady Smith, (Isabella Carr.) Sir Culling, of old family, large fortune and great philanthropy, extending to poor little Ireland and her bogs, and her Connemara, and her penultimate barony of Erris and her ultimate Giants' Causeway, and her beautiful lake of Killarney. And all these things he determined to see. Infant and nurse, and lady's maid, and gentleman's gentleman, and Sir Culling and the fair Isabella all came over to Ireland last September, just as Fanny had left us, and she meeting them in Dublin, and conceiving that nurse and baby would not do for Connemara, wrote confidentially to beg us to invite them to stay at Edgeworthstown, while father and mother, and maid, and man, were to proceed on their travels. They spent a pleasant week, I hope, at Edgeworthstown. I am sure Honora did everything that was possible to make it pleasant to them, and we regretted a million of times that your mother[1] was not at home. Sir Culling expected to have had all manner of information as to roads, distances, and time, but Mrs. Edgeworth not being at home, and Miss Edgeworth's local knowledge being such as you know, you may guess how he was disappointed. Mr. Shaw and the Dean of Ardagh, who dined with him here, gave him directions as far as Ballinasloe and a

[1] I was at this time staying at Clifton, at Mr. King's, with my invalid daughter Lucy.

letter to the clergyman there. The fair of Ballinasloe was just beginning, and Sir Culling was determined to see that, and from thence, after studying the map of Ireland and road-books one evening, he thought he should get easily to Connemara, Westport, and the Barony of Erris, see all that in a week, and come back to Edgeworthstown, take up Bambino and proceed on a northern or a southern tour.

"You will be surprised that I should—seeing they knew so little what they were about—have chosen to travel with them; and I confess it was imprudent and very unlike my usual dislike to leave home without any of my own people with me. But upon this occasion I fancied I should see all I wanted to see of the wonderful ways of going on and manners of the natives better for not being with any of my own family, and especially for its not being suspected that I was an authoress and might put them in a book. In short, I thought it was the best opportunity I could ever have of seeing a part of Ireland which, from time immemorial, I had been curious to see. My curiosity had been raised even when I first came to Ireland fifty years ago, by hearing my father talk of the King of Connemara, and his immense territory, and his ways of ruling over his people with almost absolute power, with laws of his own, and setting all other laws at defiance. Smugglers and caves, and murders and mermaids, and duels, and banshees, and fairies, were all mingled together in my early associations with Connemara and Dick Martin,—'Hair-trigger Dick,' who cared so little for his own life or the life of man, and so much for the life of animals, who fought more duels than any man of even his 'Blue-blaze-devil' day, and who brought the bill into Parlia-

ment for preventing cruelty to animals; thenceforward changing his cognomen from 'Hair-trigger Dick' to 'Humanity Martin.' He was my father's contemporary, and he knew a number of anecdotes of him. *Too besides,* I once saw him, and remember that my blood crept slow and my breath was held when he first came into the room, a pale little insignificant looking mortal he was, but he still kept hold of my imagination, and his land of Connemara was always a land I longed to visit. Long afterwards, a book which I believe you read, 'Letters from the Irish Highlands,' written by the family of Blakes of Renvyle, raised my curiosity still further, and wakened it for new reasons, in a new direction. Further and further and higher, Nimmo and William deepened my interest in that country, and, in short, and at length all these motives worked together. Add to them a book called 'Wild Sports of the West,' of which Harriet read to me all the readable parts till I rolled with laughing. Add also that I had lately heard Mr. Rothwell give a most entertaining account of a tour he had taken in Erris, and to the house of a certain Major Bingham who must be the most diverting and extraordinary original upon earth—and shall I die without seeing him? thought I—now or never.

"At the first suggestion I uttered that I should like to see him and Erris, and the wonders of Connemara, Lady Culling Smith and Sir Culling burst into delight at the thought of having me as their travelling companion, so it was all settled in a moment. Honora approved, Aunt Mary hoped it would all turn out to my satisfaction, and off we set with four horses mighty grand in their travelling carriage, which was a summer friend, open or half open. A half head stuck up immoveable with

a window at each ear, an apron of wood, varnished to look like japanned leather hinged at bottom, and having at top where it shuts a sort of fairy-board window which lets down in desperately bad weather.

"Our first day was all prosperous and sunshine, and what Captain Beaufort would call plain sailing. To Ballymahon the first stage. Do you remember Ballymahon, and the first sight of the gossamer in the hedges sparkling with dew, going there packed into the chaise with your four sisters and me to see the museum of a Mr. Smith, who had a Cellini cup and a Raphael plate, and miniatures of Madame de Maintenon, and wonders innumerable—but Sophy at this moment tells me that I am insisting upon your remembering things that happened before you were born, and that even Francis was only one year old at the time of this breakfast, and it was she herself who was so delighted with that first view of the gossamer in the glittering sunshine.

"But I shall never get on to Athlone, much less to Connemara. Of Athlone I have nothing to say but what you may learn from the 'Gazetteer,' except that, while we were waiting in the antiquated inn there, while horses were changing, I espied a print hanging smoked over the chimney-piece, which to my *connoisseur* eyes seemed marvellously good, and upon my own judgment I proposed for it to the landlady, and bought it for five shillings, (frame excepted;) and when I had it out of the frame, and turned it round, I found my taste and judgment gloriously justified. It was from a picture of Vandyke's—the death of Belisarius; and here it is now hanging up in the library, framed in satin wood, the admiration of all beholders, Barry Fox above all.

"But to proceed. It was no easy matter to get out of Athlone, for at the entrance to the old-fashioned, narrowest of narrow bridges we found ourselves wedged and blocked by drays and sheep, reaching at least a mile; men cursing and swearing in Irish and English; sheep baaing, and so terrified, that the shepherds were in transports of fear brandishing their crooks at our postillions, and the postillions in turn brandishing their whips on the impassive backs of the sheep. The cocked gold-edged hat of an officer appeared on horseback in the midst, and there was silence from all but the baaing sheep. He bowed to us ladies, or to our carriage and four, and assured us that he would see us safe out, but that it would be a work of time. While this work of time was going on, one pushed his way from behind, between sheep and the wheel on my side of the carriage, and putting in his head called out to me, 'Miss Edgeworth, if you are in it, my master's in town, and will be with you directly almost, with his best compliments. He learned from the landlady your name. He was in the inn that minute, receiving rents he is, if you will be kind enough to wait a minute, and not stir *out of that.*'

"Kind enough I was, for I could not help myself, if I had been ever so unkindly disposed towards my unknown friend. Up came, breathless, a well-known friend, Mr. Strickland. Introduced amidst the baaing of the sheep to my travelling companions, and, as well as I could make myself heard in the din, I made him understand where we were going next, and found, to my great satisfaction, that he would overtake us next day at Ballinasloe, if we could stay there next day; and we could and must, for it was Sunday. I cannot tell

you—and if I could you would think I exaggerated—how many hours we were in getting through the next ten miles; the road being continually covered with sheep, thick as wool could pack, all *coming from* the sheep-fair of Ballinasloe, which, to Sir Culling's infinite mortification, we now found had taken place the previous day. I am sure we could not have had a better opportunity and more leisure to form a sublime and just notion of the thousands and tens of thousands which must have been on the field of sale. This retreat of the ten thousand never could have been effected without the generalship of these wonderfully skilled shepherds, who, in case of any disorder among their troops, know how dexterously to take the offender by the left leg or the right leg with their crooks, pulling them back without ever breaking a limb, and keeping them continually in their ranks on the weary, long march.

"We did not reach Ballinasloe till it was almost dark. There goes a story, you know, that no woman must ever appear at Ballinasloe Fair; that she would be in imminent peril of her life from the mob. The daughters of Lord Clancarty, it was said, 'had tried it once, and scarce were saved by fate.' Be this as it may, we were suffered to drive very quietly through the town; and we went quite through it to the outskirts of scattered houses, and stopped at the door of the Vicarage. And well for us that we had a letter from the Dean of Ardagh to the Rev. Mr. Pounden, else we might have spent the night in the streets, or have paid guineas apiece for our beds, all five of us, for three nights. Mr. and Mrs. Pounden were the most hospitable of people, and they were put to a great trial—

dinner just over, and that day had arrived unexpectedly one family of relations, and expectedly another, with children without end. And how they did stow them and us, to this hour I cannot conceive: they had, to be sure, one bed-chamber in a house next door, which, luckily, Lord and Lady Somebody had not arrived to occupy. Be it how it might, here we stayed till Monday; and on Sunday there was to be a charity sermon for the benefit of the schools, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Clancarty, and the sermon was preached by Archdeacon Pakenham; and after the sermon—an excellent sermon on the appropriate text of the good Samaritan—an immense crowd before the windows filled the fair green, and we went out to see. The crowd of good, very good-natured Irishmen, gentle and simple mixed, opened to let the ladies and English stranger in to see: and fine horses and fine leaping we saw, over a loose wall built up for the purpose in the middle of the fair green; and such shouting, and such laughing, and such hurraing for those that cleared and for those that missed. As for the rest of the cattle-fair, we *lift* on Monday morning before the thick of it came on.

"I forgot to tell you that on Sunday arrived Mr. Strickland, and he with maps and road-books explained to Sir Culling where he should go, and how he was to accomplish his objects. It was settled that we were to go to Loughrea, and to see certain ruins by going a few miles out of our way; and this we accomplished, and actually did see, by an uncommonly fine sunset, the beautiful ruins of Clonmacnoise; and we slept this night at Loughrea, where we had been assured there was a capital inn, and may be it was, but the rats or the

mice ran about my room so, and made such a noise in the holes of the floor, that I could not sleep, but was thankful they did not get on or into my bed.

"Next day to Galway, and still it was fine weather, and bright for the open carriage, and we thought it would always be so. Galway, wet or dry, and it was dry when I saw it, is the dirtiest town I ever saw, and the most desolate and idle-looking. As I had heard much from Captain Beaufort and Louisa of the curious Spanish buildings in Galway, I was determined not to go through the town without seeing these; so, as soon as we got to the inn, I summoned landlord and landlady, and begged to know the names of the principal families in the town. I thought I might chance to light upon somebody who could help us. In an old history of Galway which Mr. Strickland picked up from a stall at Ballinasloe, I found prints of some of the old buildings and names of the old families; and the landlord having presented me with a list as long as an alderman's bill of fare of the names of the gentlemen and ladies of Galway, I pitched upon the name of a physician, a Dr. Veitch, of whom I had found a fine character in my book. He had been very good to the poor during a year of famine and fever. To him I wrote, and just as I had finished reading his panegyric to Lady Smith, in he walked; and he proved to be an old acquaintance. He was formerly a surgeon in the army, and was quartered at Longford at the time of the rebellion: remembered our all taking shelter there, how near my father was being killed by the mob, and how courageously he behaved. Dr. Veitch had received some kindness from him, and now he seemed anxious, thirty-five years afterwards, to return that kindness to

me and my companions. He walked with us all over Galway, and showed us all that was worth seeing, from the new quay *projecting*, and the new green Connemara marble-cutters' workshop, to the old Spanish houses with projecting roofs and piazza walks beneath; and, wading through seas of yellow mud thick as stirabout, we went to see archways that had stood centuries, and above all to the old mayoralty house of that mayor of Galway who hung his own son; and we had the satisfaction of seeing the very window from which the father with his own hands hung his own son, and the black marble marrowbones and death's head, and inscription and date, 1493. I dare say you know the story; it formed the groundwork very lately of a tragedy. The son had—from jealousy as the tragedy has it, from avarice according to the vulgar version—killed a Spanish friend; and the father, a modern Brutus, condemns him, and then goes to comfort him. I really thought it worth while to wade through mud to see these awful old relics of other times and other manners. But, coming back again, at every turn it was rather disagreeable to have 'fish' bawled into one's ears, and 'fine flat fish' flapped in one's face. The fish-market was fresh supplied, and Galway is famous for *John Dorees*. 'A John Doree, ma'am, for eighteen pence—a shilling—sixpence!' A John Doree could not be had for guineas in London. Quin, the famous actor, wished he was all throat when he was eating a John Doree. But still it was not pleasant, at every turn and every crossing, to have ever so fine John Dorees flapped in one's face. Sir Culling bought one for sixpence, and it was put into the carriage; and we took leave of Dr. Veitch, and left Galway.

"From Galway Sir Culling was obliged to take job horses, as he was warned that we were entering a country where post horses were not to be found, and were never even heard of. Dr. Veitch bid us not think of entering Connemara this night. 'You will have to send after me soon, if you don't take care. You have no idea of the places you are going into, and that you may have to sleep in.'

"The next place we were to go to, and where Dr. Veitch advised us to sleep, was Outerard, a small town or village, where he told us was an inn, or an hotel, as even in these out-of-the-world regions it is now called. It was but fifteen miles, and this with four horses was not two hours' drive; and Sir Culling thought it would be sad waste of daylight to sleep at Outerard, for still he measured his expected rate of travelling by his Bath Road standard. Though we left Galway at three, we were not at Outerard till past seven, with our fine, fresh horses; and excellent horses they really were, and well harnessed too, with well-accoutred postillions in dark blue jackets and good hats and boots, all proper, and an ugly little dog running joyously along with the horses. Outerard, as well as we could see it, was a pretty mountain-scattered village, with a pond and trees, and a sort of terrace-road, with houses and gardens on one side, and a lower road with pond and houses on the other. There is a spa at Outerard to which bettermost sort of people come in the season; but this was not the season, and the place had that kind of desolate look, mixed with *pretensions* too, which a watering-place out of season always has.

"When we came to the hotel, our hearts sank within us. Dusk as it was, there was light enough to guess,

at first sight, that it would never do for sleeping—half covered with overgrown ivy, damp, forlorn, windows broken, shattered look all about it. With difficulty we got at the broken gate into the very small and dirty courtyard, where the four horses could hardly stand with the carriage. Out came such a master and such a maid! and such fumes of whiskey-punch and tobacco. Sir Culling got down from his barouche-seat, to look if the house was practicable; but soon returned, shaking his head, and telling us in French that it was quite impossible; and the master of the inn, with half threats, half laughter, assured us we should find no other place in Outerard. I inquired for the Priest's house. I was on the point of asking, 'Has the Priest any family?' but recollected myself in time, and asked whether the Priest's house was large enough to hold us. 'Not an atom of room to spare in it, ma'am.' Then I inquired for the Chief of the Police, the Clergyman, or the Magistrate? 'Not in it, neither, none; but the Chief of the Police's house is there on the top of the hill; but you will not get in.'

"We went there, however, and up the hill toiled, and to the door of a sort of spruce-looking lanthorn of a house, without tree or shrub near it. But still it might be good to sleep in; and, nothing daunted by the maid's prophecies and ominous voice, we determined to try our fate. Sir Culling got down and rubbed his hands; while, after his man's knocking at the door several times, no one came to open it, though through the large drawing-room window we saw figures gliding about. At last the door half opened by hands unseen, and Sir Culling, pushing it wholly open, went in; and we sat in the carriage, waiting as patiently as

we could. The figures in black and white came to the window, and each had pocket handkerchiefs in their hands or at their eyes. Sir Culling reappeared, ordered the horses to be turned about again; and when he had remounted his barouche-seat, which he did with all convenient speed, he informed us that a lady had died in this house a few days before, of cholera; that she had this day been buried; that under any other circumstances the master and mistress would have been happy to receive us, but now it was quite impossible, for our sake and their own. The damp, broken-windowed hole was preferable; so back we went. But as we went along the *high* road, down in the *low* road on the other side of the pond, through the duskiness we saw lights in several houses; and in front of one long house which looked whiter than the rest, we stopped at an opening in the road where was a path which led to the valley beneath, and Sir Culling, who proved in this our need an active knight, sallied down to adventure another trial; and in a few minutes after *im*merging into this mud castle, and emerging from it, he waved his arm over his head in sign of triumph, and made a sign to the postillions to turn down into the valley, which they did without overturning us; and to our satisfaction we found ourselves housed at Mrs. O'Flaherty's, who did not keep an inn, observe; her admitting us, observe, depended upon our clearly understanding that she did not so demean herself. But she in the season let her house as a boarding-house to the quality, who came to Outerard to drink the waters or to bathe. So, to oblige us poor travellers, without disgrace to the blood and high descent of the O'Flaherties, she took us in, as we were quality, and she turned her two sons

out of their rooms and their beds for us; and most comfortably we were lodged. And we ate the John Doree we had brought with us, and I thought it not worth all the talking about it I had heard; and, for the first time in my days or nights, I this night tasted a *toombler* of anti-Parliament whiskey, alias poteen, and water; and of all the detestable tastes that ever went into my mouth, or smells that ever went under my nose, I think this was the worst—literally smoke and fire spirit. Isabella observed that she had often drank Innishowon and water with dear Agnes and Joanna Baillie. There's no disputing about tastes; therefore I did not dispute, only set down the tumbler, and sip took never more; for I could as soon have drank the chimney smoking. The doors, just opening with a latch, received us into our bed-rooms, with good turf fires on the hearth, coved ceilings, and presses, and all like bed-rooms in an English farm-house more than an Irish: wonderful comfortable for Outerard, after fear of the cholera and the dead woman especially.

"Next day, sun shining and a good breakfast, our spirit of travelling adventure up within us, we determined that, before proceeding on our main adventure into Connemara, we would make a little episode to see a wonderful cave in the neighbourhood. Our curiosity to see it had been excited by the story of the lady and the white trout in Lover's Legends. It is called the Pigeon-hole; not the least like a pigeon-hole, but it is a subterraneous passage, where a stream flows which joins the waters of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask. Outerard is on the borders of Lough Corrib, and we devoted this day to boating across Lough Corrib, to see this famous cavern, which is on the opposite side of

the lake, and also to see a certain ruined monastery. We passed over the lake, admiring its beauty and its many islands—little bits of islands, of which the boatmen tell there are three hundred and sixty-five; be the same more or less, one for every day in the year at least. We saw the ruins, which are very fine; but I have not time to say more about them. We crossed the churchyard and a field or two, and all was as flat, and bare, and stony as can be imagined; and as we were going and going further from the shore of the lake, I wondered how and when we were to come to this cavern. The guide called me to stop, and I stopped; and well I did: I was on the brink of the Pigeon-hole—just like an unfenced entrance to a deep deep well. The guide went down before us, and was very welcome! Down and down and down steps almost perpendicular, and as much as my little legs could do to reach from one to the other; darker and darker, and there were forty of them I am sure, well counted—though certainly I never counted them, but was right glad when I felt my feet at the bottom, on terra firma again, even in darkness, and was told to look up, and that I had come down sixty feet and more. I looked up and saw glimmering light at the top, and as my eyes recovered, more and more light through the large fern leaves which hung over the opening at top, and the whole height above looked like the inside of a limekiln, magnified to gigantic dimensions, with lady-fern—it must be lady-fern, because of the fairies—and lichens, names unknown, hanging from its sides. The light of the sun now streaming in I saw plainly, and felt why the guide held me fast by the arm—I was on the brink of the very narrow dark stream of water, which flowed quite

silently from one side of the cavern to the other! To that other side, my eye following the stream as it flowed, I now looked, and saw that the cavern opened under a high archway in the rock. How high that was, or how spacious, I had not yet light enough to discern. But now there appeared from the steps down which we had descended an old woman with a light in her hand. Our boy-guide hailed her by the name of Madgy Burke. She scrambled on a high jut of rock in the cavern; she had a bundle of straw under one arm, and a light flickering in the other hand, her grizzled locks streaming, her garments loose and tattered, all which became suddenly visible as she set fire to a great wisp of straw, and another and another she plucked from her bundle and lighted, and waved the light above and underneath. It was like a scene in a melodrama of Cavern and Witch —the best cavern scene I ever beheld. As she continued to throw down, from the height where she stood, the lighted bundles of straw, they fell on the surface of the dark stream below, and sailed down the current, under the arch of the cavern, lighting its roof at the vast opening, and looking like tiny fire-ships, one after another sailing on, and disappearing. We could not help watching each as it blazed, till it vanished. We looked till we were tired, then turned and clambered up the steps we had scrambled down, and found ourselves again in broad daylight, in upper air and on the flat field; and the illusion was over, and there stood, turned into a regular old Irish beggar-woman, the Witch of Outerard, and Madgy Burke stood confessed, and began to higgle with Sir Culling and to flatter the English quality for a sixpence more.

"Meanwhile we were to cross Lough Corrib; and

well for us that we had the prudence to declare, early in the morning, that we would not take a sail-boat, for a sail-boat is dangerous in the sudden squalls which rise in these mountain regions and on these lakes, very like the Swiss lakes for that matter. For instance, on the Lake de Lucerne, I have seen sunshine and glassy surface change in five minutes to storm and cloud so black and thick, that Mont Pilate himself could not be discerned through it more than if he never stood there in all his sublimity.

"Our day had changed, and very rough was the lake; and the boatmen, to comfort us and no doubt amuse themselves, as we rose up and down on the billows, told us stories of boats that had been lost in these storms, and of young Mr. Brown last year, that was drowned in a boat within view of his brother standing on that island, which we were just then to pass. 'And when so near he could almost have reached him, you'd have thought.'

"'And why didn't he, then?' said I.

"'Oh, bless you, ma'am, he couldn't; for,' said the boatman, dropping his oar, which I did not like at all, 'for, mind you, ma'am, it was all done in the clap of one's hand,' and he clapped his hands.

"'Well, take up your oar,' cried I; which he did, and rowed amain, and we cleared Brown's Island, and I have no more dangers, fancied or other, to tell you; and after two hours' hard rowing, which may give you the measure of the width of Lough Corrib at this place, we landed, and were right glad to eat Mrs. O'Flaherty's ready dinner, Lough Corrib trout—not the White Lady trout.

"Sir Culling had intended to pursue his road this

evening and reach Lough Corrib Lodge to sleep, but before we got the first mouthful of dinner into our mouths it was stone-dark, whatever kind of darkness that is, and we agreed on old George's excellent principle to leave it till 'morning, ma'am, if you please.'

"So the morning came, and a fine morning still it was; and we set out, leaving Mrs. O'Flaherty curtseying and satisfied. I cannot make out any wonders, or anything like an adventure between Outerard and Corrib Lodge; only the road was rough and the country like the Isle of Anglesea, as if stones and fragments of rock had showered down on the earth and tracts of bog-heath such as England never saw and Scotland seldom sees, except in the Highlands. We were only about twice the time that Sir Culling had calculated on getting over this part of the road with our powerful Galway horses and steady drivers, and reaching Corrib Lodge Sir Culling said: 'These roads are not so very bad, we shall get on, Miss Edgeworth, very well, you will see.'

"Corrib Lodge is a neat bleak-looking house, which Mr. Nimmo built for his own residence when he was overseer of the roads, now turned into an inn, kept by his Scotch servant, who used to come with him to Edgeworthstown, and he gave us bread and butter and milk, and moreover, hare-soup, such as the best London tavern might have envied, for observe, that hares abound in these parts, and there is no sin in killing them, and how the cook came to be so good I cannot tell you, but so it certainly was. Invigorated and sanguine, we were ready to get into the carriage again, purposing to reach Clifden this evening—it was now three o'clock; we had got through half our thirty-six miles; no doubt we could easily, Sir Culling argued, manage the other half

before dark. But our wary Scotch host shook his head and observed, that if his late master Mr. Nimmo's road was but open so we might readily, but Mr. Nimmo's new road was not opened, and why, because it was not finished. Only one mile or so remained unfinished, and as that one mile of unmade unfinished road was impassable by man, boy, or Connemara pony, what availed the new road for our heavy carriage and four horses? There was no possibility of *going round*, as I proposed; we must go the old road, if road it could be called, all bog and bog-holes, as our host explained to us: 'It would be wonderful if we could get over it, for no carriage had ever passed, nor ever thought of attempting to pass, nothing but a common car these two years at least, except the Marquis of Anglesea and suite, *and* his Excellency was on horseback.' As for such a carriage as Sir Culling's, the like, as men and boys at the door told us, had never been seen in these parts.

"Sir Culling stood a little daunted. We inquired—I particularly, how far it was to Ballinahinch Castle, where the Martins live, and which I knew was some miles on this side of Clifden. I went into Corrib Lodge and wrote with ink on a visiting ticket with 'Miss Edgeworth' on it, my compliments, and Sir Culling and Lady Smith's, a petition for a night's hospitality, to use in case of our utmost need.

"The Scotchman could not describe exactly how many *bad steps* there were, but he forewarned us that they were bad enough, and as he sometimes changed the words *bad steps* into *sloughs*, our Galway postillions looked graver and graver, hoped they should get their horses over, but did not know; they had never been this road,

never further than Outerard, but they would do all that men and beasts could do.

"The first bad step we came to was indeed a slough, but only a couple of yards wide across the road. The horses, the moment they set their feet upon it, sank up to their knees, and were whipped and spurred, and they struggled and floundered, and the carriage, as we inside passengers felt, sank and sank. Sir Culling was very brave and got down to help. The postillions leaped off, and bridles in hand gained the *shore*, and by dint of tugging, and whipping, and hallooing, and dragging of men and boys, who followed from Corrib Lodge, we were got out and were on the other side.

"Further on we might fare worse from what we could learn, so in some commotion we got out, and said we would rather walk. And when we came to the next bad step, the horses seeing it was a slough like the first, put back their ears and absolutely refused to set foot upon it, and they were, the postillions agreed, quite right; so they were taken off and left to look on, while by force of arms the carriage was to be got over by men and boys, who shouting, gathered from all sides, from mountain paths down which they poured, and from fields where they had been at work or loitering; at the sight of the strangers they flocked to help—such a carriage had never been seen before—to help common cars, or jaunting cars over these bad steps they had been used. 'This heavy carriage! sure it was impossible, but sure they might do it.' And they talked and screamed together in English and Irish equally unintelligible to us, and in spite of all remonstrance about breaking the pole—pole, and wheels, and axle, and body, they seized of the carriage, and standing and jumping

from stone to stone, or any tuft of bog that could bear them, as their practised eyes saw; they, I cannot tell you how, dragged, pushed, and *screamed* the carriage over. And Sir Culling got over his way, and Lady Smith would not be carried, but leaping and assisted by men's arms and shouts, she got to the other side. And a great giant, of the name of Ulick Burke, took me up in his arms as he might a child or a doll, and proceeded to carry me over—while I, exceedingly frightened and exceedingly civil, and (as even in the moment of most danger I could not help thinking and laughing within me at the thought,) very like Rory in his dream on the eagle's back, in his journey to the moon, I kept alternately flattering my giant, and praying—'Sir, sir, pray set me down; do let me down now, sir, pray.'

"'Be asy; be *quite*, can't you, dear, and I'll carry you over to the other side safely, all in good time,' floundering as he went.

"'Thank you, sir, thank you. Now, sir, now set me down, if you will be so very good, on the bank.'

"Just as we reached the bank he stumbled and sank knee-deep, but threw me, as he would a sack, to shore, and the moment I felt myself on terra firma, I got up and ran off, and never looked back, trusting that my giant knew his own business; and so he did, and all dirt and bog water, was beside me again in a trice. 'Did not I carry you over well, my lady? Oh, it's I am used to it, and helped the Lord Anglesea when he was in it.'

"So as we walked on, while the horses were coming over, I don't know how, Ulick and a tribe of wild Connemara men and boys followed us, all talking at once, and telling us there were twenty or thirty such bad steps,

one worse than another further and further on. It was clear that we could not walk all the twelve miles, and the men and Sir Culling assuring us that they would get us safe over, and that we had better get into the carriage again, and in short that we *must* get in; we submitted.

"I confess, Pakenham, I was frightened nearly out of my wits. At the next trial Lady Culling Smith was wonderfully brave, and laughed when the carriage was hauled from side to side, so nearly upset, that how each time it escaped I could not tell; but at last, when down it sank, and all the men shouted and screamed, her courage fell, and she confessed afterwards she thought it was all over with us, and that we should never be got out of this bog-hole. Yet out we were got; but how? what with the noise, and what with the fright, far be it from me to tell you. But I know I was very angry with a boy for laughing in the midst of it: a little dare-devil of a fellow, as my giant Ulick called him; I could with pleasure have seen him ducked in bog-water! but forgot my anger in the pleasure of safe landing, and now I vowed I could and would walk the whole ten miles further, and would a thousand times rather.

"My scattered senses and common sense returning, it now occurred to me that it would be desirable to avail myself of the card I had in my bag, and beg a night's lodging at our utmost need. It was still broad daylight to be sure, and Sir Culling still hoped we should get on to Clifden before dark. But I did request he would despatch one of these gossoons to Ballinahinch Castle with my card immediately. It could do no harm I argued, and Lady Smith seconded me with,

'Yes, dear Culling, *do*,' and my dear giant Ulick backed me with, 'Troth, you're right enough, ma'am. Troth, sir, it will be dark enough soon, and long enough before you're clean over them sloughs, farthest on beyant where we can engage to see you over. Sure, here's my own boy will run with the speed of light with the lady's card.'

"I put it into his hand with the promise of half-a-crown, and how he did take to his heels!

"We walked on, and Ulick, who was a professional wit as well as a giant, told us the long ago tale of Lord Anglesea's visit to Connemara, and how as he walked beside his horse this gentleman-lord, as he was, had axed him which of his legs he liked best.

"Now Ulick knew right well that one was a cork leg, but he never let on, as he told us, and pretended the one leg was just the same as t'other, and he saw no differ in life, 'which pleased my lord-liftenant greatly, and then his lordship fell to explaining to me why it was cork, and how he lost it in battle, which I knew before as well as he did, for I had larned all about it from our Mr. Martin, who was expecting him at the castle, but still I never let on, and handled the legs one side of the horse and t'other and asy found out, and tould him, touching the cork, 'sure this is the more *honourable*.'"

"Which observation surely deserved, and I hope obtained half-a-crown. Our way thus beguiled by Ulick's Irish wit, we did not for some time feel that we could not walk for ever. Lady Culling Smith complained of being stiff and tired, and we were compelled to the carriage again, and presently heavy dews of evening falling, we were advised to let down those fairy-board

shutters I described to you, which was done with care and cost of nails. I did it at last, and oh! how I wished it up again when we were boxed up, and caged in without the power of seeing more than glimpses of our danger—glimpses heightening imagination, and if we were to be overturned all this glass to be broken into our eyes and ears.

"Well! well! I will not wear your sympathy and patience eighteen times out, with the history of the eighteen sloughs we went, or were got, through at the imminent peril of our lives. Why the carriage was not broken to pieces I cannot tell, but an excellent strong carriage it was, thank Heaven, and the builder whoever he was.

"I should have observed to you that while we yet could look about us, we had continually seen, to increase our sense of vexation, Nimmo's new road looking like a gravel walk running often parallel to our path of danger, and yet for want of being finished there it was, useless, and most tantalizing.

"Before it grew quite dark, Sir Culling tapped at our dungeon window, and bid us look out at a beautiful place, a paradise in the wilds; 'Look out? How?' 'Open the little window at your ear, and this just before you—push the bolt back.' 'But I can't.'

"With the help of an ivory-cutter lever, however, I did accomplish it, and saw indeed a beautiful place belonging, our giant guide told us, to Dean Mahon, well-wooded and most striking in this desert.

"It grew dark, and Sir Culling, very brave, walking beside the carriage, when we came to the next bad step, sank above his knees; how they dragged him out I could not see, and there were we in the carriage stuck

fast in a slough, which, we were told, was the last but one before Ballinahinch Castle, when my eyes were blessed with a twinkling light in the distance—a boy with a lantern. And when, breathless, he panted up to the side of the carriage and thrust up lantern and note, (we still in the slough,) how glad I was to see him and it! and to hear him say, 'Then Mr. Martin's very unaasy about yees—so he is.'

"'I am very glad of it—very glad indeed,' said I. The note in a nice lady's hand from Mrs. Martin greeted us with the assurance that Miss Edgeworth and her English friends should be welcome at Ballinahinch Castle.

"Then from our mob another shout! another heave! another drag, and another lift by the spokes of the wheels. Oh! if they had broken!——but they did not, and we were absolutely out of this slough. I spare you the next and last, and then we wound round the *Lake-road* in the dark, on the edge of Ballinahinch lake on Mr. Martin's new road, as our dear giant told us, and I thought we should never get to the house, but at last we saw a chimney on fire, at least myriads of sparks and spouts of flame, but before we reached it, it abated and we came to the door without seeing what manner of house or castle it might be, till the hall door opened and a butler—half an angel he appeared to us—appeared at the door. But then in the midst of our impatience I was to let down and buckle up these fairy boards—at last swinging and slipping it was accomplished, and out we got, but with my foot still on the step we all called out to tell the butler we were afraid some chimney was on fire. Without deigning even to look up at the chimney, he smiled and motioned us the way we should go. He

was as we saw at first view, and found afterwards, the most imperturbable of men.

"And now that we are safely housed, and housed in a castle too, I will leave you, my dear Pakenham, for the present."

"*March* 12.

"Yesterday we received your packet of journal up to September 15, 1833. My dear Pakenham, unless you knew, from long experience, how great a fool I am, you could hardly imagine how I gasped with fright when I came to your telling of your fall from your horse and the words, 'my eye fell out!'

"Sophy laughed, and I was relieved by finding I was a fool, and that it was only the eye of your spectacles! Pray tell me if the violets I send retain any perfume?"

Connemara Travels continued.

"What became of the chimney on fire, I cannot tell —the Imperturbable was probably right in never minding it; he was used to its ways of burning out, and being no more thought of.

"He showed us into a drawing-room, where we saw by firelight a lady alone—Mrs. Martin, tall and thin, in deep mourning. Though by that light, but dimly visible, and by our eyes *dazed* as they were just coming out of the dark, but imperfectly seen, yet we could not doubt at first sight that she was a lady in the highest sense of the word, perfectly a gentlewoman. And her whole manner of receiving us, and the ease of her motions, and of her conversation, in a few moments convinced me that she must at some time of her life have been accustomed to live in the best society—the

best society in Ireland; for it was evident from her accent that she was a *native*—high-life Dublin tone of about forty years ago. The curls on her forehead, mixed with grey, prematurely grey, like your mother's, much older than the rest of her person.

"She put us at ease at once, by beginning to talk to us, as if she was well acquainted with my family—and so she was from William, who had prepossessed her in our favour, yet she did not then allude to him, though I could not but understand what she meant to convey—I liked her.

"Then came in, still by firelight, from a door at the further end of the room, a young lady, elegantly dressed in deep mourning. 'My daughter—Lady Culling Smith—Miss Edgeworth:' slight figure, head held up and thrown back. She had the resolution to come to the very middle of the room and make a deliberate and profound curtsey, which a dancing-master of Paris would have approved; seated herself upon the sofa, and seemed as if she never intended to speak. Mrs. Martin showed us up to our rooms, begging us not to dress unless we liked it before dinner; and we did not like it, for we were very much tired, and it was now between eight and nine o'clock. Bedchambers spacious. Dinner, we were told, was ready whenever we pleased, and, well pleased, down we went: found Mr. Martin in the drawing-room—a large Connemara gentleman, white, massive face; a stoop forward in his neck, the consequence of a shot in the Peninsular war.

"'Well! will you come to dinner? dinner's ready. Lady Culling Smith, take my arm; Sir Culling, Miss Edgeworth.'

"A fine large dining-room, and standing at the end

of the table an odd-looking person, below the middle height, youngish, but the top and back of his head perfectly bald, like a bird's skull, and at each temple a thick bunch of carroty red curly hair, thick red whiskers and light blue eyes, very fair skin and carnation colour. He wore a long green coat, and some abominable coloured thing round his throat, and a look as if he could not look at you, and would. I wondered what was to become of this man, and he looked as if he wondered too. But Mr. Martin, turning abruptly, said, 'McHugh! where are you, man? McHugh, sit down man, here!'

"And McHugh sat down. I afterwards found he was an essential person in the family: McHugh here, McHugh there; very active, acute, and ready, and bashful, a dare-devil kind of man, that would ride, and boat, and shoot in any weather, and would at any moment hazard his life to save a fellow-creature's. Miss Martin sat opposite to me, and with the light of branches of wax candles full upon her, I saw that she was very young, about seventeen, very fair, hair which might be called red by rivals and auburn by friends, her eyes blue grey, prominent, like pictures I have seen by Leonardo da Vinci.

"But Miss Martin must not make me forget the dinner, and such a dinner! London *bon vivants* might haye blessed themselves! Venison such as Sir Culling declared could not be found in England, except from one or two immense parks of noblemen favoured above their peers; salmon, lobsters, oysters, game, all well cooked and well served, and well placed upon the table: nothing loaded, all *in* good taste, as well as *to* the taste; wines, such as I was not worthy of, but Sir

Culling knew how to praise them; champagne, and all manner of French wines.

"In spite of a very windy night, I slept admirably well, and wakened with great curiosity to see what manner of place we were in. From the front windows of my room, which was over the drawing-room, I looked down a sudden slope to the only trees that could be seen, far or near, and only on the tops of them. From the side window a magnificent but desolate prospect of an immense lake and bare mountains.

"When I went down, and to the hall door at which we had entered the night before, I was surprised to see neither mountains, lake, nor river—all flat as a pancake—a wild, boundless sort of common, with showers of stones; no avenue or regular approach, no human habitation within view: and when I walked up the road and turned to look at the castle, nothing could be less like a castle. From the drawing I send you, (who it was done by I will tell you by-and-by,) you would imagine it a real castle, bosomed high in trees. Such flatterers as those portrait-painters of places are! And yet it is all true enough, if you see it from the right point of view. Much I wished to see more of the inhabitants of this castle, but we were to pursue our way to Clifden this day; and with these thoughts balancing in my mind of *wish* to stay, and *ought* to go, I went to breakfast—coffee, tea, hot rolls, ham, all luxuries.

"Isabella did not make her appearance, but this I accounted for by her having been much tired. She had complained of rheumatic pains, but I had thought no more about them. Little was I aware of all that was to be. 'L'homme propose: Dieu dispose.' Lady Culling Smith at last appeared, hobbling, looking in

torture, leaning on her husband's arm, and trying to smile on our hospitable hosts, all standing up to receive her. Never did I see a human creature in the course of one night so changed. When she was to sit down, it was impossible: she could not bend her knees, and fell back in Sir Culling's arms. He was excessively frightened. His large, powerful host carried her up stairs, and she was put to bed by her thin, scared-looking, but excellent and helpful maid; and this was the beginning of an illness which lasted above three weeks. Little did we think, however, at the beginning how bad it would be. We thought it only rheumatism, and I wrote to Honora that we should be detained a few days longer—from day to day put off. Lady Culling Smith grew alarmingly ill. There was only one half-fledged doctor at Clifden: the Martins disliked him, but he was sent for, and a puppy he proved, thinking of nothing but his own shirt-buttons and fine curled hair. Isabella grew worse and worse—fainting-fits; and Mrs. and Miss Martin, both accustomed to prescribe for the country-people in want of all medical advice in these lone regions, went to their pharmacopœias and medicine-chest, and prescribed various strong remedies, and ran up and down stairs, but could not settle what the patient's disease was, whether gout or rheumatism; and these required quite different treatment: hands and lips were swelled and inflamed, but not enough to say it was positively gout, then there was fear of drawing the gout to the stomach, and if it was not gout!—All was terror and confusion; and poor Sir Culling, excessively fond of Isabella, stood in tears beside her bed. He had sat up two nights with her, and was now seized with asthmatic spasms himself in his chest.

It was one of the worst nights you can imagine, blowing a storm and raining cats and dogs. Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Sir Culling thought Lady Smith so dangerously ill, that it was necessary to send a man on horseback thirty miles to Outerard for a physician: and who could be sent such a night? one of the Galway postillions on one of the post-horses, (you will understand that we were obliged to keep these horses and postillions at Ballinahinch, as no other horses could be procured.) The postillion was to be *knocked up*, and Sir Culling and Mr. Martin went to some den to waken him.

"Meanwhile I was standing alone, very sorrowful, on the hearth in the great drawing-room, waiting to hear how it could be managed, when in came Mr. McHugh, and coming quite close up to me, said, 'Them Galway boys will not know the way across the bogs as I should: I'd be at Outerard in half the time. I'll go, if they'll let me, and with all the pleasure in life.'

"'Such a night as this! Oh no, Mr. McHugh!'

"'Oh yes; why not?' said he. And this good-hearted, wild creature would have gone that instant, if we would have let him!

"However, we would not, and he gave instructions to the Galway boy how to keep clear of the sloughs and bog-holes; observing to me that 'them stranger horses are good for little in Connemara—nothing like a Connemara pony for that!' As Ulick Burke said, 'The ponies are such knowing little creatures, when they come to a slough they know they'd sink in, and their legs of no use to them, they lie down till the men that can stand drag them over with their legs kneeling under them.'

"The Galway boy got safe to Outerard, and next

morning brought back Dr. Davis, a very clever, agreeable man, who had had a great deal of experience, having begun life as an army surgeon: at any rate, he was not thinking of himself, but of his patient. He thought Isabella dangerously ill—unsettled gout. I will not tire you with all the history of her illness, and all our terrors; but never would I have left home on this odd journey if I could have foreseen this illness. I cannot give you an idea of my loneliness of feeling, my utter helplessness, from the impossibility of having the advantage of the sympathy and sense of any of my own family. We had not, for one whole week, the comfort of even any one letter from any of our distant friends. We had expected to be by this time at Castlebar, and we had desired Honora to direct our letters there. Sir Culling with great spirit sent a Connemara messenger fifty miles to Castlebar for the letters, and when he came back he brought but one!

"No mail-coach road comes near here: no man on horseback could undertake to carry the letters regularly. They are carried three times a week from Outerard to Clifden, thirty-six miles, by three gossoons, or more properly bogtrotters, and very hard work it is for them. One runs a day and a night, and then sleeps a day and a night, and then another takes his turn; and each of these boys has £15 a year. I remember seeing one of these postboys leaving Ballinahinch Castle, with his leather bag on his back, across the heath and across the bog, leaping every now and then, and running so fast! his bare, white legs thrown up among the brown heath. These postboys were persons of the greatest consequence to us: they brought us news from home, and to poor Lady Culling Smith accounts of her baby, and of

her friends in England. We began to think we should never see any of them again.

"I cannot with sufficient gratitude describe to you the hospitality and unvaried kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Martin during all these trials. Mr. Martin, rough man as he seemed outside, was all soft and tender within, and so very considerate for the English servants. Mrs. Martin told me that he said to her, 'I am afraid that English man and maid must be very uncomfortable here—so many things to which they have been used, which we have not for them! Now we have no beer, you know, my dear, and English servants are always used to beer.' So Mr. Martin gave them cider instead, and every day he took to each of them himself a glass of excellent port wine; and to Isabella, as gout-cordial, he gave Bronte, the finest, Sir Culling said, he ever tasted. And never all the time did Mr. and Mrs. Martin omit anything it was in their power to do to make us comfortable, and to relieve us from the dreadful feeling of being burthensome and horrible intruders! They did succeed in putting me completely at ease, as far as they were concerned. I do not think I could have got through all the anxiety I felt during Lady Culling Smith's illness, and away from all my own people, and waiting so shockingly long for letters, if it had not been for the kindness of Mrs. Martin, and the great fondness I soon felt for her. She is not literary; she is very religious—what would be called VERY GOOD, and yet she suited me, and I grew very fond of her, and she of me. Little things that I could feel better than describe inclined me to her, and our minds were open to one another from the first day. Once, towards the end, I believe, of the first week, when I began some

sentence with an apology for some liberty I was taking, she put her hand upon my arm, and with a kind, reproachful look exclaimed, 'Liberty! I thought we were past that long since: are not we?'

"She told me that she had actually been brought up with a feeling of reverence for my father, and particularly for me, by a near relation of hers, old Mr. Kirwan, the President of the Royal Irish Academy, who was a great friend of my father's and puffer of me in early days. Then her acquaintance afterwards with Mr. Nimmo carried on the connection. She told me he showed her that copy of 'Harry and Lucy' which you had in making the index, and showed her the bridge which he helped me over when Harry was building it. But what touched and won me first and most in Mrs. Martin was the manner in which she spoke of William—her true feeling for his character. 'Whenever he could get me alone,' she said, 'he would talk to me of Honora or Mrs. Edgeworth and his aunt Mary and you.'

"Some of the expressions she repeated I could not but feel sure were his, and they were so affectionate towards me, I was much touched. *Too besides* Mrs. Martin made herself very agreeable by her quantity of anecdotes, and her knowledge of the people with whom she had lived in her youth, of whom she could, with great ability and admirable composed drollery, give the most characteristic traits.

"Miss Martin—though few books beyond an Edinburgh or Quarterly Review or two appeared in the sitting-room—has books in quantities in a closet in her own room, which is within her mother's; and 'every morning,' said Mrs. Martin, 'she comes in to me while I am dressing, and pours out upon me an inundation

of learning, fresh and fresh, all she has been reading for hours before I am up. Mary has read prodigiously.'

"I found Mary one of the most extraordinary persons I ever saw. Her acquirements are indeed prodigious: she has more knowledge of books, both scientific and learned, than any female creature I ever saw or heard of at her age—heraldry, metaphysics, painting and painters' lives, and tactics; she had a course of fortification from a French officer, and of engineering from Mr. Nimmo. She understands Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and I don't know how many modern languages. French she speaks perfectly, learned from the French officer who taught her fortification, M. Du Bois, who was one of Buonaparte's legion of honour, and when the Emperor was *ousted*, fled from France, and earned his bread at Ballinahinch by teaching French, which Miss Martin talks as if she had been a native, but not as if she had been in good Parisian society; with an odd mixture of a *ton de garnison* which might be expected from a pupil of one of Buonaparte's officers. She imbibed from him such an admiration, such an enthusiasm for Buonaparte, that she cannot bear a word said to his disparagement; and when Sir Culling sometimes offended in that way, Miss Martin's face and neck grew carnation colour, and down to the tips of her fingers she blushed with indignation.

"Her father the while smiled and winked at me. The father as well as the mother dote upon her; and he has a softened way of always calling her 'my child' that interested me for both. 'My child, never mind; what signifies about Buonaparte?'

"One morning we went with Miss Martin to see the fine green Connemara marble-quarries. Several of the

common people gathered round while we were looking at the huge blocks: these people Miss Martin called her TAIL. Sir Culling wished to obtain an answer to a question from some of these people, which he desired Miss Martin to ask for him, being conscious that, in his English tone, it would be unintelligible. When the question had been put and answered, Sir Culling objected: 'But, Miss Martin, you did not put the question exactly as I requested you to state it.'

"'No,' said she, with colour raised and head thrown back, 'No, because I knew how to put it so that people could understand it. Je sais mon metier de reine.'

"This trait gives you an idea of her character and manner, and of the astonishment of Sir Culling at her want of sympathy with his really liberal and philanthropic views for Ireland, while she is full of her tail, her father's fifty-miles-long avenue, and Æschylus and Euripides, in which she is admirably well read. Do think of a girl of seventeen, in the wilds of Connemara, intimately acquainted with all the beauties of Æschylus and Euripides, and having them as part of her daily thoughts!

"There are immense caves on this coast which were the *free-traders'* resort, and would have been worth any money to Sir Walter. 'Quite a scene and a country for him,' as Miss Martin one day observed to me; 'don't you think your friend Sir Walter Scott would have liked our people and our country?'

"It is not exactly a feudal state, but the *tail* of a feudal state. Dick Martin, father of the present man, was not only lord of all he surveyed, but lord of all the lives of the people: now the laws of the land have come in, and rival proprietors have sprung up in rival castles.

Hundreds would still, I am sure, start out of their bogs for Mr. Martin, but he is called *Mister*, and the prestige is over. The people in Connemara were all very quiet and submissive till some *refugee Terry-alts* took asylum in these bog and mountain fastnesses. They spread their principles, and soon the clan combined against their chief, and formed a plan of seizing Ballinahinch Castle, and driving him and all the Protestant gentry out of the country. Mr. Martin is a man of desperate courage, some skill as an officer, and *prodigious* bodily strength, which altogether stood him in stead in time of great danger. I cannot tell you the whole long story, but I will mention one anecdote which will show you how like the stories in Walter Scott are the scenes that have been lately passing in Connemara. Mr. Martin summoned one of his own followers, who had he knew joined the Terry-alts, to give up a gun lent to him in days of trust and favour: no answer to the summons. A second, a third summons: no effect. Mr. Martin then warned the man that if he did not produce the gun at the next sessions, he would come and seize it. The man appeared at the house where Mr. Martin holds his sessions—about the size of Lovell's schoolroom, and always fuller than it can hold: Mr. Martin espied from his end of the room his friend with the gun, a powerfully strong man, who held his way on, and stood full before him.

"'You sent for my gun, your honour, did you?'

"'I did—three times; it is well you have brought it at last; give it to me.'

"The man kneeled down on one knee, and putting the gun across the other knee, broke it asunder, and throwing the pieces to Mr. Martin, cried, 'There it is

for you. I swore that was the only way you should ever have it, dead or alive. You have warned me, and now I warn you; take care of yourself.'

"He strode out of the crowd. But he was afterwards convicted of Terry-alt practices and transported. Now all is perfectly quiet, and Mr. Martin goes on doing justice in his own peculiar fashion every week. When the noise, heat, and crowd in his sessions court become beyond all bearing, he roars with his stentorian voice to clear the court; and if that be not done forthwith, he with his own two Herculean arms seizes the loudest two disputants, knocks their heads together, thrusts them bawling as they go out of the door and flings them asunder.

"In his own house there never was a more gentle, hospitable, good-natured man, I must say again and again, or else I should be a very ungrateful woman.

"Miss Martin has three ponies, which she has brought every day to the great Wyatt window of the library, where she feeds them with potatoes. One of them is very passionate; and once the potatoe being withheld a moment too long at the hall door he fell into a rage, pushed in at the door after her, and she ran for her life, got up stairs and was safe.

"I asked what he would have done if he had come up to her?

"'Set his two feet on my shoulders, thrown me down, and trampled upon me.'

"The other day the smith hurt his foot in shoeing him, and up he reared, and up jumped the smith on the raised part of his forge—the pony jumped after him, and if the smith had not scrambled behind his bellows, 'would have killed him to be sure.'

"After hearing this I declined riding this pony, though Miss Martin pressed me much, and assured me he was as quiet as a lamb—provided I would never strike him or look cross. Once she got me up on his back, but I looked so miserable, she took me down again. She described to me her nursing of one of these ponies; 'he used to stand with his head over my shoulder while I rubbed his nose for an hour together; but I suppose I must throw off these Bedouin habits before I go to London.'

"They are now spending the season in town. I had an opportunity of seeing her perfect freedom from coquetry in company with a Mr. Smith—no relation of Sir Culling's—a very handsome fine gentleman who came here unexpectedly. He was the person who gave me the sketch of Ballinahinch Castle, which Sophy has copied for you, and which I send.

"All this time poor Isabella has been left by me in torture in her bed. At the end of three weeks she was pronounced out of danger, and in spite of the kind remonstrances of our hospitable hosts, not tired of the sick or the well, on a very wet odious day away we went. As there are no inns or place where an invalid could pass the night, I wrote to beg a night's lodging at Renvyle, Mr. Blake's. He and Mrs. Blake, who wrote Letters from the Irish Highlands, were not at home, in Galway on a visit, but they answered most politely that they begged me to consider their house as my own, and wrote to their agent who was at Renvyle to receive us.

"Captain Bushby, of the Water Guard—married to a niece of Joanna Baillie's—was very kind in accompanying us on our first day's journey. 'I must see

you *safe out,'* said he. 'Safe out' is the common elision for safe out of Connemara. And really it was no easy matter to get us safe out; but I spare you a repetition of sloughs; we safely reached Renvyle, where the agent received us in a most comfortable well-furnished, well-carpeted, well-lighted library, filled with books—excellent dining-room beyond, and here Lady Smith had a day's rest, without which she could not have proceeded, and well for her she had such a comfortable resting place.

"Next day we got into *Joyce's Country* and had hot potatoes and cold milk, and Renvyle cold fowl at The Lodge, as it is styled, of Big Jacky Joyce—one of the descendants of the ancient proprietors, and quite an original Irish character. He had heard my name often, he said, from Mr. Nimmo, and knew I was a writing lady, and a friend to Ireland, and he was civil to me, and I was civil to him, and after eyeing Sir Culling and Lady Smith, and thinking, I saw, that she was affecting to be languishing, and then perceiving that she was really weak and ill, he became cordial to the whole party, and entertained us for two hours, which we were obliged to wait for the going out of the tide before we could cross the sands. Here was an arm of the sea, across which Mr. Nimmo had been employed to build a bridge, and against Big Jack Joyce's advice, he would build it where Jack prophesied it would be swept away in the winter, and twice the bridge was built, and twice it was swept away, and still Nimmo said it was the fault of the masons; the embankment and his theory could not be wrong, and a third time he built the bridge, and there we saw the ruins of it on the sands—all the embankments swept away and all we had for it was to

be dragged over the sand oy men—the horses taken off. We were pushed down into a gully-hole five feet deep, and thence pulled up again; how it was I cannot tell you, for I shut my eyes and resigned myself, gave up my soul and was much surprised to find it in my body at the end of the operation: Big Jacky Joyce and his merry men having somehow managed it.

"There was an end of our perils by gullies, sloughs, and bog-holes. We now got on Mr. Nimmo's and Mr. Killalla's really good roads, and now our four horses began to tell, and that night we reached Westport, and in consequence of Mrs. Martin's introduction to her friend Lord Sligo were received by him and Lady Sligo most courteously.

"Westport is a beautiful place, with a town, a port, industrious people all happy, and made so by the sense and energy of a good landlord and a good agent. We regretted that we could stay only this night and the next morning to breakfast; it was so delightful and extraordinary to us again to see trees and shrubberies, and to find ourselves again in the midst of flowers from greenhouse and conservatory. Isabella said she was so delighted, she could hardly forbear, with her crippled, gouty hands, embracing every tree she met. Lord Sligo, himself a martyr to the gout, and with a son at Eton just then attacked with gout, had great compassion for her: he and all his family high-bred and cordial.

"The next morning we pursued our journey, and at the next stage came upon a real mail-coach road, where we had post-horses again, and dismissed our Galway horses. This night brought us to Lough Glyn, where Mr. Strickland received us very kindly, and we had the joy

of finding letters waiting for us from home; but we found that the cholera had been for the last ten days killing the poor people at Edgeworthstown—Condy Keegan's son-in-law, McGlaughlin the carpenter, and a great many more. How dreadfully anxious Honora must have been with the charge of baby, and this cholera close to our gates!

"The last day's journey was the longest of all, from the suspense, though all was smooth upon the road. When we saw the lights in the windows at home, you may guess how our hearts went pit-a-pat. We found all WELL; and glad we all were to meet again, and to have Isabella safe with her child: not in her arms, poor crippled creature—it was not possible for her to hold the infant; she could but just hobble about, and was a quarter of an hour going up stairs. Aunt Mary and Honora, after all the warnings my letters had given, were surprised and shocked at the first sight of her. For ten days after her arrival she was unable to travel, impatient as they both were to be at home again. They did reach it, baby and all, safely at last, and you may imagine how relieved we were when we heard of her being safe with her own family again, and with London physicians: five months since then and she is not yet quite re-established. We feel now how very serious her illness was.

"But now that it is all over, and I can balance pains and pleasures, I declare that, upon the whole, I had more pleasure than pain from this journey; the perils of the road were far overbalanced by the diversion of seeing the people, and the seeing so many to me perfectly new characters and modes of living. The anxiety of Isabella's illness, terrible as it was, and the fear of

being ill myself and a burthen upon their hands, and even the horrid sense of remoteness and impossibility of communication with my own friends, were altogether overbalanced by the extraordinary kindness, and tenderness, and generous hospitality of the Martins. It will do my heart good all the days of my life to have experienced such kindness, and to have seen so much good in human nature as I saw with them—red Mc Hugh included. I am sure I have a friend in Mrs. Martin: it is an extraordinary odd feeling to have made a friend at sixty-six years of age! You, my dear young Pakenham, can't understand this; but you will live, I hope, to understand it, and perhaps to say, 'Now I begin to comprehend what Maria, poor old soul! meant by that *odd* feeling at the end of her Connemara journey.'

"When we were regretting to Lord Sligo that we had missed seeing so many persons and places on our tour whom we had at first setting out made it our object to see—Clifden, the Barony of Erris, and the wonderful Major Bingham—Lord Sligo comforted us by saying, 'Depend upon it, you have seen more really of Connemara than any strangers who have ever travelled through it, exactly because you remained in one place and in one family, where you had time to see the habits of the people, and to see them nearly and familiarly, and without their being shown off, or thinking of showing themselves off to you.'"

"*March* 29.

"I have been so busy at rents and odious accounts, that I have never been able to go on to you; but before I go on to anything else I must copy for you a few

words from your old friend Lord Carrington on your appointment to Umballa: I think I sent you his letter on your former appointment.

"'I am not at all *surprised* by your brother's appointment and success. I have never doubted that I should hear of his advancement, old as I am. It is always the object of persons in high situations in India to put forward young men who have talents and application, but the best part of all is that the new appointment will be favourable to his health. Pray when you write say everything kind from me to him.' His own words say best for him.

"Your mother returned home a few days ago, after seven months' absence! You may guess how happy we were to have her again, and how we have been talking and hearing. Lucy bore the parting with her wonderfully well; indeed, she was anxious that her mother should return to us.

"Young Walter—now Sir Walter—Scott has been quartered at Longford, and is now going to Dublin: he dined here on Saturday, and was just the same as when we saw him in 1825. Sophy and her three children round her must have surprised him not a little. It is a pity Maxwell was not in the group. Little fair-haired Willy, nothing daunted by the nearly seven feet high major in full uniform, marched up to him and patted his knee, and in return the major patted his head. His soft Scotch voice, and often the kind and playful turns in his conversation, reminded me both pleasurably and painfully of his father. Sophy wished that her children should hear the band of the regiment, and he promised that he would halt at Tuite's gate, as a *select* party with the band were to go by Castle Pollard; and this

morning, when I opened my eyes, I saw it was snowing so bitterly, I gave up all hopes of our being able to take the children to hear the band; but between seven, when I wakened, and half after nine, the appointed hour, many changes of the sky took place, and at the right moment the sun shone out, the clouds blew over the beech-trees, and Sophy was drawn in Willy Waller's little carriage, with him in her lap; Honora, Mary Anne, Charlotte, and I accompanying. We had to wait some time, and went into what you would call Tuite's house, but it is now Jem Newman's; and there was his nice little wife, with her mouth full of the last potatoe she had eaten for breakfast; and she put away the half-full potatoe basket, and the boy with his can of milk retreated from the stool by the fire, and she welcomed us with Irish heart's welcome in lip and eye; and the children were delighted watching the pig and the chickens feeding at the door.

"At last the music was heard, and very pretty it was, and mother and children were happy; and Sir Walter stopped on his fine grey horse, and said, 'You see, I have kept my word,' and then galloped off. A sergeant then came up to me with a slip of paper in his hand, saying, 'Can you read *write?*' I said, I believed I could, and made out for him the route to Castle Pollard: the sound of the music died away, and we returned to breakfast. 'Sire, il n'y a de circonstance ou on ne prend pas de dejeuner,' as the man said to Buonaparte.

"You will have seen in the newspapers the court-martial about Lord Brudenell and the 15th Hussars: Lord Forbes, in giving me an account of the matter, said, 'Walter Scott, by his conduct, and the way in

which he gave his testimony, 'covered himself with glory,' '—told the truth like a man and a gentleman.

"You may have also seen mentioned the murder of Captain Skyring, of the Ætna, of which Henry Beddoes was second lieutenant, off the coast of Africa. He wrote a few lines to Fanny after the catastrophe; happily for him he was kept by some duty on board. It was imprudent of Captain Skyring to attempt to land, and take observations, without having his ship near enough to defend him. The natives, all with arms, came round him, and began by stealing everything they could lay their hands on. Captain Skyring drew a circle round his circle, forbidding the thieves to pass it; but they passed it, and one was seizing the instrument in his hand, when the captain fired and killed the man; and then they all fell upon him, stabbed him with their pikes and knives, stripped the body, and left it with seventeen wounds. Our people afterwards got it back. We know no more as yet, but that Captain Beaufort was extremely shocked and grieved.

"I have no domestic occurrence to tell you, except that a robin, who for several seasons has frequented this house, and Lucy's room particularly, has this spring grown so familiar, that he began to build his nest in Lucy's old bonnet, laid a great heap of leaves in it, which we used to see him bringing in his bill, the leaves often as large as his body. Yesterday morning Betty the housemaid said to your mother, 'Ma'am, when I opened the hall door this morning, the robin flew in over my head, and knowing his way wherever he wanted to go through the doors, just as if he was master of the house, ma'am! And he sits down before a door, and *looks* to have it opened for him.' Dear little, im-

pudent fellow! This packet concludes my chronicle of Connemara."

The interest which Maria felt in Miss Martin's situation and character was at first heightened by her having long years before imagined such a situation and such a heroine. From what she had heard of the remote and then almost inaccessible parts of Connaught, she had formed the idea of writing a story of which the heroine was to be the only daughter of an Irish gentleman of vast possessions, who had been in early youth in camps and courts, married to a French lady of noble family—living in the remotest retirement; the beautiful heiress deeply learned, and with the most admirable education from accomplished parents, and when she was about eighteen there arrived at this solitary castle . . . .

The idea was never carried out—she never even wrote a sketch of the story, but she told to me the plan she had formed for the beginning; who was to arrive at the castle she had never settled, and had not, I believe, for years thought of the plan till the real romance of Miss Martin and the unexpected manner of their meeting, recalled to her mind the long forgotten imaginary heroine.

To C. S. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 14, 1834.

"Having now done with business I may turn to a little pleasure; a great deal you have given me, my dear Sneyd, by your friend Mr. Smedley's approbation of 'Helen.' His polite playful allusion to the names of the horses, which names at this moment I forget, re-

minds me of a similar touch of the Duchess of Wellington in describing one of the Duke's battles, she quoted from the Knapsack, 'Let the sugar basin be my master.'

"I am glad he noticed the Aid-de-camp, and that he thinks him neither too much nor too little. I had always a high opinion of Mr. Smedley's taste; you may guess how it is with me now.

"The idea of the dentist was suggested to me by the very man Mr. Smedley named, Waite, he is dead.

"Lady Davenant is not a portrait; I hope it may be called an invention of many ideas of individual characters in one new whole.

"I have written to Fanny about Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald's death. I was very much shocked at it: I loved her; she was one of my earliest friends—'Leaf by leaf drops away.'"

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 22, 1834.

"My dear Sophy,

"With all my heart I congratulate you on being in possession of your cottage.[1] Harriet Butler told us how happy the people of Black Castle and Navan were, when they heard you were coming to live amongst them again. You are now as busy as possible arranging your things and considering how all and each of your friends will like what you do, and I am—very conceited—sure that you often think of Maria among the num-

[1] Dunmoe Cottage, at the end of the Black Castle demesne, about two miles from the house.

ber, and that you have even already thought of a footstool for her. Emmeline has, by-the-bye, invented and executed, and given to my mother, the most ingenious footstool I ever saw, which folds up and can be put into a work-bag. She has also sent the nicest most agreeable presents to the little Foxes—a kaleidoscope, a little watering-pot, and a pair of little tin scales with weights; they set about directly weighing everything that could be put into them, ending with sugar-plums and sugar-candy.

"We have been much amused with the Kuzzilbash and by Bubbles from the Brunnen, by Captain Head."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 4, 1834.

"You are so wondrous grateful for every scrap I send you, even in your prosperity, while Sophy and her children are with you, that I go on sending you more and more even to 'satiety,' a word I hate ever since my father laughed me to scorn, when I was thirteen, for pronouncing it *sashaty,* after Mr. Day's fashion of pronouncing.

"Doctor Holland's letter is in reply to a note I wrote in a fit of enthusiasm on the first reading the extracts from Van Arteveldt in the 'Quarterly,' and I begged Doctor Holland to tell me all he knew about the author.

"Tell Sophy that Mrs. Murray has received a very clever letter from Croker in reply to hers and mine about Mr. Brittain's book. Croker begins by saying to poor Mrs. Murray's dismay, 'Miss Edgeworth's letter is absurd.' But it is a *compliment: absurd* to suppose

that his name could do more than Miss Edgeworth's, &c. His criticism on Mothers and Sons is excellent.

"Such a fine day! we are going to Mrs. Murray's; so good-bye."

In acknowledging the copy of "Helen" which Maria had sent to Mrs. Stark, she had mentioned some criticisms on the story which had been made by her cousin, Colonel Matthew Stewart, to which Maria alludes in the following note:—

To Mrs. Stark.

"*Vicarage, Trim, May* 14, 1834.

"I have rather too long delayed thanking my dear friends, and you in particular, dear Mrs. Stark, for the pleasure your approbation of 'Helen' and your most touchingly kind expressions of Lang syne feelings towards myself, brought home to my heart. I write now from Harriet Butler's, where I have all her sympathy to double my gratification about 'Helen,' for whom she really is and always has been more anxious than I ever was myself; though I own I was more anxious far (and for good reasons) about this book than any I ever sent into the world. Thank you for all your comfortable and completely re-assuring opinions. I am particularly glad that the characters impress you with the idea of their being really existing, and I am happy to be able to assure you that your favourite General never has had cause to repent of his generous trust in his reformed Cecilia. I wish I were acquainted with your Miss Clarendon; I make no doubt that she is far more agreeable than mine, and therefore I should love her far better. I must confess that I do not think I *could*

much love my own Miss Clarendon, for I am full as much influenced, I am ashamed to say, by *manner*, especially in living with anybody in every-day life, as ever poor dear Lady Cecilia was. I am in hopes that *my* Miss Clarendon's manner softened and meliorated when she had no longer the sense of the duty of being disagreeable to her sister-in-law, and when she found that both Helen and Cecilia could both speak truth. I am very glad you like my dear General, and particularly that Colonel Stewart approves of him. I wish I could approve of the Colonel's hand-writing, but any so difficult to decipher did I never meet with. We have in Dublin an eminent counsellor whose hand is so difficult and whose head is so much valued that it was found worth while to put this advertisement over an attorney's office: 'Sir Henry Meredyth's hand read here.' I wish I could know all Colonel Stewart could suggest respecting the *use of materials*. I do not want him to tell all the faults of 'Helen,' because that might be disagreeable to you and to him, though I assure you it would not be so to me, but I want to know, for the sake of future improvement, what in general he means. Harriet Butler can go bail for my never being hurt by criticism and for its often doing me good."

To Miss Honora Edgeworth.

"*Trim, May* 15, 1834.

"Yes, indeed, my dear Honora, I do think, stingy as I am, that Francis's letter for pleasure, and Charles Fox's for business, were well worth paying for. Sir George Fetherstone has written to me very civilly about his tenants and the Pass.

"I am as happy as ever I can be from morning to night. I did not bring Bob[1] with me, because I determined that he was good for nothing in his present state, and exactly as you say, the only thing worth preserving is the idea of *patroness educators,* who raise their protegés out of that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them, and often thereby do more harm than good; this, strengthened with observations *in action* upon education for the lower classes and charity, may make a good popular tale, but for the present I lay this by.

"Gather the flowers of the Turkish anemone; Mr. Bell never lets his wither on the stalk—it weakens the plant.

"We have been reading 'Eustace Conway,' in which there are some admirable metaphysical and political conversations, and an incomparable history of himself by a German Reformer philanthropist, and there is a demoniacal character of a child perverted at nine years old by a profligate atheist father, which is shudderingly well drawn. The book is written by a man of genius and learning—but altogether I do not like it; the end is huddled up. I am sure Aunt Mary would not like it; but you would be interested in the history of the Spanish girl, Francesca."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.[2]

"*Edgeworthstown, June* 18, 1834.

"This morning was one of the wettest and most dismal that your *Italian* son Francis ever *paled* at—yet

[1] Bob, the Chimney-sweeper, written at the request of a friend several years before.

[2] I was now again at Clifton, at Mr. King's, with my two daughters, Fanny and Lucy, both sad invalids.

nevertheless, with us, all was bright, radiantly bright, the sunshine came out of the post-box and spread full upon Honora and me at our coffee, as we sat tête-à-tête in her room, between seven and eight. Your delightful accounts of Fanny and Lucy are more inspiriting than all the blue skies that ever I saw. Not that I mean to affront blue skies, which I like very much in their proper places, poetry inclusive; but they never affect my spirits in the wonderful way they do some folks.

"The net you sent is beautiful, fine as gossamer, and I make no doubt will wash like huckaback. As soon as ever you send me your perfect pattern, I shall fall to. If Fanny can sketch a leaf for me of a pattern, I think my imagination can work upon it. But my imagination never could have conceived so pretty a present as the hand-basket Lucy has sent. It will be my companion every morning, and I shall come into breakfast so happy, full of roses in June and July, and then carnations—visions[1] of Flora! It is exactly the bonnet on Louisa's arm in your drawing for the Bracelets, as Sophy instantly on sight of it, observed. Assure Lucy with my love that I am quite engouée at it. But what do you mean by 'engouée as the old Bailly would say?' Pray explain in your next."

The quotation was from the Life of Mirabeau, which I had been reading, but which Maria did not see for some time afterwards; when she did, she writes of it, "I have been *excruciatingly* interested in the Memoirs of the Mirabeaus; that *ouragon* son, and that iron

[1] These visions of Flora were realized. She did come in for many ensuing summer mornings with this basket full of flowers from her garden.

father, and that good 'pâte d'homme le Bailli.'" She was especially interested in the history of Mirabeau, because of our friend M. Dumont's connection with him, which was always a mystery to her; they were men so essentially different in character and conduct. Mirabeau, who made the abilities of all his friends subservient to his caprices, and who adopted their thoughts as his own whenever it suited him—while M. Dumont in a manner annihilated himself in his devotion to those he wished to serve, and spent his life in labouring upon the codes and essays of Jeremy Bentham, leaving for posterity nothing of his own great original wit and wisdom.

To Mr. Bannatyne.[1]

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 20, 1834.

"My dear Mr. Bannatyne,

"I thank you with all my heart for the 'nervousness' you felt about my venturing again before the public, and it is a *heart*-felt as well as a *head*-felt satisfaction to me that you do not think I have lowered what my father took such pains to raise for me. You cannot conceive how much afraid I was myself to venture what had not his corrections and his sanction. For many many years that feeling deterred me from any attempt in this line. Of what consequence then to my happiness it is, to be assured by friends on whose sincerity and judgment I can depend, that I have not done what I ought to repent, or to be ashamed of.

[1] After "Helen" had been some time before the public Mr. Bannatyne wrote to congratulate Maria on its great success.

"I was anxious to know my dear old friend, Mr. Alison's opinion, and wrote to Miss Alison a letter of eleven pages I believe, and wish I could hear from her. I am seldom craving for a letter."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 29, 1834.

"I cannot, my dear Lady of Dunmoe, tell when I can be with you, go I will before autumn runs away with all your leaves, but I am afraid I must let autumn turn them of a sober hue, though I will not let it go to the sear and yellow. In plain prose I am tied down now by rents and business.

"We have been dining at Mrs. Blackall's, and there met her pretty sister, Mrs. Johnstone, and very intelligent Captain Johnstone, a Berkshire man from near Hare Hatch, and had a very agreeable day, and much conversation on books and authors, and found that the Diary of an Ennuyée and Female characters of Shakespear, both very clever books, are by a lady who was governess to Mrs. Blackall and her sisters. Mrs. Rolle, her mother, read the Diary of an Ennuyée, and wondered when she saw 'Mr. and Mrs. R.,' and all the places and people they had seen abroad, till she came to the name of Laura, and some lines to her by which she discovered that the author must be their former governess, Miss Murphy, now married to a very clever lawyer. All the woes and heart-breakings are mere fable in the Diary. Her last book, 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad,' I like; there is a great deal of thought and feeling in it."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 6, 1834.

"Here is more Journal of Pakenham's. I am afraid his present abode is sadly bare of society—but health is better than society—but health with toothache is little worth; it is difficult to balance all these *buts;* no wonder the man died with 'but' in his mouth.

"Apropos I this morning met with a character of Chillingworth from Clarendon's History, so like my own first idea of Beauclerc's character, made incapable of decision or action, by seeing too many arguments too nicely balanced on both sides of every question, that I could hardly help fancying I had stolen it, and this brings me to the twenty-eight pages[1] I send to you, all about Miss Edgeworth's novels! I am sure I have great reason to be proud, as I am that such a person as Colonel Stewart should have thought it worth his while to have taken the trouble to write all this. Make out the difficult hand-writing, and you will find that he has a very high and deep view of the subject, of the end to be attained and the means of attainment. Do not consider it as blame, or as an attack upon 'Helen,' or upon any one thing I have written, for it is not, it is only general reflection upon what has been done, and what may be done."

"*August* 31.

"The sheet of corrections for the second edition of 'Helen' cannot be found—so I must and will trouble you

[1] A letter from Colonel Matthew Stewart to his cousin, Mrs. Stark, on reading "Helen," which Maria asks for p. 138.

to make them out again; remember my dear Jewess's observation, that the Ode to Adversity is too often alluded to.

"Yesterday morning being one of the most dreary wet mornings that ever was seen, we had made up our minds with resignation to reading to Aunt Mary the parts of Beckford she had not heard. But this day, which we had set down to be *no day*, turned out as full of events as it could hold.

"First enter Mrs. Smith after breakfast[1] to me alone in the dining-room, with a face as long as my arm and a note held out at arm's length.

"'Boy waits, ma'am, from Briggs,' puffed out Cassidy from behind, with a look of being robbed of his belongings in not being allowed to bring up the note himself. The note contained a card—on which was the name of ——.

"Now after you and Mr. Butler have had six guesses apiece, learn that the name was Cruger, and the note contained two letters from Mrs. Cruger, but threw no light upon what relation Mr. Cruger might be to our Mrs. Douglas Cruger. We waited and waited—Aunt Mary upstairs, Honora and I in the library—when a handsome britska, with man and maid, and three ladies within. 'Oh!' cried Honora, 'he has sisters and a mother with him!' After a rustle in the hall, Cassidy threw open the door, and ushered a tall, shawled lady, and a bit of paper which he handed to me—'Mrs. Simpson, Lichfield, Staffordshire.'

"Before we could conceive how Cruger turned into

[1] Maria often sat a long time after breakfast when everybody else had gone from the room—working and thinking.

Simpson, the shawled lady, speaking very well, explained how and why she came. 'I could not pass through Edgeworthstown without calling on Mrs. Mary Sneyd: Miss Fernes, a friend of Mrs. Sneyd of Byrkely Lodge, begged me to call; and I know I shall give her friends so much pleasure if I can say I saw her well. My daughter and I have just been at the wedding of a friend of hers in Ireland—came over on purpose: Miss Burrowes, daughter of Miss Seward's niece, just married to Mr. Leslie, brother of Lord Rothes; and we are returning.'

"Honora went for Aunt Mary, who came and heard all Mrs. Simpson had to say, and they could not stay, 'though they should have so wished;' and after they had been offered everything that they could eat or drink, they resumed their barouche and drove off, and left us to compare notes of surprise at a barouche full of strangers coming just when we were expecting another stranger quite different! And presently appeared Mr. Cruger.

"After he had told me of 'Helen,' to be seen everywhere in America already, and 'this being her birthday, Mrs. Cruger is at this moment reading Helen; and so should I be, if I were not better employed'—

"'I presume I am speaking to a near connection of my friend Mrs. Douglas Cruger?'

"'Her husband, ma'am.'

"And a very sensible man he is, and spoke as if much attached to her. He said, 'I am sure she and I are much obliged to you for the good advice you gave her, to settle in her own country, and marry one of her own countrymen.'

"He conversed extremely well, both spoke and list-

ened well; and on a great variety of subjects showed a great deal of knowledge, and great power of thought, and liberality and good reasoning. He is a lawyer, well read in Bentham; and in speaking of the Code Napoléon, asked if the edition which I have contained the preliminary dissertations? those which Las Casas mentions as having taken place at Les Conseils, where, on each point discussed Buonaparte and the members gave their opinion.

"He spoke of the American anthracite coal, and its advantages; and of Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope sensibly and liberally; and on the slave trade acknowledged the evil, and the difficulty of getting rid of it without greater evil.

"He had a travelling companion whom we asked to luncheon, but they could not remain to dinner, as they were going on to the Giants' Causeway."

In consequence of Maria's request to Mrs. Stark in her letter dated May 14, Colonel Stewart's very able critique on "Helen," addressed to Mrs. Stark, was forwarded to Maria, and she replied:—

To Mrs. Stark.

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.* 6, 1834.

"If I did not feel myself bound in honour, and in common or uncommon honesty, to return to you Colonel Stewart's valuable criticism, I should retain it for my own use, upon the plea that it must be more peculiarly useful to me than to any one else, valuable for me to refer to in future composition. I trust to your generosity, now that I have done the honest thing, that

you will do the kind thing, and let me have it back again; and I hope you will see the fruits of it if ever I again write any work of fiction.

"Some of my friends, knowing the timidity, not to say cowardice, of my nature, have feared that I should be *daunted* by his most just observations upon the defects and deficiencies of my past manner and principles of novel-writing; but, on the contrary, I, who know myself better, feel that, *in spite* of my timidity, I am, instead of being daunted, encouraged by such criticism. Such a writer and such a noble mind as Colonel Stewart's having bestowed so much thought and time upon me and my fictions, raises both them and myself in my own opinion far more than could the largest 'draught of unqualified praise'[1] from any common critic. From feeling that he does justice in many points to the past, I rely upon his prophecies as to the future, and I feel my ambition strongly excited by his belief that I CAN, and his prognostic that I shall do better hereafter. Boileau says, 'Trust a critic who puts his finger at once upon what you know to be your infirm part.' I had often thought and said to myself some of those things which Colonel Stewart has written, but never so strongly expressed, so fully brought home: my own rod of feathers did not do my business. I had often and often a suspicion that my manner was too Dutch, too minute; and very, very often, and warmly, admired the bold, grand style of the master hand and master genius. I *know* I feel how much *more is to be done, ought to be* done, by suggestion than by delineation, by creative fancy than by facsimile copying,—how much more by

[1] Quoted from Mr. Croker, who said that nothing ever satisfied an author, but *large draughts of unqualified praise.*

skilful selection and fresh and consistent combination —than can be effected by the most acute observation of individuals, or diligent accumulation of particulars.

"But where I have erred or fallen short of what it is thought I might have done, it has not been from 'drawing from the life, or from individuals, or from putting together actions or sayings noted in commonplace books from observation or hearsay in society.' I have seldom or ever drawn any one character—certainly not any ridiculous or faulty character, from any individual. Wherever, in writing, a real character rose to my view, from memory or resemblance, it has always been hurtful to me, because, to avoid that resemblance, I was tempted by cowardice or compelled by conscience to throw in differences, which often ended in making my character inconsistent, unreal.

"At the hazard of talking too much of myself, which people usually do when once they begin, I must tell my penetrating critic exactly the facts, as far as I know them, about my *habits of composition*. He will at least see, by my throwing open my mind thus, that he has not made me afraid of him, but has won my confidence, and made me look for his future sympathy and assistance. I have no 'vast magazine of a commonplace book.' In my whole life, since I began to write, which is now, I am concerned to state, upwards of forty years, I have had only about half-a-dozen little note-books, strangely and irregularly kept, sometimes with only words of reference to some book, or fact I could not bring accurately to mind. At first I was much urged by my father to note down remarkable traits of character or incidents, which he thought might be introduced in stories; and he often blamed that idleness or

laziness, as he thought it in me, which resisted his urgency. But I was averse to noting down, because I was conscious that it did better for me to keep the things in my head, if they suited my purpose; and if they did not, they would only encumber me. I knew that, when I wrote down, I put the thing out of my care, out of my head; and that, though it might be put by very safe, I should not know where to look for it; that the labour of looking over a note-book would never do when I was in the warmth and pleasure of inventing; that I should never recollect the facts or ideas at the right time, if I did not put them up in my own way in my own head: that is, if I felt with hope or pleasure 'that thought or that fact will be useful to me in such a character or story, of which I have now a first idea, the same fact or thought would recur, I knew, when I wanted it, in right order for invention.' In short, as Colonel Stewart guessed, the process of combination, generalisation, invention, was carried on always in my head best. Wherever I brought in *bodily* unaltered, as I have sometimes done, facts from real life, or sayings, or recorded observations of my own, I have almost always found them objected to by good critics as unsuited to the character, or in some way *de trop*. Two instances I remember at this instant—two witticisms which were put into the mouth of Grace Nugent in 'The Absentee,' first edition, and taken out in the second, from the conviction of their being inconsistent with her character. Sometimes, when the first idea of a character was taken from life from some ORIGINAL, and the characteristic facts noted down, or even noted only in my head, I have found it necessary entirely to alter these, not only from propriety, to avoid individual

resemblance, but from the sense that the character would be only an EXCEPTION to general feeling and experience, not a rule. In short, exactly what Colonel Stewart says about 'the conical hills' being the worst subjects for painters. As an instance I may mention King Corny, who is, I believe, considered more of a fancy piece, more as a *romantic* character than my usual common-life Dutch figures: the *first idea* of him was taken from the facts I heard of an oddity, a man, I believe, like no other, who lived in a remote part of Ireland, an ingenious despot in his own family, who blasted out of the rock on which his house was built half a kitchen, while he and family and guests were living in the house; who was so passionate, that children, grown up sons, servants and all, ran out of the house at once when he fell into a passion with his own tangled hair; a man who used, in his impatience and rages, to call at the head of the kitchen stairs to his servants, 'Drop whatever you have in your hand, and come here and be d——d!' He was generous and kindhearted, but despotic, and conceited to the most ludicrous degree: for instance, he thought he could work gobelin tapestry and play on the harp or mandolin better than any one living.

"One after another, in working out King Corny, from the first wrong hint I was obliged to give up every fact, except that he propped up the roof of his house and built downwards, and to generalise all; to make him a man of expedients, of ingenious substitutes, such as any clever Irishman in middle life is used to. I was obliged to retain, but soften, the despotism, and exalt the generosity, to make it a character that would interest. Not one word I ever heard said by the living

man, or had ever heard repeated of his saying, except 'Drop what you have,' &c., went into my King Corny's mouth—would not have suited him. I was obliged to make him according to the general standard of wit and acuteness, shrewd humour and sarcasm, of that class of *unread* natural geniuses, an overmatch for Sir Ulick, who is of a more cultivated class of acute and roguish Irish gentlemen. Colonel Stewart sees from this how far he has guessed rightly as to several points, but I think I have always aimed more at making my characters representatives of classes than he conceives. It is plain that I have not attained my aim.

"Has Colonel Stewart ever read 'Castle Rackrent?' I should like to know whether he would guess that any of the characters in that book were drawn from life, with what he calls colours from the life, or not? The only character drawn from the life in 'Castle Rackrent' is Thady himself, the teller of the story. He was an old steward (not very old, though, at that time; I added to his age, to allow him time for the generations of the family.) I heard him when I first came to Ireland, and his dialect struck me, and his character; and I became so acquainted with it, that I could think and speak in it without effort: so that when, for mere amusement, without any idea of publishing, I began to write a family history as Thady would tell it, he seemed to stand beside me and dictate; and I wrote as fast as my pen could go, the characters all imaginary. Of course they must have been compounded of persons I had seen or incidents I had heard; but how compounded I do not know: not by 'long forethought,' for I had never thought of them till I began to write, and had made no sort of plan, sketch, or framework. There

is a fact mentioned in a note, of Lady Cathcart having been shut up by her husband, Mr. McGuire, in a house in this neighbourhood. So much I knew, but the characters are totally different from what I had heard. Indeed, the real people had been so long dead, that little was known of them. Mr. McGuire had no resemblance, at all events, to my Sir Kit; and I knew nothing of Lady Cathcart but that she was fond of money, and would not give up her diamonds. Sir Condy's history was added two years afterwards: it was not drawn from life, but the good-natured and indolent extravagance were suggested by a relation of mine long since dead. All the incidents pure invention; the duty work, and duty fowl, facts.

"I have said thus much, not from the garrulity of egotism, but to observe what seems to me, and perhaps will appear to Colonel Stewart, a curious fact, that where I least aimed at drawing characters, I succeeded best. As far as I have heard, the characters in 'Castle Rackrent' were, in their day, considered as better classes of Irish characters than any I ever drew: they cost me no trouble, and were made by no '*receipt*,' or thought of 'philosophical classification;' there was literally not a correction, not an alteration made in the first writing, no copy, and, as I recollect, no interlineation: it went to the press just as it was written. Other stories I have corrected with the greatest care, and remodelled and re-written.

"Sir Terence O'Fay, in the 'Absentee,' who was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, and who is, I think, a representative of a class then existing in Ireland, was likewise written off, not philosophically constructed. While I was writing him I always saw him and heard

him speak; he was an individual to me. If I had been thinking of 'classification' I don't think I should have believed in his real existence; as far as I have heard, he has impressed readers with the idea of his being a reality, yet certainly I had no living model, though introducing several 'compounded incidents;' for instance, hiding the family plate and cheating about the horse Naboclish. I should like to know whether those inserted facts appear to Colonel Stewart inconsistent with the character, as sometimes I know inserted facts have broken the illusion, not suiting the whole, but I think not here.

"I never could use notes in writing Dialogues; it would have been as impossible to me to get in the prepared good things at the right moment in the warmth of writing conversation, as it would be to lug them in in real conversation, perhaps more so—for I could not write dialogues at all without being at the time fully impressed with the characters, imagining myself each speaker, and that too fully engrosses the imagination to leave time for consulting note-books; the whole fairy vision would melt away, and the warmth and the pleasure of invention be gone. I might often, while writing, recollect from books or life, what would suit, and often from note-book, but then I could not stop to look, and often quoted therefore inaccurately. I have a quick recollective memory and retentive for the sort of things I particularly want; they will recur to me at the moment I want them years and years after they have lain dormant, but alas! my memory is inaccurate, has hold of the object only by one side—the side or face that struck my imagination, and if I want more afterwards I do not know even where to look for it. I mention

this because Dugald Stewart once was curious to know what sort of memory I had, whether recollective or retentive, and perhaps Colonel Stewart may like to know this in reference to some of his father's theory of memory and intellectual classes. He is so kind to open some of his mind, and I do the same to him, as a proof I hope of confidence in his sympathy.

"In every story, (except Rackrent,) which I ever wrote I have always drawn out what Colonel Stewart recommends, 'a sketch—a frame-work;" all these are in existence, and I have lately compared many of the printed stories with them; some strangely altered by the way. In the sketch of Helen, I had not the judgment I formerly had to see if the anatomy was correct. I have the sketch now before me, and it may gratify Colonel Stewart to know how completely his analysis of the General's character agreed with what he supposed the first elements were; here are the very words of my first sketch, nearly the same as those of Colonel Stewart's letter. 'The General, not a man of genius, or of literary distinction, but of great decision, strength of mind, resolution, some think obstinacy; high honour, high breeding, all the qualities that win and keep woman's love.'

"In the sketch of Beauclerc I find these words—'Aristocratic, ambition, tinged with the faults of his class;' and afterwards a sketch of faults, which I supposed to arise from his college education and 'too much metaphysical reading, and too much speculative refinement —irresolution—thence ennui;' all this you see aimed at a class of characters; but unluckily I had not time, or room in this story to develope him, he sank into a mere lover. Unfortunately I have not at this moment

in my possession the third volume of Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind on Intellectual Character, to which Colonel Stewart refers me; I have sent for it, but it is not to be had in Dublin, and I have waited too long for it from London, and now am sorry I must finish this letter without seeing it. What Colonel Stewart has said, already impressed upon my mind the necessity of more strongly marking the great lines of character by which readers are to understand and recognize the class, the meaning of characters, but I must acknowledge that I do not feel sure that strict attention to classification would do me good; I am not sure that this would add to the life, the interest. There are little touches of *inconsistency* which mark reality, for human nature is really inconsistent; and there are *exceptions*, as in grammar rules, and these exceptions which in characters we call oddities, form as it were new rudiments for fresh future classes. It would not be according to Bacon's rules of philosophising to limit the number of classes, these being arbitrary distinctions formed from observation of particulars—then fresh particulars, if true, must be admitted.

"I understand what Colonel Stewart so admirably says about parable, apologue, and fables being general truths and morals which cannot be conveyed or depended upon equally when we come to modern novels, where Lady B. or Lord D. are not universal characters like Fox or Goose. I acknowledge that even a perfectly true character absolutely taken as a fac-simile from real life would not be interesting in a fiction, might not be believed, and could not be useful. The value of these odd characters depends, I acknowledge,

upon their being actually known to be true. In history, extraordinary characters always interest us with all their inconsistencies, feeling, we thus add to our actual knowledge of human nature. In fiction we have not this *conviction,* and therefore not this sort or source of pleasure even if ever so well done; if it be quite a new inconsistency we feel doubtful and averse; but we submit when we know *it is* true: we say, 'don't therefore tell me it is not in human nature.'

"I am not sure that I agree with Colonel Stewart about particular morals to stories, but this point might lead to long and intricate discussion.

"I feel and admire all he says so eloquently, I am sure from his own heart, and as you tell me, noble character, touching the advantage of raising the standard of our moral ambition, and the higher this standard can be raised by works of fiction the better. And if this longing for perfection could be raised and kept up sufficiently strongly, it would follow that all lesser faults would disappear, at least, all faults of a mean kind; but I do not see how this can be raised in fiction but by the drawing of generous noble characters, and yet Colonel Stewart says, 'not by models.' Instance *actions* would be either desultory, or if combined in story to give examples to all the virtues would lead to immense length, and I don't well know how we could avoid giving models of heroes bad or good; this is the part I do not understand in Colonel Stewart's letter: 'not by models.' I wish he would explain. I feel and understand how many poets and novelists have raised in the mind that sort of enthusiasm which exalts and purifies the soul. Happy and gifted with heaven's best gift

must be the poet, the inventor of any sort of fiction that can raise this enthusiasm. I recollect Mrs. Barbauld's lines describing—

> 'Generous youth that feeds
> On pictured tales of vast heroic deeds.'

How I wish I could furnish, as Scott has, some of those pictured tales coloured to the life; but I fear I have not that power, therefore it is perhaps that I strive to console myself for my deficiencies by flattering myself that there is much, though not such glorious use, in my own lesser manner and department. The great virtues, the great vices excite strong enthusiasm, vehement horror, but after all it is not so necessary to warn the generality of mankind against these, either by precept or example, as against the lesser faults; we are all sufficiently aware that we must not break the commandments, and the reasons against all vices, all feel even to the force of demonstration, but demonstration does not need and cannot receive additional force from fiction. The Old Bailey trials, Les Causes Célèbres, come with more force as with the force of actual truth, than can any of the finest fictions producing what Colonel Stewart calls 'momentary belief in the reality of a fictitious character or event.' Few readers do or can put themselves in the places of great criminals, or fear to yield to such and such temptations; they know that they cannot fall to the depth of evil at once, and they have no sympathy, no fear; their spirits are not 'put in the act of falling.' But show them the steep path, the little declivity at first, the step by step downwards, and they tremble. Show them the postern gates or little breaches in their citadel of virtue, and they fly to guard

these; in short, show to them their own little faults which may lead on to the greatest, and they shudder; that is, if this be done with truth and brought home to their consciousness. This is all, which by reflection on my own mind and comparison with others and with records in books full as much as observations on living subjects, I feel or fancy I have sometimes done or can do.

"But while I am thus *ladling* out praise to myself in this way, I do not flatter myself that I deserve the quantity of praise which Colonel Stewart gives me for laborious observation, or for steadiness and nicety of dissection. My father, to whose judgment I habitually refer to help out my own judgment of myself, and who certainly must from long acquaintance, to say no more, have known my character better than any other person can, always reproached me for trusting too much to my hasty glances, *aperçus*, as he called them, of character or truths; and often have I had, and have still (past my grand climacteric) to repent every day my mistaken conclusions and hasty jumps to conclusions. Perhaps you wish I should jump to conclusion now, and so I will.

"I have some hopes that this letter will be delivered into your hands by my good friend and brother-in-law, Mr. Butler. You will be disappointed in not seeing Harriet with him, but you must give him infinite credit for that; he has been so generous as to give up the pleasure of her accompanying him in their tour to Scotland, and has forwarded her to my sister Lucy at Clifton, to nurse and keep her company while Mrs. Edgeworth comes back to us for a few weeks. You will do me a real favour and service if you could obtain for Mr.

Butler an interview with Colonel Stewart; for my brother-in-law's own sake in the first place I wish it; I know he wishes it; but besides this I specially desire it for my own advantage; I could hardly expect that Colonel Stewart would write further answers to the questions I have in this letter begged you to ask him, and besides, it might be too disagreeable a task even supposing he could spare time to note down my *inconsistencies* and the examples of the faults to which he alludes, and on which his delicate general observations are founded, but he might tell them in conversation with my dear Mr. Butler, (a very dear friend and able critic he is also,) and he would, I know, remember them, con them by heart for me."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Oct.* 3, 1834.

"Great doings! three officers dined here yesterday! Make Charles Fox, who will deliver this to you, tell you how he was wakened by the news of the nine officers that were announced by Cassidy, and the hundred mistakes Cassidy and Betty conjointly made about them in five minutes. One of the diners was a young Mr. Campbell, who lodged at Mrs. Grant's, (where Pakenham lodged when at Edinburgh.) He asked my mother soon after he came in if she had not a *brother* of the name of Pakenham, 'very steady, very studious.'

"The two other diners had been at Ceylon, and knew Dr. Farrell well, and said he was much admired for his conversation. The major espied my King of Candy[1] on

[1] A small carved ivory figure, the gift of Dr. Farrell, now dead, who had long resided in Ceylon.

the chimney-piece, and said he had one the same, only that my king's cap wants a tuft! and he has left me as unhappy as the princess whose palace wanted the roc's egg.

"Past twelve o'clock, alone in the library with the ticking of the clock."

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, Oct.* 3, 1834.

"Your two letters from Lucca and Florence reached me yesterday. Your conscience may be quite at ease about the previous 'discontented' letter which you fear might have left a disagreeable impression on my mind: I never received it. I have clear and warm in my mind at this moment the agreeable impression made by your Count Alberti, and all his discoveries of Tasso's and Leonora's love-letters and embroidered pocket-books. And I am delighted and *elevated* (which in Ireland means more than half intoxicated, or as much intoxicated as a lady can be) by your praises of 'Helen.' There is such a heartiness in your praise, that with all my modesty I cannot but think 'it is all true enough;' and at least I am quite sure that the effect produced upon you is what you so charmingly describe. You speak of all my characters as of real living beings, and that you know is always flattering to a story-teller, but how peculiarly so to me and my family at this moment you cannot conceive. A very able critic has lately complained to me of the want of reality in all but the General, the not feeling and seeing my personages to be living natural human creatures; some inconsistencies, he said, destroyed his belief in their actual existence.

Now you feel how triumphant I am in the proofs your exclamations and clapping of hands give me of your undoubted belief in the actual presence of all my people far beyond the ideal conception, or merely having them in the mind's eye! In the first moment, I confess I wished to send your letter to my philosophic unbeliever —but my *habitual* discretion forbade the thought and I resolved to 'let weal bide.'

"N.B. Your pretty little corrections, just enough to swear by, that you do not flatter, my dear best of critics! are just in time for the second edition. But I wish you had told me what you had to say about Sir Walter Scott's conversation—you 'will when we meet:' how tantalising! pray tell me in your next.

"What a delightful picture of Catalani from the life you give us. I never heard Paganini, but I am sure his hand could never have got that 'sweetest music to an honest ear,' so delightfully out of his fiddle as you have. But still I have left untold the circumstance which gave me most pleasure in your letter about Helen: you assure me that the moral went right home, and did not appear to you strained, and moreover of your own free accord you assure me that some things in my stories have recurred to your mind in the course of your life usefully, and have influenced beneficially your character: now here comes contrast to heighten my self-satisfaction, my critic having dared to doubt, not only whether my fictions, but whether any fictitious narratives ever have any real effect upon the character and conduct in actual life; or, if ever they have any effect, he conceives it can only be by raising the general tone or standard of virtue, not by enforcing in my mannerist way any particular moral.

"Now, my dear sir, perhaps you think I am grateful to you! and what return, do you guess, I shall make for all your warm-hearted sympathy and successful endeavour to give me as full and unmixed a draught of pleasure as ever author tasted and swallowed. I shall be as sour and contradictious as if I had not had a drop of the 'fostering dew.'

"I object to your title;[1] I do not like your preface, I am not sure that I wish you to write the book: not but what I think you could write it well if you would: but then I am afraid you will not, if I do not begin by frightening you out of your wits, or provoking you up to the full use of them, one or other of which I hope I have already well nigh done.

"First for the title,—everybody here growls at 'Continental Growls,' suppose instead you say, 'Continental Sketches,' or 'The Continental Sketch-book,'—but time enough for the title, and I might say the same of the preface, only that your preface gives me an opportunity of pointing out one of the main errors I fear you may commit at first setting out. You must not begin, in this book especially, which professes to be written for amusement, by wearying with any detail of authorship doubts and difficulties; the reader would answer, 'Why did you write the book then? nobody asked you, sir, she said.' You are too honestly apt to depend on the sympathy of the public in your private concerns. Depend upon mine, upon your friends', but keep all these behind-the-scenes considerations for them. I am heartily glad you have emptied your mind of all this to me; all safe with me, and your preface and your whole

[1] The title of a work on Italy, which Captain Hall had intended to write.

book will be so infinitely the better for not having one word about yourself, or your positive or comparative difficulties.

"Not one word, sir, about Lady Morgan, or the army of writers who have run the peninsula, and left no subject unsacked, not a syllable about the great Childe Harold dressing up threadbare subjects,—leave Eustace and Forsyth, and all out; no competing,—it's a hateful word, and hateful tiresome thing.

"I wish this book to be a small book and a great good: it must lie on a lady's table, and every gentleman taking it up or putting it down must acknowledge there is more in this little book than in many a quarto.

"Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Hall, and your nice, dear little girl, and do not hate me for what I have said, perhaps too severely."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Dunmoe Cottage, Nov.* 8, 1834.

"I hope, my dear mother, that you have been wondering every day, and wondering *greatly* that you have never yet heard from Maria. I like that you should wonder and be provoked at not hearing from me, because when a letter comes it is opened with much more appetite than if you had not been kept famishing.

"Sophy Fox will be here to-day, with all her little ones, a jocund train. We spent some days at Black Castle before I came to settle here, and the Butlers came on Monday, and Mr. Gibson Craig[1] and his colleagues

[1] Mr. Gibson Craig, Mr. Green, and Mr. Newport, were then in Ireland on a Commission of Inquiry.

dined there, and were all three as much approved of and as entertaining as they were at Trim. Mr. Gibson Craig of course was thought the superior of the three.

"I have not told you how very nice and comfortable Sophy and Margaret have made this cottage, and the situation is charming, and the view beautiful. I am reading Hannah More's Letters, and am entertained with them. I found at Black Castle four volumes of Madame d'Abrantes, which I had never read: the eleventh volume begins with her going to Portugal, and though half may be lies *well dressed*, yet almost all are entertaining."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Dunmoe Cottage, Nov.* 28, 1834.

"I think you will like Mrs. Stark's note as much as I do. I am indeed heartily glad that Colonel Stewart is not displeased, as he might have been at my doubting his receipt for producing novels by classification. Send back by my boy her note and Dean Murray's advertisement for the Sons of the Clergy,[1] and tell me what Mr. Butler thinks of it.

"I have got the cushions, and am sitting on one of them, and Sophy and Margaret like them, and think how happy I am, though it is pouring rain, which affects my happiness very little, except for the boy's sake who is to carry this. I have some boy-anity.

'The glorious orb the day refines,
The gossoon warms his shins and dines.'"

[1] A school for the sons of the Irish clergy, which was patronised by the Archbishop of Tuam, who took a house in the village of Edgeworthstown, where it was established and flourished for some years.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 27, 1835.

"We have been amusing ourselves with Lady Morgan's 'Princess,' exceedingly amusing, both by its merits and its absurdities,—that harlequin princess in her blouse is wonderfully clever and preposterous,—a Belgian Corinna. Mr. Butler has detected various errors in her historical remarks and allusions, but that it is excessively entertaining nobody can deny. The hero is like one of the seven sleepers not quite awakened, or how could he avoid finding out who this woman is who pursues him in so many forms? But we must grant a romance writer a few impossibilities."

Maria was always so much interested in a story that she would not stop to reason upon it. I remember when Lady Morgan's "O'Donnell" was being read out in the year 1815, at the scene of Mc Rory's appearance in the billiard room, when Mr. Edgeworth said, "This is quite improbable;" Maria exclaimed, "Never mind the improbability, let us go on with the entertainment."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 28, 1835.

"Pray inquire for Mrs. Carmichael's book on Domestic Manners in the West Indies, which we like so exceedingly: and Canvassing—the election scene joins well with the admirable Election in a Year at Hartlebury.

"The other night Harriet stood beside my bed before

tea-time, and when I started up and said, 'Tea is ready, I suppose,' she told me that Mr. and Mrs. Danvers Butler and Miss Taylor were coming to tea. I thought it was a dream, but she explained,—they had come to Briggs' inn on their way to the County of Cavan, and could get no beds. Luckily we had two unoccupied rooms. Honora managed it all exceedingly well, and Barry took Mr. Danvers Butler in hand while he had dinner, the ladies preferred tea and coffee. They seemed much pleased by their reception. Mrs. Danvers Butler was a Miss Freemantle, and when I mentioned Lady Culling Smith and our Connemara adventures, she said she knew her very well and the Carrs, 'all musical, highly accomplished, and such a united family.' How oddly these little *feltings* of society go on in this way, working into one another little fibres of connection so strangely!

"In the morning Briggs' four horses were put to their heavy chaise, and with main difficulty it was got through the yard and to the door, but not all the power of all the servants and four or five people besides could prevail upon these half-flayed-alive beasts to stir from the door —they would only *back*. So at last Barry was so kind as to send his man Philip with our black horses with them to Granard. We had as many thanks as well-bred people could give, and a cordial invitation to Leicestershire, if that could do us any good. Mr. Danvers Butler is handsome and gentleman-like, and she is charming: she had with her a favourite little Italian greyhound with a collar of little gilt bells round her neck, which delighted the children, and she in return admired the children, Willy especially.

"Lady Stafford—or the Countess-Duchess of Suther-

land's magnificent memoir of her Duke, bound in morocco, with a beautiful engraving of him, reached me yesterday, but I have been in such a bother of tenants and business, I have had time only to look at the engraving and the kind inscription to myself."

At the time of the general election in 1835, Maria was placed in a painful position as her brother's agent. The tenants were forced by the priests to vote against their landlord, and in his absence my son-in-law, Captain Fox, who had been much interested for the defeated candidate, wished to punish the refractory tenants by forcing them to pay up what is called the *hanging-gale* of rent. Maria was grieved at any proceeding which would interrupt the long continued friendship between these tenants and their landlord, and she was also anxious that there should be no misunderstanding between her brother and her brother-in-law. Captain Fox wrote to Sneyd to explain his views, and upon receiving Sneyd's letter in reply Maria writes to him of her sentiments on the occasion.

To C. Sneyd Edgeworth, Esq.

"*Edgeworthstown, Feb.* 12, 1835.

"My dear and always kind Brother and Friend,

"I feel your kindness now most particularly in giving me your full opinion, and desiring mine without one word of reproach on not having heard from me. I had written a long letter, but thinking it better Barry should write to you himself, I determined to burn and burnt what I had written to you, and scribbled a page in its stead of I know not what—nonsense I believe.

And now what remains to do? My sense, if I have any, is quite as much at your service as my nonsense has been. And first for *General Principles,* to those independently of the particular case we should recur. I quite agree with you, as you do with my father, in the general principle that according to the British Constitution the voters at elections should be free, that the landlords should not *force* their tenants to vote. But a landlord must and should and ever will have *influence,* and this is one way in which property is represented and the real balance of the constitution preserved. My father in fact always did use the influence of being a good kind landlord, as well as the favour of leaving a hanging half year in their hands. I never knew him in any instance *revenge* a tenant's voting against him, but I have heard him say, and I know it was his principle, that he was not bound to show favour or affection to any tenant who voted what is called against his landlord. The calling for the *hanging gale* may, in this point of view, come under his principles, as it is only the withdrawing of a favour—the resumption of a landlord's right; it may be said not to be the infliction of an injury or the going one tittle beyond the law; nor even putting yourself in the power of Parliament to notice it as unconstitutional. This is literally true—so far—and further I admit, for I say candidly the whole on both sides that occurs to me—I admit, that I believe if my father were at this moment living, and knew how shamefully the priests have conducted themselves at the last election, how they had *forced* his tenants and all others whom they could *bully* to vote against their own will, full as much as against their landlord, he might himself be inclined to depart from

his principle and to use force over his tenants to balance the brutal force and violence on the other side.

"I say, my father might be so inclined, and his first warmth of temper and indignation doubtless would so urge him, but still—

'The golden curb discretion sets on bravery,'

would act and rein in his temper in the first instance, and his reason would rally and represent that it is never either morally lawful or politically wise to do evil that good may come of it. Because the priests have used force and intimidation, such as their situation and means put in their power, are landlords to do likewise? and are the poor tenants in this world and the next to be ruined and excommunicated between them? Are we to recriminate and revenge because the priests and the people have done so? beaten or beating as brutal force decides?

"The honest constitutional means of resisting the horrible wrong the priests have been guilty of in the last election is by publishing the facts, bringing them as they now must be brought in all their enormity before Parliament. As far as every private individual can assist in bringing these truths to light and in influencing public opinion by the eloquence of tongue or pen he does right, as a man and as a gentleman, and a good member of society, and wisely in the present times, to stop, if possible, the power of democracy. And this, I am sure, my dear brother, is what you have done, and I do not wish you to do more or less.

"With respect to Charles Fox, I think he will certainly stand the first opportunity. I am not sure that it will be for his happiness to be in Parliament; but I think he will make an honest and moderate member

and will do well in Committees, and I think you may support him fairly; he will not be bitter orange; he has good sense and temper. I hate the term I have just used—orange, and I would avoid saying whig or tory if I could, and consider only what is right and best to be done in our time. I think the late ultra-reform liberalists went too far, and had they continued in power would have overturned everything, both in England and Ireland, would have let in upon us the ragamuffin democracy, cried havoc, &c.

"I think that nothing less than the decided, perhaps despotic hand of the Duke of Wellington, could prevent this catastrophe, and the sense of Mr. Peel will aid, I trust. The Duke has been a stander-by and has had leisure to repent the error which turned him out before, viz., of declaring that he would have no reform. Mr. Peel has well guarded against this in his address on his return. What we must pray for is, that the hands of the present government may be strengthened sufficiently to enable them to prevent the mischiefs prepared by the last administration, and that having seen the error, they may be wise in time."

To M. Pakenham Edgeworth.

"*Edgeworthstown,*
"*S. Patrick's Day in the Morning,* 1835.

"Unless I could sing out my heart's joy to the tune of this day, I could not express to you how delighted and intoxicated I am by all your praises of 'Helen,' and by the warm affection which prompts them with overflowing heart. The lines of a song which you quote in your letter to Harriet, which you say are applicable to

General Clarendon, when he says, 'Beautiful creature,' are indeed very applicable and very beautiful. Whose are they? Where did you find them? How provoking, how chilling a feeling it gives of the distance between us, my dear Pakenham, that we must wait twelve months for an answer to this or any question the most important, or the most trivial! But, thank heaven, letters and journals—bating this year between—do bring us happily together, almost face to face and smile to smile. I have often admired the poor Irishman's oratorical bull when he exclaimed, as he looked through a telescope for the first time and saw the people at a cottage door, miles off, brought near, 'Then I heard 'em speak quite plain, I think.' I think I sometimes hear you speaking and hear the people call you Sahib.

"You have seen in the papers the death of our amiable friend, Mr. Malthus. How well he loved you! His lectureship on Political Economy has been filled up by a very able and deserving friend of mine, Mr. Jones, whose book on Rents you have just been reading, and whose book and self I had the pleasure of first introducing to Lord Lansdowne, under whose administration this appointment was made. The pupils at Haileybury must now learn from Jones's lectures the objections he made to Malthus's system! I remember once hearing the answer of a sceptic in Political Economy, when reproached with not being of some Political Economy Club. 'Whenever I see any two of you gentlemen agree, I shall be happy to agree with you.'

"But still, without listening to the arguments on both sides, I do not see how he could tell whether they agreed or not, or whether they agreed on rational grounds. This is all, I hope you perceive a delicate in-

direct compliment to you for studying Mr. Jones's book on rents, though he is the opponent on some points of your and my dear Malthus.

"Thank you for your pretty drawing of the wood-sorrel, which came quite fresh to my hands. I hope your box of seeds will come safe and will grow. I dare say Harriet will have told you of the Cornish gentleman she met at Black Castle, who told of the blue hydrangea fifteen feet high, and bearing such a profusion of flowers that they were counted, 2352 bunches, each bunch as large as his head! We endeavoured to correct and said florets for bunches, presuming he so meant, but he distinctly said bunches—so make what you can of it.

"We hate your bear; do pray give him up before he hugs you to death."

"*March* 19.

"Yesterday I am sure you recollected and honoured as Barry and Sophy's wedding-day. Honora had the breakfast-table covered with flowers, primroses, violets, polyanthus, and laurustinus, and some of Sophy's own snowdrops, double and single, which obligingly lingered on purpose to celebrate the day. She finished to-day a very pretty water-coloured drawing of Waller for you, which I hope you will receive safely.

"Did you see how Lord Darnley cut his foot with an axe while he was hewing the root of a tree, and died in consequence of lock-jaw! Harriet, who knew him and all the good he did in their neighbourhood, is very sorry for him.

"I have not, I believe, mentioned to you any books except my own; but we have been amused with the

Invisible Gentleman. You must swallow one monstrous magical absurdity at the beginning, and the rest will go down glibly—that is, *amusing*.

"*Instructive and entertaining:* Burne's Mission to Lahore and Bokhara.

"*Instructive, interesting, and entertaining:* Roget on Physiology, with reference to Theology; one of the Bridgewater Treatises, full of facts the most curious, arranged in the most beautifully luminous manner. The infinitely large, and the infinitely small in creation, admirably displayed.

"Hannah More's Letters: many of them entertaining—many admirable for manner and matter, altogether too much; two volumes would have been better than four.

"Inglis's Ireland: I think he is an honest writer; a man of great observation and ability, and a true admirer of the beauties of nature. He exaggerates and makes some mistakes, as all travellers do.

'Still drops from life some withering joy away.'

Year after year, we must witness these sad losses. Aunt Alicia gone! and Aunt Bess Waller, of whom you were so fond. What an amiable and highly cultivated mind she had, and so hospitable and kind."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 31, 1835.

"Harriet told me, my dear Sophy, that she found you in bed, reading Popular Tales, or some of my old things—thank you, thank you, my dear, for loving them. I hope that this will find you better, and that

your Black Castle walks, leaning on that kind Isabella's arm, will have quite restored you.

"I have been reading Roget's most admirable Bridgewater Treatise—admirable in every way, scientific, moral, and religious, in the most deep and exalted manner—religious, raising the mind through nature's works up to nature's God, which must increase and exalt piety where it exists and create and confirm the devotional feelings where they have lain dormant. All his facts are most curious, and the exclamation, 'how fearfully and wonderfully we are made,' may be extended to the ugliest tadpole that *wabbles* in a ditch till he is a frog, and the microscope invented by that creature man endowed with—

"Luckily a hair in my pen stopped me, or I might have gone on to another page, in my hot fit of enthusiasm."

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 13, 1835.

"My dear Margaret,

"It is very difficult to advise anybody, or one's self about placing money in these bankruptcy times, and when all seems shaking and quaking round us. About railroads: that of which Richard speaks is not yet in operation; it is a speculation, and may or may not turn out well. You ask why the shares have not risen? Exactly because many think it will not turn out a good speculation. The rising or falling of shares is a sure barometrical index on this point of public opinion. Supposing this railroad turns out as good a speculation as the Liverpool has proved to me, that is

to say, that the capital should actually double, as the hundreds I put into the Liverpool certainly did in the course of five years, still there is a circumstance which will, I think, determine you against the purchase without my proving further, viz., you would have no interest for at least four or five years, and you would have to pay up the whole hundred in what are termed CALLS during the course of these four or five years, and perhaps the calls might come upon you just at the most inconvenient time—they are never regular, but come whenever the proprietors want supplies.

"I am just going to desire Lestock to sell out £200 worth of iron shares which he bought for me, and it might be worth your while for future advantage to purchase them, *but* these iron shares do not pay *regular*—they pay uncertain dividends, as their profits allow, and I like to know exactly what my income is."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.*, 1835.

"I send you a tracing of a very pretty drawing which Sophy Fox made of Mary Anne, sitting knitting by the side of an orange tree, which was standing in the middle window of the library; remember you are never to let Mary Anne light upon it. Return Lady Stafford's letter to Harriet. Have you seen in the papers reports about the marriage of Lord John Russell to Lady R.? All true—Lady Ribblesdale, ci-devant Adelaide Lyster, Aunt Mary's niece, a young widow with a charming little boy; this morning Aunt Mary had a letter from Lady Ribblesdale herself. If she was to marry again she could not have made a more suitable match. He is

a very domestic man, and, save his party violence and folly, very amiable and sensible."

"*October* 9.

"Till next week I cannot go to you or stir, for we have sent an invitation, which has been accepted, to friends of Mr. Strickland and of Sir James Macintosh, of whose names and characters you have found honourable mention, if you have read Sir James Macintosh's Memoirs, by his son; if you have not, you have a very great pleasure to come, and I want you to *be reading* them that we may have the same ideas and pleasures in common that we had in reading Hannah More's Life.

"The invitation is to Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Moore Hall; he was one of Sir James Macintosh's most esteemed literary friends. Some notes from Mr. Moore's Journal, which young Macintosh publishes, are admirable. Mr. Moore wrote the lives of Ripperda and Alberoni, which were published many years ago.

"Aunt Mary[1] has *walked* down stairs the last two days, and it has not done her any harm.

"I have seen a little book by Sir William Smith, called 'Metaphysic Rambles, by Warner Christian Search,' in which there is much that would interest you —much deep thought, many vile puns—much good feeling, and a great deal of literature and learning. The book is as thin as a pancake and cannot cost above half-a-crown; and there is, tell Margaret, a story in it of a cockatoo well worth the money. I will bring my

[1] Mrs. Sneyd had been dangerously ill and my son Francis contrived a chair slung from the banisters of the staircase near her room, in which he let her down and drew her up by a cord and pulley. She trusted herself to him with her usual gentle courage and generosity.

great American butterfly and several beetles when I come to you. Yes; indeed Richard and Miss Knox have been *noble* to the Sons of the Clergy School.

"Anna tells me of a book called 'Manuel des Jurés, contenant un Discours sur la Legislation Criminelle, et suivi du Vase Prussien: procès criminel, très remarquable, traduit de l'Anglais.' ! !"

"*January* 16, 1836.

"8 *o'clock: just light.*

"I think it kindest to you to wait to go to you till I can do so with a quiet mind, for though Aunt Mary is so much better that Mr. Butler goes home to-day, still I do not feel sufficiently sure of her to leave home.

"Mr. Butler charmed Mr. Moore,[1] even more than we expected; they suited admirably."

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, June* 24, 1836.

"My dear Sir,

"I have kept you waiting an unconscionable time. I hope you have been very impatient; I hope your mouth is wide open, and that you are desperately thirsty, for I have a fine large! sparkling! glorious! assuaging draught for you of unqualified praise;[2] swallow it down, it will do you no harm I trust, but good for the future. Is it down? fairly down? Was it too luscious sweet? Did you, restless mortal, wish for a taste of bitter that

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Moore and their son Augustus paid us a visit at this time.

[2] A letter in praise of Schloss Heinfield from a distinguished literary friend.

you might be certain of its salutary nature and ensured against the insidious poison of flattery or the intoxicating effects of *unmixed,* even when well-earned, praise? I have scarcely a drop—only a few drops, strain as I will, of antidote bitter for you. Shall I give them now or wait for a second edition?

"'Now or never,' I think I hear you or Mrs. Hall say.

"Then all I have to say is, that in the 300 pages there are not ten that I could cut, or bear to see cut out by the hands of the common reviewer; and which pages do you guess they are? The complaints against Duke John's cold collation, and the repeated confession towards the end, of your half wishing your dear delightful, interesting, benevolent old Countess dead. I am certain you never did except for her own good, and you might have kept all that to yourself; the good-natured reader and feeler would have understood you; the ill-natured will not understand you ever, and will now have a hold against you; 'after all, think of his wishing her dead!'

"As to the Archduke's luncheon, that is in truth a minor consideration; but I wish that half page were out. What possessed you to complain of cold turkey, and cold tongue, and cold venison—some of the best things upon earth? Who will sympathise with you? You will smile, and not waste a sigh.

"It happened that your book came to me when all of this family were absent from home excepting one sister, Honora, and her aunt, Mrs. Mary Sneyd, an old lady of eighty-six, just recovered from a dangerous illness. You will immediately conceive how peculiarly interesting, as to time, circumstance, situation, and

character, your tale, your true story, must have been to us. The countess is an original, a natural, superior, yet most loveable, person, exciting tender sympathy with strong admiration. We were at first almost angry with you for not prizing, not loving her enough, not being sufficiently grateful for her incessant efforts to please you, and for your representing rather your dread of being entrapped into her toils for your detention, instead of feeling, as we did, the fascination of her genius and character. We feared that you did not feel her national love of you as Scotch, and her distinguishing you and your family, as she did, for your individual merits and talents. We apprehended that you did not pity her sufferings and her lone situation sufficiently—left 'to foreign hands,' and without a friend to close her eyes if you departed, and much we dreaded that you should depart. You see you excited, even against yourself, the sympathy which you desired. When we came to the test, however, and to her utmost need, well did you redeem yourself, not by words only, but, far better, by deeds, and satisfied us to our hearts' content by your good and tender care of your amiable friend and hostess.

"We wish to know by what charm she particularly won your youngest darling? His laying his little head upon the pillow beside her was quite touching. Was it by the sound of her voice, or by the expression of her countenance, by the animation in her, or by the repose around her, that he was pleased? Most animals, as well as young children, distinguish the expression of affection in the countenance; but your children are so used to this, that we conclude there was some further peculiar cause.

"There is in the book ample material, well worked up, food for all variety of tastes. I congratulate Mrs. Hall, and beg my kindest remembrances to my young friend."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Lough Glyn, Sept.* 16, 1836.

"You may suppose how I felt the kindness of your note. You are now my friend of longest standing and dearest parentage in this world; and in this world, in which I have lived nearly three quarters of a century, I have found nothing one quarter so well worth living for as old friends.

"We go to Moore Hall to-morrow. We had here yesterday a party at dinner, all exquisite in their way: Lord and Lady Dillon and Miss Dillon, Lord Oranmore and his son, Mr. Brown, and two Miss Stricklands and their brothers; and coloured fireworks in the evening: of all of which you shall hear more when we meet. Breakfast-bell ringing in my ears."

"*Feb.* 4, 1837.

"I send you by Harriet a smelling-bottle, which I hope you will not often want; but when you do, the stopper will never stick. You will see why—it has no stopper, only a spring cushion.

"Ask Harriet to tell you of Captain Quin and his presents of plate from the African merchants he served so well; and the blacks, such clever men of business; and two Eboi boys who jumped overboard; and his interview with the French captain, and, 'None of your French compliments.'"

"*March* 5.

"The last accounts will have prepared you—more prepared, perhaps, than I was, for hope had lived in spite of reason when life was gone—your beloved and most amiable, angelic-tempered goddaughter[1] is gone. She preserved her charming mind quite clear all through, and had her mother with her, and the comfort of knowing that her children were in the care of Mr. Butler and Harriet. It is well my poor mother has Francis and Lucy so strong and well with her, and I am glad you and Louisa are together."

To Captain Basil Hall.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 30, 1837.

"Whatever time, labour, or vexation your translation of Baron Pelet's[2] book may have cost you, my dear Captain Hall, you have no cause to repent having undertaken the task; you have executed it so well, and it is in itself so intrinsically valuable.

"It does honour to your judgment to have selected this book for translation; it cannot fail to be interesting to the public wherever the English language is read, and wherever Buonaparte's fame has reached. It turns to the light a new facet of that wonderful personage's many-sided character, and enlarges our conception of his vast capacity, and of the facility of transition in his powers from one subject of attention to another, combining what Burke, if I recollect rightly, pronounced to be rarely found united in any mind, the

[1] My daughter, Mrs. Barry Fox, who died March 1.

[2] Conversations with Napoleon, by M. le Baron Pelet, translated by Captain Hall.

genius of theoretic invention, and of practical detail in carrying first conceptions into actual working use. The judicious part of the public will feel how satisfactory it is to have so much solid information, and such indisputable evidence of the truth of these opinions of Buonaparte, which they have on Baron Pelet's warranty, and from his official documents. Very different from the trashy manufactured, not to say fabricated or forged, anecdotes and conversations of Napoleon's, which have been passed upon the credulous, and disgusted the discerning class of readers. There is no danger that this disgust should preclude or be disadvantageous to this work: on the contrary, the appetite for the good solid food will be increased by the contrast, and the salutary nature of the nutriment will be publicly known when even a dozen good healthy tastes have partaken of it.

"Your preface is excellent. All that concerns the reader to know is told him in the best possible manner, and no irrelevant matter, and not a word about your own difficulties or doubts as translator. You know how much this is after my own heart. I give you double credit for it, knowing your propensity to make the world your confidant, and to depend upon the sympathy of others, from believing all to be as benevolent and good-natured as yourself. The public, who do not know these peculiarities of your private mind, cannot give you the praise which I now do. But they will give you credit, which is much better than praise, for not wearying them, and they will fall to reading your book after reading that preface with keen appetite, which will not be baulked or satisfied, which will neither stint nor stay till they reach the end of the vo-

lume. We found it only too short; there is so much of what is new and true in it. It will be universally read, and will last as a library book among authentic records of the most famous man of our age. Did I say the *greatest?* No.

"*Your* book I may well call it, for it reads completely like an original: if you could not please yourself as a translator, you have probably, by the workings of that fastidious taste and care, satisfied your English readers, and I make no doubt done perfect justice to your French author. We have marked a few errata and proposed a few emendations, merely verbal.

"As to your new work, I have nothing new to say, except that, from what I have seen in this preface and in your 'Winter in Styria,' I am convinced that you need not the *boring* of my old exhortations. You now serve up a good hot dinner, and do not force the guests into the kitchen to see it cooked. We are quite pleased to see you, as *maître d'hotel*, place the first dish on the table and present the bill of fare.

"I liked your letter in reply to Mr. C., in 'Blackwood,' VERY much: it was written with such excellent temper, and in such a gentlemanlike spirit and manner; and it is so short. I have heard the same opinion from all who have spoken or written to me on the subject.

"I am glad Mrs. and Miss Stewart received your book kindly."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 15, 1837.

"I send to you to look at, the stamped papers and covers, and Mrs. Blackall's note: she really did think

of me when she was in London—think of that! and had them stamped M. E.

"I think 'Henrietta Temple' trash, and certainly, as Mr. Butler says, morally proving, that who does wrong should be rewarded with love and fortune.

"I send the last packet from Moore Hall; if you saw it before, it will do for Sophy and Margaret; and tell them what Captain Beaufort says of Mr. George Moore and the Dead Sea. I have read out 'Rokeby' since you went—most beautiful passages: Wilfrid, Matilda, Redmond, all beautiful, and Bertram fine; but the story is too difficult both for Aunt Mary and me: and even when I mastered it, I could not help thinking it had been too much for the master himself—I mean that the story smothered the poetry."

To Miss Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 15.

"Margaret's one line, 'I am delighted with Miss Knox's intended marriage,' was enough; and, believe me, I am delighted too. It shall be 'Isabella, or the *Happy* Marriage;' and I am glad you will have your friend always near you, which is not always the consequence to friends of the happiest marriages."

"*July* 19.

"I should prefer going to you after Francis and Rosa leave us, as I should otherwise have to give up the pleasure of their company, which I so seldom enjoy, and which is really a very great gratification to me, to say nothing of their little boy, who is a most engaging, sunny-faced child.

"Rosa is teaching me Spanish, and Francis is laughing at me for learning a new language at seventy!"

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.* 17, 1837.

"We are very anxious indeed to hear of Sophy:[1] the last account Harriet gave was quite alarming. I see Richard going about the house with his watch in his hand to feel Sophy's pulse, and looking so anxious. How glad he must be that he had returned home, and to Sophy what a comfort it must be, to have the certainty of his affection, and to have the earliest companion of her childhood and manly friend beside her now! I will go to her instantly if she desires it.

"I long to hear that you have had, and that you like, the 'Memoirs of Mr. Smedley.' I am sure that, when Sophy is well enough to hear or to read anything, that book will be the very thing for her."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Trim, July* 25, 1838.

"Mrs. Lazarus' death did indeed shock and grieve me. But it is, as you say, the condition, the doom of advancing, advanced age, to see friend after friend go, for so much it detaches one from life; yet it still more makes us value the friends we have left. And continually, at every fresh blow, I really *wonder*, and am thankful, most truly thankful, that I have so many, so much left. Mr. Mordecai's letter is most touching,

[1] She died at Black Castle, Dec. 30.

in all the simplicity of truth. I send the American letters, this day being the right day, Wednesday."

The American letters which Maria here mentions were from our poor tenants and neighbours to their relations and friends in the United States. She sent a packet of them once a month through Mr. Miller in London, who forwarded them to his correspondents, and they always safely reached their destination. It was a great boon to the poor people, as the letters which they sent themselves by post often miscarried; and most grateful were they to her for this kindness, which gave her some trouble; but she never grudged it, nor the time spent in making up these monthly packets.

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Oct.* 10, 1838.

"I am sure, my dear Margaret, you were pleased at Honora's communication: you wrote a most kind and pleasant letter of congratulation. She has hitherto been most fortunate in pleasing all her friends, both as to the fact and as to the time and manner of telling. Do you remember a conversation we had standing upon the hearth in my room one night, between eleven and twelve, the witching hour, and what you asked me about Captain Beaufort? The secret had then been confided to me; and I hope you will do me the justice to acknowledge that, open-hearted and open-mouthed as I am, I can keep a secret WONDERFUL well."

It was very remarkable how her high sense of honour

could enable Maria, so eager to give and to have sympathy, and so ready to communicate every thought and feeling to her friends, to keep any SECRET intrusted to her with the most impenetrable fidelity.

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 8, 1838.

"MY DEAR MARGARET,

"You are the first person I write to upon returning from Church after the accomplishment of Honora and Captain Beaufort's marriage. Captain Beaufort was affected more than any man I ever saw in the same circumstances, yet in the most manly manner. Aunt Mary went to Church, as she had intended: they had both received her blessing, kneeling as to a mother, the evening before in her own room. Lestock and Barry were at the Church door, to hand her up the aisle. Old Mr. Keating was there, excellent, warm-hearted man; and Mr. Butler performed the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom went off from the Church door, and are, I suppose, by this time, five o'clock, at Trim."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Nov.* 29, 1838.

"Open the packet to Lord Mahon, and you will understand all about it, and put it up and seal it with the smallest seal possible, lest you make Lord Mahon pay for it. I send a very affectionate letter from Madame François Delessert. I am sure you will like to see dear good Mrs. Alison's letter.

"I send three printed letters of Sidney Smith's spe-

cially for Mr. Butler, so very witty, clever, and amusing. There is something honest in his way of boldly speaking out what he thinks. His fault is, not the not speaking what he thinks, but in thinking what he speaks."

"*April* 13, 1839.

"I beg you will give the inclosed part of a letter of Sir Walter Scott's to Mr. George Mordecai,[1] who particularly wished to have this autograph. I hope you think our Jew a good Christian, and do not repent your invitation.

"I send 'Gloire et Malheur' to be returned to Fanny. Balzac is certainly a man of great genius, but I think, if he had had the luck to have had a few good principles, or even a taste for virtue, it would have helped his taste for literature, and would have given a unity of design and effect to his pieces, in which even the most splendid are now deficient: the hang-care about the moral evident in the writer produces a corresponding hang-care in the reader as to the permanent interest and remembrance. The motto of La Femme Vertueuse should be, 'Ah, que de vertus vous me faites haïr!' The bigot wife and the whole house are admirably drawn to make them hateful, but at last the poor creature is so horridly used by her sentimentally immoral, selfish, brutally severe husband, that I declare I felt I took her part, though she was a good woman!"

[1] Brother to Maria's correspondent, Miss Mordecai, afterwards Mrs. Lazarus, who had been staying at Edgeworthstown, and had gone to Mr. Butler's. Another brother, Captain Alfred Mordecai, had paid us a visit some years previously. I still correspond with Captain Mordecai, and his sister, Miss Ellen Mordecai.

To Rev. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, June* 6, 1839.

"My dear Richard,

"Four royal personages, four crowned kings, each with his head on his shoulders, and each with his crown on his head—much to be said of four sovereigns in these times—are now come a-begging to your door, begging to be admitted to dine with you *to-day*, and to dine with you, if you have no objection, every day of your life.

"'Every day! I had made up my mind to give them their dinner to-day; but every day do they expect?'

"Make up your mind for every day, my dear sir; princes and kings are encroaching expecting people, and you can do no less than receive them graciously, and at Trim, for 'auld acquaintance' sake, you can do no less.

"I see you open wide the dining-room door fit for their four majesties, and methinks, as they enter, each whispers,[1] 'Not the first time we have been at Trim, but never in such good plight.' 'Not a prisoner now in that vile castle,' quoth young Harry; and Henry II. bows to Harriet, 'Mrs. Butler, I presume.' 'Hang them up! hang them all up!' says Harriet. And I hope you will hang them, and so remain,

"Your obliged and affectionate

"Maria Edgeworth."

[1] Henry II. was never at Trim, but King John spent one night there. Richard II. held his court in the castle, and kept Henry V., when "a young and slender gentleman," prisoner there.

These four framed prints (Virtue's) of Henry II., King John, Richard II., and Henry V., were immediately hung in the dining-room at Trim, and were Mr. Butler's companions at dinner for more than twenty years.

To Mrs. Edgeworth,
in London.

"*Edgeworthstown, Aug.* 25, 1839.

"You will, I am sure, give me credit for having so well and pleasantly performed our visits—Rosa, Lucy, and Francis with me—to the Pakenhams and Pollards. Francis found Mr. Pollard very agreeable, and was charmed with Mrs. Pollard's manners and conversation. We called on Mrs. Dease on our return, and walked in her garden, in which, in all my seventy years, I never walked before, and saw huge bunches of crimson Indian pinks, some of which are now in my garden, and well doing there.

"In the morning, before we went to Kinturk, came a note from a gentleman at the *White Hart*, Edgeworthstown, waiting for an answer: an American medical professor, Dr. Gibson. It was very unlucky that I was engaged to go out—irrevocably settled: however, I sat two hours and a half with Dr. Gibson, and very clever and agreeable I found him; and he quite won my heart by his enthusiastic admiration of the Surgeon-General. 'Ma'am, he is the most delightful person I ever saw. He is the first man of his age in his profession. He is the cleverest man and the most agreeable I have seen in Europe, full of genius and of heart.'

"Upon the strength of this I gave him a note to No. 1, North Audley Street, and Honora gave him an invitation to Gloucester Place, and I charged him to see and hear Doctor Robinson, whom he will meet at the Birmingham Scientific Meeting, and I gave him an autograph of Sir Walter Scott, and then we had to leave him, but we left him with 'Mrs. Beaufort and Mrs. Mary Sneyd,' and promised him 'Mr. and Mrs. Butler.'

"We met Mr. Butler and Harriet, and all the little dears with the large eyes, and we had a talk on the highway and told him of the American gentleman, and in my hurry thrusting my head out of the carriage for the last time I called him Doctor *Hudson*, and Cassidy, when he announced him to Mr. Butler, exclaimed, 'Doctor Simpson.' 'Gibson, if you please,' quoth he. Mr. Butler liked him, and the evening passed pleasantly I am told. Doctor Gibson had read and much liked Doctor Holland's book. In the year 1808, when he was at Edinburgh, he had a letter of introduction to Doctor Holland, then a distinguished student there; he had not an opportunity of presenting it, but kept it with seal unbroken, took it to America and brought it back with him now, and when he presented it to Doctor Holland, he said on reading it, 'My friend must have mistaken the date, he says 1808, but he must have meant 1838.'"

In February 1840, on the adoption of the Penny Post system, she wrote to her brother Sneyd, "It is a curious instance of family coincidence that your letter to me began with the very words with which I began my last letter to Fanny, and the same reflection upon the

words; 'A penny for your thoughts,' may now purchase the thoughts of any correspondent in the British Empire."

Maria at first rather missed the packets she used to send, and was troubled by the weighing and having to proportion her enclosures to the proper number of pence. Many official friends had for several years been most kind in allowing her to send her MSS. and letters through their offices, and she used to like the doing up these packets, and still more, opening those she received and distributing the contents to many members of the family. Sneyd used to laugh at her love of getting franks and diverted her with the following couplet:—

"No incense is grateful to venal M. E.,
Save the *Frank*-incense of ev'ry M. P."

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, July* 16, 1840.

"The Banker Lord has been sent to me with a beautiful drawing frontispiece of a frog and a bull. It is a very clever entertaining novel, with a character of Crampton and a delightful Miss Kitty."

"*July* 24.

"I shall be very glad if any information I have gained about Hieres can be of any use. As to having 'a pet sick clergyman with a nurse-wife,' in my pocket ready for you, as travelling companions, I have none such in my view or in my prospect."

"*Sept.* 23.

"*Let alone* the pride, I cannot tell you really, the pleasure your letter, accepting my work, gave me. Be assured that my needling never hurt my little eyes in the least. I heard from Mrs. Cruger that though she was not at New York when your protégée and her husband arrived, she wrote to a friend immediately for them, and 'finds the tailor has got plenty of work, and is likely to do well.' Here I have come to a great blot, and have not time to work it up or scratch it out. I am very well, and between working, and accounts, and knitting, and writing, get on very well, but long to have you again."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Trim, Nov.* 1, 1840.

"Dearest Mother,

"I am *perfect,* so no more about it, and thank you from my heart and every component part of my precious self for all the care and successful care you have taken of me, your old petted nursling. Thank you and Mrs. Mitchell for the potted-meat luncheon, and Mr. Tuite for his grapes,—Mary Ann and Charlotte had some. I was less tired than I could have expected when I reached Trim, and there was Mr. Butler on the steps ready to welcome us, and candles and firelight in the drawing-room so cheerful. I slept like a sleeping top. Harriet read out 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' which, with all its chivalresque interest, I do like very much. I am sure Rosa's Spanish interest in the book will grow by that it feeds upon, and I am

very glad that she who has such fresh genuine pleasure in literature should have this book, which is so beautifully written, because it is so well felt by the author. Poor kind man. I will write to Mr. Ticknor as soon as I come to Finis.

"The birds got home well; but travelling, Harriet tells me, does not agree with them, because they cannot stick upon their perch, and it is a perpetual struggle between cling and jolt."

"*Nov.* 8.

"I write in driving haste, even in this most learned-leisure place, to tell you that the 'Labourer's Account Book' has just been found by the children; it must have been swept off the hall table with our books and sandwiches and put into the carriage, and I suppose that you and Lucy and Gahan have been going distracted about it ever since, and building a hundred vain theories to account for its disappearance.

"Barry arrived. Harriet and I, and Waller, found him with candles just lighted on our return from Dunsany. 'My lady ill of a cold in her bed.'

"I hope Flower will not loose his hold over Wilson of Agharicard's crop—a whole year's rent must be paid *out of this crop,* or else the man is ruined, and Sneyd will lose the money; and we should have to do the horrid thing of taking the *land* from Wilson; therefore I beseech you, and Francis, and Flower for true mercy's sake to force it to be done."

"*Nov.* 10.

"I enclose a note of Miss Crampton's and two notes of Lady Normanby's. I never read more unaffected

affectionate wife-like letters. How gratifying they must be to Crampton, and it raises one's opinion of Lord Normanby himself to find he can so attach a woman and a wife.

"The 'History of a Flirt,' which Harriet is reading to me, is rather entertaining but not interesting—a new and ingenious idea of a flirt, who is not looking for establishment or match-making, and therefore her disinterestedness charms all the lords and gentlemen who have been used to match-making mothers and young-lady-hunters for titles, and under favour of this disinterestedness her insolence and faithlessness is passed over, while all the time she is in love with a Captain with 'soft Venetian eyes,' as Mrs. Thrale used to say of Piozzi. Here, enter my parcel from you—and Lady Harriet Fowler."

"*Nov.* 16.

"The ear-comforter or earwig is beautiful and comfortable, and is, I hear, as becoming to me as was the Chancellor's wig to Francis Forbes when he acted 'Of Age to-morrow.' I am acting of age to-day, and very gay, and perhaps may arrive at years of discretion at eighty, if I live so long. I certainly wish to live till next month that I may see you all at home again. You know the classic distich, which my father pointed out and translated for me, which was over the entrance door of the Cross Keys inn, near Beighterton:—

> 'If you are told you will die to-morrow you smile:
> If you are told you will die a month hence you will sigh.'

I do not know where this may be in a book, but I know it is in human nature.

"We went to Black Castle, a melancholy visit[1] as you may suppose. I walked to Swinnerton the last morning before breakfast, full of sad and bitter thoughts."

"*Hamstead Hall, Mr. Moilliet's,*
"*Dec.* 2, 1840.

"Here I am, my dear mother. We had an excellent passage, and Francis got me through all the hurly-burly with all the ease imaginable, and we got off by the railway. The Moilliets all kindness. Dear Mrs. Moilliet! she and Mr. Moilliet are as kind as ever, and were so affectionately glad to see me.

"It is time to go back to No. 9, Hatch Street, and tell you how kind Harriet and Louisa were to me. I saw many old friends. I went to see Mrs. Lyne—a touching visit; she was very affectionate, and the visit gave her pleasure to a surprising degree. There was an evening party at Hatch Street; rooms beautifully lighted with wax candles, plenty, which I like better than gas. Baron Foster and his daughter, Lady Dillon, Miss Hamiltons, and Miss McCausland, and Miss Schoales and her brother, very entertaining about Swan River. Baron Foster very affectionate."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"1, *North Audley Street, Dec.* 26.

"While Francis is *pro*-ing and con-ing with Fanny about alterations in his house at Clewer, I may go on with my scribbling, and tell you that Honora luncheoned here, and then off we went to Mrs. Debrizey's—Mrs.

[1] Mr. Fitzherbert had died February 17, 1840.

Darwin's—Mrs. Hensleigh Wedgewood, Mrs. Guillemard, and Mrs. Marcet, at Mrs. Edward Romilly's.

"Mrs. Darwin is the youngest daughter of Jos. Wedgewood, and is worthy of both father and mother; affectionate, and unaffected, and—young as she is, full of old times, she has her mother's radiantly cheerful countenance, even now, debarred from all London gaieties and all gaiety but that of her own mind by close attendance on her sick husband.

"Mrs. Marcet was ill in bed, but Mr. and Mrs. Edward Romilly were pleasing and willing to be pleased, and he talked over his father's Memoirs candidly and sensibly, and like a good son and a man of sense.

"'I had like to have forgotten'—strange expression! can Mr. Butler explain it? *I had like to have* forgotten and must tell Aunt Mary about Mrs. Lyster calling."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*January* 2, 1841.

"Dear Mother,

"Thank you for your birthday good wishes. How many birthdays have brought me the same never failing kindness.

"A very pleasant meeting we had yesterday at your brother's. Honora, dear Honora, was so nice and kind, nobody but ourselves. At second course appeared the essential trifle,[1] and, trifle as it was, it was quite delightful to me with Honora's smile.

[1] A trifle always appeared on Maria's birthday, because once on New Year's Day when a trifle had been ordered and the dish was placed on the table there was found under the flowers, not cake and cream, but a little story Maria had written, "A Trifle." The young folk had a real trifle afterwards.

"Did you ever taste figs stuffed with almonds? I hope you never may taste them! very bad, I assure you, but how the almonds got in puzzled me; all tight and closed as the outer skin looks without ridge or joining.

"Did you ever taste Imperial Tokay? Your brother gave me some of the best ever tasted, I am told; and what do you think I said?

"'Why, this cannot be Tokay!'

"'Did you ever taste Tokay before?' said he.

"'O, yes, very often; but this is not Tokay.'

"'Be pleased to tell us what it is then,' quoth Lestock.

"'I don't know; but not Tokay, or a different sort from what I ever tasted, for that was sour and always drunk in green glasses.'

"Suddenly I recollected that I meant *Hock!*

"Do you recollect the history of the Irishman, who declared that he had seen anchovies growing on the walls at Gibraltar? Challenged a gentleman for doubting him, met, and fired, and hit his man, and when the man who was hit, sprang up as he received the shot, and the second observed—'How he capers!'

"'By the powers! It was capers I meant 'stead of anchovies.'"

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"1, *North Audley Street, Jan.* 10, 1841.

"The thermometer 31. On the 7th, at S. John's Wood, (wherever that may be,) it was 9; and at Epping, half a degree below zero!

"I am growing quite thermometer-wise, and every

morning before Lestock can well draw in his head from the open window and the bitter blast, and the biting frost and the driving snow, I ask, 'What is the thermometer, pray?'

"Apropos du pluie, apropos du beau temps—I think of you and ten thousand times a week. ('I hate exaggeration.') I wish for you when I am in want of some unremembered or *disremembered* name. I do love that Irish verb dis-remember, and I conjugate it daily from the infinitive to the preterpluperfect. Last week I preterpluperfectly disremembered when talking to Morris of Fortunio's gifted men, whether the legs of him who outrunneth the hare were tied with green or red? Parties run high for green and for red—please to settle the question.

"Please also to look in Scott's 'Napoleon' for how he says Toussaint dies? I have been reading Miss Martineau's 'Toussaint,' a fine beau ideal.

"Captain Hall has sent me his 'Patchwork'—odious title. I defended him stoutly the other day at Doctor Holland's, where a party of ladies were tearing him to pieces about his work on 'Baroness Purgstall,' and I fought so warmly that the sentimental bitter-ones gave in, and Mrs. Holland declared she knew from her father, 'that Captain Hall was the most candid of authors, and takes reproof most good humouredly and gratefully.'

"Enter yesterday at five o'clock in the evening, Lady Anna Maria Donkin, and sat down and talked and most delightfully entertaining she was, and talked over the 'Dugald Stewarts' most agreeably and affectionately, and was indignant at the review in the 'Quarterly,' of Lord Dudley's letters, and she begged to introduce to me the American ambassador's lady, Mrs.

Stephenson, and most cleverly she drew her very uncommon character.

"Send to me Father Mathew's medal, so many *wonder* I did not bring it with me.

"Charles Scott came while I was writing yesterday. However aged he may be in these years of official clerkship hard work, his heart is as young and simple and open as ever; he talked in the most refreshingly free manner of persons and things. I was surprised at his saying that the Duke, whom he named as one by himself, superior and alone, was very kind and considerate to him and all the clerks. His minutes always short, full, and clear, as any dunce could understand, and so simple almost any one would say, 'I could have written that.'

"Fanny has been reading to me 'Darwin's Voyage;' delightful it is."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"1, *North Audley Street, Jan.* 13, 1841.

"Most agreeable dinner here yesterday; the *convives* were: Dr. Lushington, Mr. Andrews; Mrs. Andrews at the last sent a regret—ill in bed with a headache. Honora came in her stead. Mr. Macintosh and Miss Carr; Dr. Lushington beside Fanny, and carving remarkably well and most entertaining and agreeable; he raised the heart's laugh frequently, and the head's by fresh, not old-faded-London-diner-out bonmots, anecdotes, and facts worth knowing, all with the assistance of Mr. Andrews, so remarkably agreeable and gentlemanly a gentleman; they played into each other's hands and mine delightfully, and Fanny's, and Ho-

nora's, and the ball came to everybody pat, in turn. The ball did I say? Boomareng I should have said, for it came back always nicely to the thrower.

"I must tell you an anecdote I heard yesterday from Mr. Kenyon, brother of Lord Kenyon's, a saying of Mrs. Brooke, sister of Baron Garrow, who, notwithstanding his bullying manner in court, was a man easily swayed in private, always influenced by the last thing said by the last person in his company—all which was compressed by Mrs. Brooke into: 'With my brother *presence is power.*'"

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"1, *North Audley Street, Feb.* 24, 1841.

"My ultimate intention and best hope for my own selfish satisfaction is to go with you and Mr. Butler to that poor *uncentred*[1] desolate home at Edgeworthstown.

"What an inexpressible comfort that you were with your mother, Lucy, and Honora, and my dear lost aunt to the last.

"I must tell you to desire your carman to call at the Steam Packet Office, Dublin, for a case which contains some framed prints from Wilkie's pictures, which Colnaghi assured me are now scarce, and Landseer's Return from Hawking, to hang where my mother's crayon drawings[2] were, which you restored to their rightful owner."

[1] Mrs. Mary Sneyd died at the age of ninety, on the 10th of February, 1841.

[2] Copies from Morland, which are now at my sister, Miss Beaufort's, in Dublin.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*March* 14, 1841.

"Here I am, like a Sybarite, but with luxuries such as a Sybarite or Sybaritess never dreamed of: a cup of good coffee and some dry toast and butter, a good coal fire on my right, a light window on my left, dressing-table opposite, with large looking-glass, which reflects, not my face, which for good reasons of my own I never wish to see, but a beautiful green lawn and cedars of Lebanon; and on my mantlepiece stand jars of Nankin china, and shells from—Ocean knows where. And where do you think I am? At Heathfield Lodge, Croydon, the seat of Gerard Ralstone, Esq.; and met here at a large dinner yesterday Mr. Napier, and he comes for me to-morrow, and takes me to Forest Hill. At this dinner were two celebrated American gentlemen—Mr. Sparkes, who wrote Washington's Life; and Mr. Clisson, a man of fortune, and benevolently enthusiastic about colonisation in Liberia.

"*After luncheon.*

"I saw march by to Church a whole regiment of youths from Addiscombe, which is near here.

"But now I must retrograde to tell you, as I have a few minutes more than I expected, of a visit I had an hour before I set out, from a man fresh from Africa—a Scotchman by birth, a missionary by vocation, who had been twenty years abroad, almost all that time in Africa: sent to the Hottentots in the first place, and he converted many, and taught them to sow and to reap, and the women to *sew* in the other way, all by this inde-

fatigable Mr. Moffatt; and they taught him on their part how to do the CLUCK, and Mr. Moffatt did it for me. It is indescribable and inimitable. It is not so loud as a hen's cluck to her chickens, but more quick and abrupt.

"He said that when he was ordered to return home, he felt it as a sentence of banishment. 'I had lived so long in Africa, I felt it my home, and I had almost forgotten how to speak English. I almost dreaded to be among white faces again.'"

"1, *North Audley Street.*

"Mr. Napier brought me here by half after twelve.

"I had a delightful drive with him in his little pony phaeton from Croydon to Forest Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Napier are more and more delightful to me in conversation and manners the more I see of them. A brother, Captain Napier, very conversable, and full of humour; he has a charming daughter, and has been in all parts of the world, and loves Ireland and the Irish.

"I should have told you of my going with Mrs. Marcet and Mrs. Edward Romilly to see a pauper school at Battersea, established by a certain Dr. Kaye: boys educating for masters answered well, and looked healthy and happy; and at luncheon a Maltese who was to be a teacher, and had learnt English in a few months wonderfully well. He looked dark, and spoke fair. After luncheon we went out on the green lawn, and down the broad gravel walks we saw running, rejoicing and shouting to each other, a troop of boys, taking their hour of liberty, some swinging, some at gymnastics. Full tilt I met running, *les jambes au*

corps, a lump of a boy about eleven or twelve, a New Zealander, with large head and frizzled black hair, and face as yellow as dirty gold, and eyes as keen savage as ever you saw in print or drawing, very like 'Button' Fanny copied from Fitzroy's Voyage. I stopped him to talk and try to get something out of him, but he was so shy and so stupid, that I could get nothing out of him but aye or no, and his eyes askance would never look at me; and so I let him go. A savage he was, a savage he is, and a savage he will ever be.

"On a bench in the agricultural schoolroom, among the auditors, I saw the Mr. Smith whom I met at Ballinahinch, now most seriously bent on learning agriculture for his people in the Scilly Islands, one of which he has bought. Met also at this school a very polite, pleasing Mr. and Mrs. Eden, he a brother of Lord Auckland's, a tall man, who hung me on his arm; and we talked of India, and Mrs. Eden talked of 'Early Lessons,' and her children's eyes vouched truly, and I was willing to believe."

In the spring of this year I had a rheumatic fever while Maria was in London, and she wrote to Sir Philip Crampton to go down to Edgeworthstown to see me.

To Miss Lucy J. Edgeworth.

"1, *North Audley Street, April*, 1841.

"All I hope is that my dearest mother was not 'annoyed,' and did not think I had made a fuss. You must, I am sure, have been relieved by having had Crampton to see and judge, and pronounce that no-

thing had been done amiss; but if you could know the good it did Fanny to read Crampton's letter this morning, and to me, my poor little self, the *insurance* of my mother's recovery!

"My dears, you are all wrong and we are all right, and we are so happy I have no sense. Fanny has had a good night, and is all bright as the day; and Honora is sitting beside her in this library, and sunshine on the green trees all in leaf."

"*April* 23.

"I met, at the Countess de Salis', Dr. Lindley, who, when he was introduced to me, asked me if *the* Mr. Edgeworth in India, of whom he had heard so much as a botanist, was any relation of mine?

"'Only my brother,' said I, modestly.

"Read Madame Belloc's letter: whatever she offers, she would be, I am certain, as good as her word."

During the rest of Maria's visit to London at this time my daughter, Mrs. Wilson, was so ill, that Maria's time was almost entirely spent in her sick room. She saw very little of her friends, and her letters were only bulletins of the state of her invalid, and anxiety for me, as I was slowly recovering from rheumatic fever.

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"1, *North Audley Street, April,* 1841.

"I must tell you now of my visit to Warfield Lodge. Henrietta and Wren met me at the station, and all the way, when they spoke, it seemed as if I had parted

from them but yesterday. When I saw Miss O'Beirne, there was, opposite to me, that fine, full-coloured, full of life, speaking picture of Mrs. O'Beirne. The place as pretty as ever, and it was impossible for the most hospitable luxury to do more for me, and with the most minute recollective attention to all my olden-times habits and ways. I would not for anything that could be given or done for me, not have paid this visit.

"One evening Miss O'Beirne invited some friends I was particularly glad to see—three daughters of my dear Sir John Malcolm, all very fine young women, with fine souls, and vast energy and benevolence, worthy of him."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"9, *Hatch Street, Dublin, May,* 1841.

"A welcome more delightfully welcome could not have met my eyes than your note, with which your sister Harriet met me, ready dressed to receive me at a quarter before eight.

"I left London without anxiety about Fanny, as I had to the last hour satisfactory accounts of her from Harriet Butler from Brighton. Lestock brought me to the right minute to the station, and there was Charles Fox ready for me. The easiness of the rail-road from Birmingham rested me completely, after the roughness and joggling of that from London. On board the packet were Sir William Betham, and the Recorder, and Colonel Connolly, who gathered round Charles and me, and talked an immensity of politics and literature, and compliments interspersed: as calm

a night as could be. Harriet Butler has written to Danford to have things ready for me at Trim, and I have written to Margaret to meet me there."

To Mrs. R. Butler.[1]

"*Trim, June* 4, 1841.

"Margaret was on the steps to receive me with her rare smile: rosy Maurice and pale Danford ready for me, as if I had been the grandest duchess in the land; and well would it be for the grandest duchess if she ever saw people so glad to see her, and so eager to serve her.

"I was afraid that, after all you had so kindly said about the prints, I should be disappointed when I saw them; but, candidly, I am not at all disappointed, but pleased—especially with the Hawking."

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.* 27.

"I send you some Spanish books which I bought, with one eye upon you and one upon Rosa. I sat up till past one o'clock a few nights ago, and caught cold, looking through the whole of 'Hudibras,' for what at last could not be found in it, though I still am confident it is there—

'Murder is lawful made by the excess.'

"In the middle of my hunt my mind misgave me that it was in the Fable of the Bees, and I went through it line by line, and for my pains can swear it is not

[1] Mrs. Butler and her nieces were at this time at Brighton with my daughter, Mrs. Wilson, and Miss Ruxton went from Black Castle to meet Maria at Trim. Dean Butler was in the County of Kilkenny.

there. It is wonderful that, at seventy-four, I can be so ardent in the chase, certainly not for the worth of the game, nor yet for the triumph of finding; for I care not whether I am the person to find it or not, so it is found. Pray find it for me."

"*Oct.* 9.

"Just returned from Sonna. It was very melancholy to see that place without Mrs. Tuite.

"Kate Strickland came yesterday, fresh as a rose, but faded before night, as she had been up at two o'clock in the morning. None can stand that but you and Lady Georgiana Bathurst."

"*Jan.*, 1842.

"You say I may find it[1] in Mélanges de Segur: we have not it; have you? We have 'Mélanges,' as the bookbinder blockhead has entitled it at the back of the book: Essais par Mlle. Melun, and Chansons par Segur: but no prose. I looked over every article of Mlle. Melun's, including that on 'Castle Rackrent,' and Thady wiping the stairs. Do not pity for my hunt; I love paper hunts, and was well paid by finding the book in the catalogue, and in its place. We have begun 'Blue Belles:' entertaining, but the personality is too striking."

To Mrs. Francis Beaufort.

"*March* 7, 1842.

"I wish you would tell me about Bude lights: I am afraid of their being better than gas lights, and ruining me and my gas shares.

[1] L'Avocat Patelin.

"I am charmed with Alison's French Revolution, and my mother with Madame D'Arblay's Diary, and we read out pieces and scraps across the table to one another. It makes the oddest cross-readings of Robespierre's horrors and 'Blue Witlings,' the comedy Madame D'Arblay wrote, and which her father condemned; and her letter to him is very amiable, quite charming.

"I shall send to you by Mr. Hugh Tuite my beautiful bonbonière, your new year's gift, to have it replenished. It is the delight of my life, and of three—I might say six—other lives, your mother, brother, and his wife and three children."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 10, 1842.

"Thank you for 'Les Plaideurs,' open at 'the Deluge'[1]—I am convinced. We have been much entertained and interested in 'Macaulay's Life of Hastings,' in the 'Edinburgh;' but some of it is too gaudily written, and mean gaudiness, unsuited to the subject—such as the dresses of the people at Westminster Hall; and I think Macaulay's indignation against Glegg for his adulation of Hastings, and his not feeling indignation against his crimes, is sometimes noble, and sometimes mean and vituperative."

To Mrs. Beaufort.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 12.

"Miss Quin has been here. Struck with the name,

[1] Maria had had an argument about the line in Racine's "Les Plaideurs," where the lawyer begins with the Creation, and, to please the judge, waives the history till the Deluge—"Passons au Deluge."

when she heard Harriet Beaufort's, she said her most intimate friend at Amsterdam was Baron de Beaufort, great nephew to your captain's great uncle Louis, the owner of the Library. She has been telling me that my father, about fifty years ago, made an artificial hand for her father, which he used for many years till it rusted and broke.

"Mr. Creed, my dear good Mr. Creed, has been most kind in taking into his employment one of the young Gerrards who behaved so gallantly in recovering their father's arms from robbers. The poor people are seldom rewarded when they do right, yet surely, in the government of human creatures, Hope and Reward are strong and elevating powers, while Fear and Punishment can at best only restrain from crime. Hope can produce the finest and most permanent springs of action.

"We have not been able to go on with our reading for some days. The more I live I see more and more the misery of uncultivated minds, and the happiness of the cultivated, when they can keep themselves free from literary and scientific jealousies and party spirit. Your husband is, in this respect, one of the happiest men I know; and Dr. Robinson thinks so."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, March,* 1842.

"We have richly enjoyed what you foresaw would delight us—the charming gift of the salvers of Mary Anne and Charlotte to their uncle. How well imagined! how well executed! how well received!

"I am surprised to find how much more history interests me now than when I was young, and how much

more I am now interested in the same events recorded, and their causes and consequences shown, in this History of the French Revolution, and in all the History of Europe during the last quarter of a century, than I was when the news came fresh and fresh in the newspapers. I do not think I had sense enough to take in the relations and proportions of the events. It was like moving a magnifying glass over the parts of a beetle, and not taking in the whole."

To Miss Margaret Ruxton,
then residing at Hieres.

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 16, 1842.

"It seems such an immense time since I have heard from you, so now I sit down to earn a letter.

"And first I have to tell you that, on the 14th, between the hours of eleven and twelve, a new cousin of yours was brought into this world, a monstrous large boy: Rosa doing well: house very full,[1] but all as quiet as mice. We breakfast in the study, to keep all noise from Rosa in the plume room.

"It is time to tell you that Pakenham is here, and Fanny, and Honora, and Harriet, and Mary Anne, and Charlotte; and we are as happy as ever we can be. Pakenham's tastes are all domestic, yet he has the most perfect knowledge of business, great penetration of eye, and cool, self-possessed manners, like one used to judgment and command, yet not proud of doing either. He has brought with him such proofs of his industry as are quite astonishing; such collections of

[1] All the family had assembled to meet my son Pakenham on his return, on leave, from India.

drawings, both botanical and sketches of country. How he found time to do all this, and spend six hours per day at Cucherry—all as one as sessions—and to write his journal of every day for eleven years, I really cannot comprehend; but so it is."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, June* 17, 1842.

"It is now five o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall have not come. It is Lestock's last day, and he and Fanny and Lucy are so busy and so happy putting the transit instrument to rights, and setting black spotted and yellow backed spinning spiders at work to spin for the meridian lines. I have just succeeded in catching the right sort by descending to the infernal regions, and setting kitchenmaid and housemaid at work. I was glad Mr. and Mrs. Hall did not arrive just at the crisis of the operation—all completed now.

"Ask Mr. Butler if there is any subscription necessary or expected from me, now that I have been so honourably made an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy? I would not for the world omit anything that ought to be done now that I am M.R.I.A."

"*July* 8.

"Baron, no longer Judge Foster, came back to us from Longford[1] yesterday to dinner, much recovered from what he was last year.

"I am going literally to beg my bread and lodging at your door on my way to Dublin, and I do so sans

[1] He died suddenly at Cavan two days after this letter was written

phrase. I remember that, when I used to write to offer myself to Aunt Ruxton, I regularly added, 'You know, my dear aunt, I can sleep in a drawer;' and she used to answer, 'I know you can, my dear, and you are welcome; but write a day beforehand, that I may have the drawer ready.'"

"*Dublin, July* 11.

"*At Charles Fox's.*

"Your dear mother arrived safe[1] and blooming—ay, blooming to Margaret's admiration—yesterday at half-past seven. She dined here and tead and coffeed, and went off with Pakenham at ten; and it seemed but a minute, and yet she stowed into that minute the history of a fortnight well spent.

"I enclose a note from affectionate 'Harriette de Salis:'[2] it will touch you as it did me.

"I was at the burning of Moscow last night in Alison, with all the details from Rostopchin's own lips. My little American box was found, with 'Sketches of Georgia,' in which is this sentence: 'Miss Deedy *blushed sarcastically*'—how?"

To Mrs. Francis Beaufort.

"*Edgeworthstown, Oct.* 27, 1842.

"Most kind and most judiciously kind Honora, you have written the very thing I had been thinking as I lay awake last night, I would write to you, but scrupled. I certainly will take your advice, and spend my Christ-

[1] I had been at Killarney with my son, and on a visit to my brother William, near Cork.

[2] On the death of her brother, Baron Foster.

mas at home with Pakenham, although I cannot, nor do I wish to, fill up his feeling of the blanks in this house. There is something mournful, yet pleasingly painful, in the sense of the ideal presence of the long-loved dead. Those images people and fill the mind with unselfish thoughts, and with the salutary feeling of responsibility and constant desire to be and to act in this world as the superior friend would have wished and approved.

"There is such difficulty this season for the poor tenants to make up their rents; cattle, oats, butter, potatoes, all things have so sunk in price. In these circumstances it is not only humane, but absolutely necessary, that landlords should give more time than usual. Some cannot pay till after certain fairs in the beginning of November—that I must have stayed for, at all events. Indeed, they have shown so much consideration for me, and striven so to make up the money that they might not *detain* me, that I should be a brute and a tyrant if I did not do all I could on my part to accommodate them."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Dec.*, 1842.

"Mrs. Hall has sent to me her last number, in which she gives Edgeworthstown. All the world here are pleased with it, and so am I. I like the way in which she has mentioned my father particularly. There is an evident kindness of heart, and care to avoid everything that could hurt any of our feelings, and at the same time a warmth of affectionate feeling unaffectedly expressed, that we all like it, in spite of our dislike to 'that sort of thing.'"

In January, 1843, Maria was for several weeks ill of a bilious fever and severe cough, from which she recovered very slowly.

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Feb.*, 1843.

"'Your callow nestling of domestic bliss' is going on well, feathering fast, and strengthening. The flesh will follow where the pincers tear, but I made no moan after you, only I was so completely exhausted that I could not speak or stir."

"10*th*.

"I need not say anything of myself, because everybody else says so much. My purpose is to speak of Dr. Holland's unspeakable goodness; and when you read the passage with its grace of kindness to Dr. Clifford,[1] tell my dear doctor how much it gratified me. His name shall not remain unknown.

"Pakenham is to be home to-night, and says that the Robinsons' movements depend upon Sir James South, and Sir James declares he won't stir from Birr Castle till he has seen in the great telescope something about the nebulæ or the moon; but as Pakenham judiciously observes, this resolution of Sir James' must have a limit in nature, and that the limit, taking the moon and all into consideration, must be Tuesday next; then on Tuesday the Robinsons are free, and I hope that you will be able to come. I have told Dr. Robinson my anxiety that his and his daughter's visit should not be delayed, as I want change of air, and must go to Trim."

[1] Dr. Clifford, a very able surgeon at Trim, who had come to Edgeworthstown to attend Maria, and to whom she owed her recovery.

To Miss Margaret Ruxton,
at Hieres.

"*Trim, March* 20, 1843.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Margaret, for all your anxiety about me. I am strengthening. We have no news or events; we live very happily here. On Friday last, being S. Patrick's day, there were great doings here, and not drunken doings, not drowning the shamrock in whisky, but honouring the shamrock with temperance rejoicings and music, that maketh the heart glad without making the head giddy or raising the hand against law or fellow-creatures. Leave was asked by the Temperance Band and company to come into Mr. Butler's lawn to play a tune or two, as they were pleased to express it, for Miss Edgeworth. The gates were thrown open, and in came the band, a brass band, with glittering horns, &c., preceded by Priest Halligan, whom you may recollect, in a blue and white scarf floating graceful, and a standard flag in his hand. A numerous crowd of men, women, and children came flocking after, kept in order by some Temperance Society staff officers with blue ensigns.

"I, an invalid, was not permitted to go out to welcome them, but I stood at my own window, which I threw open, and thanked them as loud as I could, and curtseyed as low as my littleness and my weakness would allow, and was bowed to as low as saddle-bow by priests on horseback and musicians and audience on foot: Harriet on the steps welcoming and sympathising with these poor people; and delightful it was to see Mr. Butler bareheaded shaking hands with the priest, who almost threw himself from his horse to give him his hand.

"Mr. Tuite, that dear good old gentleman, died a few days ago at Sonna, in his ninety-seventh year; his good son, in his note to my mother, announcing the event says, 'It is a comfort to think that to the very last he had all the comfort, spiritual and earthly, that he could need or desire.'

"Miss Bremer, of Stockholm, has published a novel, translated by Mary Howitt, which is one of the most interesting, new, and truly original books I have seen this quarter century. Its title does not do it justice. 'Our Neighbours:' which might lead you to expect a gossiping book, or at best something like 'Annals of my Parish'—tout au contraire; it is sketches of family life, a romantic family, admirably drawn—some characters perhaps a little overstrained, but in the convulsions of the overstraining giving evidence of great strength—beg, buy, or borrow it, if you can, and if not, envy us who have it.

"Envy us, also, 'La Vie du Grand Condé,' written in French, by Lord Mahon, not published, only a hundred copies struck off, and he has honoured me with a present of a copy. Of the style and correctness of the French I am not so presumptuous as to pretend to be a competent judge, but I can say that in reading it I quite forgot it was by an Englishman, and never stopped to consider this or that expression, and I wish, dear Margaret, that you had the satisfaction of reading this most interesting entertaining book.

"Dickens' 'America' is a failure; never trouble yourself to read it; nevertheless, though the book is good for little, it gives me the conviction that the man is good for much more than I gave him credit for; a real desire for the improvement of the lower classes, and

this reality of *feeling* is, I take it, the secret, joined to his great power of humour—of his ascendant popularity."

To Miss Bannatyne.

"*Trim, April,* 1843.

"My dear Miss Bannatyne,

"Your kind letter to Harriet and your affectionate inquiries about my health arrived this morning, and I am eager, with my own hand, to thank you and to assure you that I am quite recovered. I have been so nursed and tended by all my friends that I really can think of nothing but myself; nevertheless, I am sometimes able to think of other things and persons. During my convalescence Harriet has read to me many entertaining and interesting books: none to me so interesting, so charming, as the Life and Letters of your countryman, that honour to your country and to all Britain, and to human nature—Francis Horner: a more noble disinterested character could not be; in the midst of temptations with such firm integrity, in the midst of party spirit as much superior to its influence as mortal man could be! and if sympathy with his friends, and the sense that public men must pull together to effect any purpose may, as Lord Webb Seymour asserts, have swayed Horner, or biased him a little from his original theoretic course, still it never was from any selfish or in the slightest degree corrupt or unworthy motive. I much admire Lord Webb Seymour's letter to Horner, and not less Horner's candid, honest, and temperate answer. What friends he made for himself of the best and most able of the land, not only admired but trusted and consulted by

them all, and not only trusted and consulted, but beloved. This book really makes one think better of human nature. Of all his friends I think more highly than I ever thought or knew before I read his letters to them and theirs to him. There never was such a unanimous tribute to integrity in a statesman as was paid to Horner by the British Senate at his death: I remember it at the time, and I am glad to see it recorded in this book. It will waken or keep alive the spirit of public and private virtue in many a youthful mind. I see with pleasure your father's name in the book, and the names and characters of many of our dear Scotch friends. My head and heart are so full of it that I really know not how to stop in speaking of it.

"I am just going to write to Lady Lansdowne how much I was delighted by seeing her and Lord Henry Petty, but especially herself, mentioned exactly in the manner in which I thought of her and of him, when we first became acquainted with them, which was just at the very time of which Mr. Horner speaks. Lady Lansdowne gave me a drawing of Little Bounds, which is now hanging up in our library unfaded. It is a gratification to me to feel that I appreciated both her talents and her character as Horner did, before all the world found out that she was a SUPERIOR person.

"My brother Pakenham was delighted with his tour in Scotland, and with his renewal of personal intercourse with his dear Scotch friends: all steady as Scotch friends ever are and kind and warm—the warmth once raised in them never cooling—anthracite coal—layer after layer, hot to the very inside kernel. Pakenham is now in London with my sisters Fanny and Honora—Fanny has wonderfully recovered her health.

She has several Scotch friends in London, of whom she is very fond, from Joanna Baillie to her young friends, Mrs. Andrews and her sisters. Mr. Andrews is a very agreeable, sensible, conversable man; I saw something of him when I was last in London, and hope to see more when I return there. If I continue as well as I am now I intend, please God, to make my promised visit to London some time this autumn, when the hurly-burly of the fashionable season is over."

While at Trim Maria received the announcement of her sister Lucy's engagement to Doctor Robinson, which gave her exquisite pleasure: "never," as she wrote at the time, "never was a marriage hailed with more family acclaim of universal joy."

She sent a very long and most interesting account of the marriage, which took place on the 8th of June, to her cousin Margaret Ruxton, who was then residing in the South of France, but the letter was lost, it never reached its destination.

To Rev. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, June,* 1843.

"My dear Friend,

"You were always my friend, and I trust you will befriend me in a little matter on which my whole heart is set.

"Mr. Mackay[1] has been so good as to undertake to have the frames of a greenhouse or conservatory made for me, and to send them down when completed to

[1] Mr. Mackay, Curator of the College Botanic Garden, in Dublin.

Trim, with a workman to put them up, and to do the brickwork of the flue, &c. Dear sir! all I want of you is your blessing and consent, and to know where you would like to have it placed."

The enjoyment which this greenhouse afforded to Mr. Butler was a source of unmixed delight to Maria, who had the greatest pleasure in planning and executing this appropriate gift.

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 1, 1843.

"I have just wakened and risen from the sofa rejoicing, like a dwarf, 'to run my course.' I was put to sleep, not by magnetism, but by the agreeable buzz of dear Pakenham's voice reading out a man's peregrinations from Egypt to Australia—'the way was long, the road was dark,' and the reader declares I was asleep before we got to Egypt.

"Mr. Maltby *is* wondrous tall, and Pakenham has had the diversion long looked-for of seeing 'Maltby hand Maria in to dinner.' Mr. Maltby is a very gentlemanlike man, every inch of him, many as they are, and very conversable—really conversable, he both hears and talks, and follows and leads.

"The pony came back safe, and William sends his love and thanks to Mary Anne and Charlotte for their notes, which gave him the best pleasure in knowing that their use of his pony had given them so much pleasure. My rag dolls have been most successful. I never saw Francis admire any work of art so much, and Erolino lies on his back in bed admiring it."

Maria had amused herself, while recovering at Trim, in making a large doll, about eighteen inches high, entirely of rags, so that it could neither injure nor be injured in the hands of its young possessors, and in dressing it she had great pleasure in exerting all her ingenuity and needle-work skill, making a scarlet uniform and contriving the hair and inventing the whole costume.

To Mrs. Beaufort.

"*Edgeworthstown, Sept.* 14, 1843.

"'Choisissez, mon enfant, mais prenez du veau.' Choose, my dear Honora, whichever pattern you please, but take this which I enclose. We have had a very pleasant visit to Newcastle, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Gray, and I liked both very much. I thought her perfectly unpretending and unaffected; slight figure, a delicate woman, pretty dark hair and dark eyes, and pleasing expression of countenance. I never should have suspected her of being so learned or so laborious and persevering as she is."

In November, 1843, Maria went to London, and spent the winter with my daughter Mrs. Wilson.

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*North Audley Street, Dec.* 3, 1843.

"We dined at Doctor Lushington's last Thursday—the dinner was very merry and good-humoured. Mr. Richardson was there, and delighted I was to see him,

and he talked so affectionately of Sir Walter and auld lang syne times, and Mr. Bentham, the botanist, too, was there, Pakenham's friend, a very agreeable man. After dinner too was to me very entertaining, for I found that a lady, introduced to me as Mrs. Hawse, was daughter to Brunel, and she told me all the truth of her brother and the half-guinea in his throat, and the incision in his windpipe, and his coughing it up at last, and Brodie seeing and snatching it from between his teeth, and driving over all London to show it.

"And now we are going to tea at Dr. Holland's."

"*Monday morning.*

"That we had a very pleasant evening I need scarcely say, but to Boswell Sidney Smith would out-Boswell Boswell. He talked of course of Ireland and the Priests, and I gave good, and I trust true testimony to their being, before they took to politics—excellent parish priests, and he talked of Bishop Higgins and Repeal agitations, and I told him of 'Don't be anticipàting,' and laughing at brogue (how easy!) led him to tell me of a conversation of his with Bishop Doyle in former days—beginning with 'My lord,' propitiously and propitiatingly, 'My lord, don't you think it would be a good plan to have your clergy paid by the State?'

"Bishop Doyle assured him it would never be accepted.

"'But, suppose every one of your clergy found £150 lodged in the bank for them, and at 5 per cent. for arrears?'

"'Ah! Mr. Smith, you have a way of putting things!'

"We went to see old Lady Charleville the other

morning, and I must tell you first how kindly she spoke of Barry and all belonging to *her*. I always almost loved her for her appreciation of Sophy's character and sincere love for her, and I was much struck with the strong feeling she showed as she gave us the particulars of the death of her darling grandson, and gave me a letter he wrote to her the very day before his death. I was so touched by its simplicity and affection that I copied it while she was talking to Fanny."

"*Christmas Day.*

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

"With the addition which Lestock has just been telling to Waller—

'With your pockets full of money and your cellars full of beer.'

"Yesterday, Sunday, your kind friends, the Andrews', took Waller with us to the Temple church—it has been, you know, all new painted and dressed since I saw it last, and the knights in dark bronze-coloured marble well repaired. The tiled floor is too new, not like Mr. Butler's most respectable reverend old tiles. Mr. Andrews took us all over the church after service, and in particular pointed out one old window of painted glass, in which the bright red colour is so bright in such full freshness as is inimitable in modern art.

"We went from church to luncheon at Mrs. Andrews's, and such a luncheon; I refrain from a whole page which might be spent on it, and the dear little Anne and her own iced cake. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have contrived for Waller a delightful three days at the Polytechnic to hear Faraday's lectures, and she took him and me a drive three times round the park, a most

pleasant drive in such a bright sunshiny day. So many happy little children under the trees and on the pathways."

"*Tuesday.*

"We had Emmeline Gibbons yesterday for Christmas Day, and looked over Pakenham's last volume of 'Affghan Sketches,' which Lestock boldly unsealed for the occasion.

"Give my love to Barry, and thank him for his generous kindness to me about the greenhouse."

Major Fox had some time before wished to build a greenhouse for Mr. Butler, who had refused, and now, instead of being affronted at its being accepted from Maria he assisted her in the accomplishment of her plan.

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"1, *North Audley Street, Jan.*, 1844.

"Perhaps it would add to the pleasure of the sugar plums if you were to keep them for twelfth-night and make a *handy dandy* lottery of them, putting your hand behind your back and making the ladies first, and then the gentlemen say, which hand, &c. I hope I have counted the ladies rightly:

"Ladies: Harriet, Rosa, Emma Beaufort, Mary Anne, Charlotte.

"Gentlemen: Rev. R. Butler, Francis, Pakenham, Willy.

"Pages: Erolino, David, Richard.

"And I can afford to you only a chocolate cake and the box.

"Thank you, and pray do you thank for me all the dear kind brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, all round you, their centre and spring of good, for all the pleasure they, on my seventy-seventh birthday, from Barry's to dear little Mary's, all gave me—pleasure such as cannot be bought for money. Who would not like to live to be old if they could be so happy in friends as I am? I cannot help enclosing to you Lucy's and Doctor Robinson's greeting, as you will feel with me the pleasure both gave me.

"Dumb Francis was here on that happy first of January and assured me on his slate that he was very happy and grateful. I never see him without my Francis's sonnet repeating itself, 'The soul of honour,' &c."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"1, *North Audley Street, Jan.* 5, 1844.

"I have been reading and am reading 'Bentham's Memoirs;' he could write plain English before he invented his strange lingo, and the account of his childhood and youth are exceedingly entertaining. Fanny reads to us at night, much to Waller's interest and entertainment, Lieutenant Eyre's account of that horrid Cabul expedition—what a disgrace to the British arms and name in India. Mr. Pakenham and his nice wife came in while I was writing this, and when I asked him if the prestige of British superiority would be destroyed in India, he said, 'No: we have redeemed ourselves so nobly.'

"Waller is occupied every spare moment perfecting a Leyden phial, coated and chained properly, and giv-

ing quite large and grand sparks and pretty sharp shocks."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"1, *North Audley Street, Jan.*, 1844.

"The day before yesterday Fanny and I walked to see Mrs. Napier, all in black for Lady Clare—the suddenness of whose death, scarcely a moment's interval between the bright flash of life and the dark silence of death, was most striking and awful.

"Yesterday we went to see dear Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, all as it used to be, beautiful camellias, but she herself so sad—Miss Grant is dying. Nothing can surpass her true tenderness to this faithful gentle sincere old friend. All these illnesses and deaths are the more striking I think in a bustling capital city, than they would be in the country surrounded by one's family. There is something shocking in seeing the bustling struggling crowd who care nothing for one another dead or alive: and they may say, so much the better, we are spared unavailing thought and anguish, and yet I would rather have the thought and even the anguish—for without pain there is no pleasure for the heart: no Prayer for Indifference for me. All these *memento mori* come with some force to me at seventy-seven, and I do pray most earnestly and devoutly to God, as my father did before me, that my body may not survive my mind, and that I may leave a tender not unpleasing recollection in their hearts.

"Though I have written this, my dear mother, and feel it truly, I am not the least melancholy, or apprehensive or afraid of dying, and as to the rest I am truly

resigned, and trust to the goodness of my Creator living or dying."

"*Jan.* 13.

"At this moment enter tall Maltby, and I put into his hand the calotype which Pakenham sent to me on my birthday, and he said the portraits of the winter trees were admirable. Thursday evening at Rogers's—the party was made for us and as small as possible, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Davy, Mr. and Mrs. Empson, and Mr. Compton, and Lord Northampton. Mr. Empson very little altered in twelve years: the same affectionate heart and the same excellent head. Lord Northampton is very conversable; and Mr. Compton brought me sugared words from troops of children."

"*Half-past Six, p.m.*

"Just returned from Mrs. Drummond's—beautiful house and two pretty children—and we went to see Anna Carr's beautiful drawings of Ceylon, and no time for more."

"*Feb.* 1.

"Miss Fox's illness detained Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Bowood—she is rather better. We went to Lansdowne House yesterday, and saw Lady Shelburne for the first time, handsome, and very amiable in countenance. Lady Louisa was most charming in her attention to me, and she has a most sensible deep-thinking face."

"*Feb.* 2.

"Snowing and fogging, as white and as dark and disagreeable as ever it can be. Thank heaven, to-day

was not yesterday, which was dry, bright sunshine, on purpose to grace the Queen, and to pleasure us three in particular. Fanny ended yesterday by telling you how fortunate, or rather how kind, people had been in working out three tickets for me, at the last hour, at the last moment; for Lord Lovelace came himself between eleven and twelve at night with a ticket, which he gave me, at Lady Byron's request. You may guess how happy I was to have the third ticket for Honora, and we were all full dressed, punctual to the minute, in Fanny's carriage, and with my new-dressed opossum cloak[1] covering our knees, as warm as young toasts.

"I spare you all that you will see in the newspapers. The first view of the House did not strike me as so grand as the old House, but my mouth was stopped by 'Pro tempore only, you know.' We went up an ignominiously small staircase, and the man at the bottom, piteously perspiring, cried out, 'On, on, ladies! don't stop the way! room enough above!' But there was one objection to going on, that there were no seats above: however, we made ourselves small—no great difficulty—and, taking to the wall, we left a scarcely practicable pass for those who, less wary and more obedient than ourselves, went up one by one to the highmost void. Fanny feared for me that I should never be able to *stand* it, when somehow or another my name was pronounced and heard by one of the Miss Southebys, who stretched her cordial hand. 'Glad——proud—glad—we'll squeeze—we'll make room for you between me and my friend Miss Fitzhugh;' and so I was bodkin, but never touched the bench till long

[1] A magnificent cloak, still in my possession, made of opossum skins, sent to Maria from Sydney by Dr. Steele.

after. I cast a lingering look at my deserted sisters twain. 'No, no, we can't do that!' so, that hope killed off, I took to make the best of my own selfish position, and surveyed all beneath me, from the black heads of the reporter gentlemen with their pencils and papers before them in the form and desk immediately below me, to the depths of the hall, in all its long extent; and sprawling and stretching in the midst—with the feathered and lappeted and jewelled peeresses on their right, and their foreign excellencies on the left—were the long-robed, ermined judges, laying their wigs together and shaking hands, their wigs' many-curled tails shaking on their backs. And the wigs jointly and severally looked like so many vast white and grey birds'-nests from Brobdignag, with a black hole at the top of each, for the birds to creep out or in. More and more scarlet-ermined dignitaries and nobles swarmed into the hall, and then, in at the scarlet door, came, with white ribbon shoulder-knots and streamers flying in all directions, a broad scarlet five-row-ermined figure, with high, bald forehead, facetious face, and jovial, hail-fellow-well-met countenance, princely withal, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and the sidelong peeress benches stretched their fair hands, and he his ungloved royal hand hastily here and there and everywhere, and chattering so loud and long, that even the remote gallery could hear the 'Ha, ha, haw!' which followed ever and anon; and we blessed ourselves, and thought we should never hear the Queen; but I was told he would be silent when the Queen came, and so it proved.

"The guns were heard: once, twice, and at the second all were silent: even His Royal Highness of Cambridge ceased to rustle and flutter, and stood nobly still.

"Enter the crown and cushion and sword of state and mace—the Queen, leaning on Prince Albert's arm. She did not go up the steps to the throne well—caught her foot and stumbled against the edge of the footstool, which was too high. She did not seat herself in a decided, queenlike manner, and after sitting down pottered too much with her drapery, arranging her petticoats. That footstool was much too high! her knees were crumpled up, and her figure, short enough already, was foreshortened as she sat, and her drapery did not come to the edge of the stool: as my neighbour Miss Fitzhugh whispered, 'Bad effect.' However and nevertheless, the better half of her looked perfectly ladylike and queenlike; her head finely shaped, and well held on her shoulders with her likeness of a kingly crown, that diadem of diamonds. Beautifully fair the neck and arms; and the arms moved gracefully, and never too much. I could not at that distance judge of her countenance, but I heard people on the bench near me saying that she looked 'divinely gracious.'

"Dead silence: more of majesty implied in that silence than in all the magnificence around. She spoke, low and well: 'My lords and gentlemen, be seated.' Then she received from the lord in waiting her speech, and read: her voice, perfectly distinct and clear, was heard by us ultimate auditors; it was not quite so fine a voice as I had been taught to expect; it had not the full rich tones nor the varied powers and inflections of a perfect voice. She read with good sense, as if she perfectly understood, but did not fully or warmly feel, what she was reading. It was more a girl's well-read lesson than a Queen pronouncing her speech. She did not lay emphasis sufficient to mark the gradations of

importance in the subjects, and she did not make pauses enough. The best-pronounced paragraphs were those about France and Ireland, her firm determination to preserve inviolate the legislative union; and 'I am resolved to act in strict conformity with this declaration' she pronounced strongly and well. She showed less confidence in reading about the suspension of the elective franchise, and in the conclusion, emphasis and soul were wanting, when they were called for, when she said, 'In full confidence of your loyalty and wisdom, and with an earnest prayer to Almighty God,' &c.

"Her Majesty's exit I was much pleased to look at, it was so graceful and so gracious. She took time enough for all her motions, noticing all properly, from 'my dear uncle'—words I distinctly heard as she passed the Duke of Cambridge—to the last expectant fair one at the doorway. The Queen vanished: buzz, noise, the clatter rose, and all were in commotion, and the tide of scarlet and ermine flowed and ebbed; and after an immense time the throngs of people bonneted and shawled, came forth from all the side niches and windows, and down from the upper galleries, and then places unknown gave up their occupants, and all the outward halls were filled with the living mass: as we looked down upon them from the back antechamber, one sea of heads. We sat down on a side seat with Mrs. Hamilton Grey and her sister, and we made ourselves happy criticising or eulogising all that passed down the centre aisle: not the least chance of getting to our carriage for an hour to come. One of the blue and silver officials of the House, at a turn in one of the passages, had loudly pronounced, pointing, rod in hand, to an outer vestibule and steps, 'All who are not waiting for carriages, this way, be pleased;' and

vast numbers, ill pleased, were forced to make their exit. We went further and fared worse. While we were waiting in purgatory, several angelic wigs passed that way who noticed me, most solemnly, albeit cordially: my Lord Chief Justice Tindal, Baron Alderson, Mr. Justice Erskine, the Bishop of London—very warm indeed; had never cooled since I had met him the night before at Sir Robert Inglis's, and begged pardon for not being able to do what I had asked from him, which was for Mariquita, to subscribe to Mr. Tennant's sermons; and I thanked him about Steele, and told him how well Steele does his duty in that state of life to which Heaven and his Lordship called him—and then Mrs. Blomfield, and a very obliging, good woman she is.

"Harriet de Salis, very well dressed and very unaffected and warm-hearted, actually left her chaperone, and sat down on the steps, and talked and laughed the heart's laugh. Honora and Fanny had gone on a voyage of discovery through the sea of heads, and had found that most excellent and sensible John stuck close to the door; but as to getting the carriage up, impracticable. We had only to wait and be ready instantly, as it would have to drive off as soon as called. Workmen, bawling to one another, were hawling and hoisting out all the peeresses' benches, stripped of their scarlet; and the short and the very long of it is that we did at last hear 'Mrs. Wilson's carriage,' and in we ran, and took Mrs. Hamilton Grey in too: Fanny sat on Honora's lap, and all was right and happy; and even little I not at all tired.

"When I had got thus far, Sir Thomas Acland came in; I had met him at Sir Robert Inglis's. He was full

of Edgeworthstown and your kindness to him, my dear mother. He repeated to me all the good advice he received from you forty years ago, and says that you made him see Ireland, and have common sense. You put him in the way, and he has made his way. He is very good, very enthusiastic, and wonderfully fond of me and of 'Castle Rackrent.'"

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Warfield Lodge, April* 3, 1844.

"I am so glad I came here, and I am so glad I have my own dear Fanny with me; and she was rewarded for coming by Miss O'Beirne's most cordial reception of her; so kindly well-bred. Dear Miss Wren! for dear she has always been to me for her own merits, which are great, and from her perfect love for Mrs. O'Beirne, in which I sympathise.

"I am as well as I am happy, and not the least tired, thank you, my dear ma'am, after having seen and heard and done enough yesterday morning to have tired a young body of seventeen, instead of one in her seventy-eighth year.

"We went a charming drive through this smiling, well-wooded, well-cottaged country, to the Malcolms: met Colonel Malcolm and his eldest sister Olympia on horseback at the door, just returned from their ride, and straight Fanny fell in love with Olympia's horse—'such a beautiful animal!' But I care much more for the Colonel! charming indeed, unaffected, polite, and kind. Never had I so kind a reception! and if I were to give you a *catalogue raisonnée* of all we saw in their

rich and rare, as well as happy home, it would reach from this to Trim."

To Mrs. Edgeworth.

"*Collingwood, April* 8, 1844.

"Fine sunshiny day, and from my window I see a beautiful lawn, and two children rolling on the grass, and I hear their happy voices and their father's with them. I should have told you that on Friday Lestock took me and Emmeline, and Emmeline Gibbons and her little girl, to the Zoological Gardens, and we all were mightily delighted; but of the beasts and birds when I return.

"Here are Lord and Lady Adair—she is grateful to Sophy Palmer for her kindness when she was ill at Oxford—and Sir Edward Ryan, and one whom I was right glad to meet, 'Jones on Rent;' and I have attacked, plagued, and gratified him by urging him to write a new volume. Jones and Herschel are very fond of one another, often differing, but always agreeing to differ, like Malthus and Ricardo, who hunted together in search of Truth, and huzzaed when they found her, without caring who found her first: indeed, I have seen them both put their able hands to the windlass to drag her up from the bottom of that well in which she so strangely delights to dwell.

"I must go back to the 23rd, which was a full and well-filled day. In the morning Rogers kindly determined to catch us: came before luncheon-time, and was very agreeable and very good-natured about a drawing I showed to him by a niece of Mrs. Holland's, a young girl of fifteen, who has really an inventive

genius. I suggested to her, among the poems it is now the fashion to illustrate, Parnell's fairy tale: she has sketched the first scene—the old castle, lighted up: fairies dancing in the hall: Edwin crouching in the corner. Rogers praised it so warmly, that I regretted the girl could not hear him; it would so encourage her. He got up, dear good-natured old man, from his chair as I spoke, and went immediately to Lower Brook Street with the drawing to the young lady.

"Luncheon over, we drove to the city, to see an old gentleman of ninety-three, Mr. Vaughan, whom I am sure you remember so kindly showing the London Docks to us in 1813, with his understanding and all his faculties as clear and as fresh now as they were then; and after returning from Mr. Vaughan's, we went to the bazaar, where I wanted to buy a churn, and other toys that shall be nameless, for the children; and after all this I lay down and slept for three quarters of an hour, before time to dress for dinner. This dinner was at Lambeth: arrived exactly in time: found Mrs. Howley ready in her beautiful drawing-room, and I had the pleasure of five minutes' conversation alone with her. Oddly, it came out that she had a fine picture in the room, given to her by Mr. Legge, who inherited Aston Hall, which Mr. Legge I used to hear of continually ages ago as a sort of bugbear, being the heir-at-law to Sir Thomas Holte and Lady Holte's property. 'Very natural they could never bear the name of Legge,' said Mrs. Howley, 'but he was my relative and excellent friend;' and she pointed to an inscription in grateful honour of him under the picture. How oddly connections come out, and between people one should never have thought had heard of each other, and at such distant times.

"This dinner and evening at Lambeth proved very agreeable to me. At the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Grey, Dean Milman, the Bishop of Lichfield, Sir Thomas Sinclair, and some others whose names I do not remember—fourteen altogether. I was on the Archbishop's right hand, Mrs. Hamilton Grey on his left. Dear, simple, dignified, yet playful Archbishop, who talked well of all things, from nursery rhymes to deep metaphysics and physics. Apropos to dreams and acting in character in the strangest circumstances, I mentioned Dr. Holland's Medical Notes, and the admirable chapter on Reverie and Dreaming. He had not seen the book, but seemed interested, and said he would read it directly—a great pleasure to me (goose!) I must not go farther into the conversation with Milman, and the Archbishop's remarks upon Coleridge; it was all very agreeable, and—early hours being the order of the day and night there—I came away at ten; and as I drew up the glass, and was about to draw up Steele's opossum cloak, I felt a slight resistance—Fanny! dear, kind Fanny, so unexpected, come in the carriage for me; and a most delightful drive we had home."

"1, *North Audley Street, April* 15.

"'Slip on, for Time's Time!' said a man, coming forth with a pipe in his mouth from an inn door, exhorting men and horses of railroad omnibus. 'Slip on, Time's Time!' I have been saying to myself continually; and now I am coming to the last gasp, and Time slips so fast, that Time is not Time—in fact, there's no Time.

"Rosa's note to Fanny about glass shall be attended to, and I shall paste on the outside, 'GLASS—NOT TO BE

THROWN DOWN;' for Lord Adair had a bag thrown down the other day by reckless railway porters, in which was a bottle of sulphuric acid, which, breaking and spilling, stained, spoiled, and burned his Lordship's best pantaloons. I have packed up my bottles with such elastic skill, that I trust my petticoats will not share that sad fate."

Maria now left London for the last time. This was her last visit to her happy London home in North Audley Street, and this last visit she had enjoyed in every way with all the freshness of youth.

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 2, 1844.

"Not the least tired with my journey. Francis read to me indefatigably through 'Australia.'[1] There is an excellent anecdote of an old Scotch servant meeting his master unexpectedly in Australia after many years' absence: 'I was quite dung down donnerit when I saw the laird, I canna' conceit what dooned me—I was raal glad to see him, but I dinna ken hoo I couldna' speak it.'

"If anybody can conceive anything much more absurd than my copying this out of a printed book of your own which you will have back in seven days,—let them call aloud.

"'I canna' speak it' how happy I was yesterday, at the tender, warm reception I had from your dear mother, and all young and old."

[1] Hood's Letters from Australia.

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Aug.* 21, 1844.

"I am right glad to look forward to the hope of seeing you again and talking all manner of nonsense and sense, and laughing myself and making you laugh, as I used to do, though I am six years beyond the allotted age and have had so many attacks of illness within the last two years; but I am, as Bess Fitzherbert and poor dear Sophy used to say, like one of those pith puppets that you knock down in vain, they always start up the same as ever. I was particularly fortunate in my last attack of erysipelas in all the circumstances, just having reached Harriet and Louisa's comfortable home, and happy in having Harriet Butler coming to me the very day she heard I was in this condition. Crampton had set out for Italy the day before, but Sir Henry Marsh managed me with skill, and let me recover slowly, as nature requires at advanced age. I am obliged to repeat to myself, 'advanced age,' because really and truly neither my spirits nor my powers of locomotion and facility of running up and down stairs would put me in mind of it. I do not find either my love for my friends or my love of literature in the least failing. I enjoyed even when flattest in my bed hearing Harriet Butler reading to me till eleven o'clock at night. Sir Henry Marsh prescribed some book that would entertain and interest me without straining my attention or overexciting me, and Harriet chose Madame de Sevigné's letters, which perfectly answered all the conditions, and was as delightful at the twentieth reading as at the first. Such lively pic-

tures of the times and modes of living in country, town, and court, so interesting from their truth, simplicity, and elegance; the language so polished, and not the least antiquated even at this day. Madame de Sevigné's reply to Madame de Grignan, having called Les Rochers 'humide'—'Humide! humide vous-même!' I should not have thought it French; I did not know they had that turn of colloquial drollery. But she has every good turn and power of expression, and is such an amiable, affectionate, good creature, loving the world too and the court, and all its sense and nonsense mixed delightfully. Harriet often stopped to say, 'How like my mother! how like Aunt Ruxton!' At Trim, during the two delightfully happy months I was there, during my convalescence and perfect recovery, she read to me many other books, and often I wished that you had been as you used to be with us, and Mr. Butler who is very fond of you and appreciates you, joined in the wish. One book was the 'Journal of the Nemesis,'—of breathless interest, from the great danger they were in from the splitting of the iron vessel, and all the exertions and ingenuity of the officers; and Prescott's 'Mexico' I found extremely interesting. After these true, or warranted true histories, we read a novel not half so romantic or entertaining, the 'Widow Barnaby in America,' and then we tried a Swedish story,—not by Miss Bremer,—of smugglers and murderers, and a self-devoted lady, and an idiot boy, the best drawn and most consistent character in the book. After—no, I believe it was before—the 'Rose of Tisleton,' we read 'Ellen Middleton' by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, granddaughter of the famous Duchess-Beauty of Devonshire, and whatever faults that Duchess had she certainly had

genius. Do you recollect her lines on 'William Tell?' or do you know Coleridge's lines to her, beginning with

> 'O lady nursed in pomp and pleasure,
> Where learned you that heroic measure?'

Look for them, and get 'Ellen Middleton,' it is well worth your reading. Lady Georgiana certainly inherits her grandmother's genius, and there is a high-toned morality and religious principle through the book (where got she 'that heroic measure?') without any cant or ostentation: it is the same moral I intended in 'Helen,' but exemplified in much deeper and stronger colours. This is—but you must read it yourself."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Observatory, Armagh, Sept.* 15, 1844.

"As well and as happy as the day is short—too short here for all that is to be seen, felt, heard, and understood. It is more delightful to me than I can express, but you can understand how delightful it is to see Lucy so happy and to see her mother see it all. I sleep in the same room with her, and fine talking we have, and we care not who hears us, we say no harm of anybody, we have none to say.

"Lucy has certainly made good use of her time and so improved the house I should hardly have known it. In the dining-room is a fine picture of Doctor Robinson when a boy, full of genius and romance, seated on a rock. It is admirable and delicious to see how well and how completely Lucy has turned her mind to all that can make her house and *houseband,* and all belonging to him, happy and comfortable—omitting none of those

smaller creature comforts which if not essential are very desirable for all human creatures learned or unlearned.

"Robinson at home is not less wonderful and more agreeable even than Robinson abroad,—his *abondance* in literature equal to Macintosh,—in science you know out of sight superior to anybody. In home life his amiable qualities and amicable temper appear to the greatest advantage, and I cannot say too much about the young people's kind and affectionate manner to Lucy.

"The Primate and the Lady Beresfords were so kind and gracious as to come to see us; and I have enjoyed a very agreeable luncheon-dinner, at Caledon. Lady Caledon is a REAL person doing a great deal of good sensibly. Lord Caledon gave me a history of his life in the backwoods of America, and gave me a piece of pemmican, and I enclose a bit, and I hope it will not have greased everything; and when I said that after a youth in the backwoods it was well to have such a place as Caledon to fall back upon, there was a glance at his mother that spoke volumes."

"*Edgeworthstown, April* 7, 1845.

"The coach an hour later than usual has but this moment arrived, and brought Francis, Rosa, and Erolino, safe, well, and happy: they were detained by one of the horses having 'the staggers,'—all the beholders said the creature could not live an hour, 'Take care when he falls he does not fall on his side, for if he does he will never have strength to rise again.' Luckily he fell on his knees, and he was bled and was able to rise,

and was led off, and with three horses they came on. Francis observed the guard reading, and on looking at his book saw it was 'Tristram Shandy!'

"Crampton told Rosa that his having shown to Mr. Lever my praises of his former works was the reason of his dedicating 'Tom Burke' to me. I send you Mr. Lever's letter about the 'O'Donohoo,' and I am sure you will be glad to see how much the author was pleased by our enjoyment of the book. I know there was not one word of flattery in what I wrote. It is delightful that one can raise a cast-down fellow-creature's energy and hopes of himself. A man of so much genius, how my father would have delighted to help him."

"*April* 26.

"Here is Mrs. Moore's most touching letter.[1] I am glad she goes abroad, that will be best."

"*May* 17.

"Though you know all that is in this letter of Pakenham's I send it because you will be pleased to see how kindly he takes the trouble to repeat it to me. I am glad he had some information to give to as well as to take from Humboldt."

"*Aug.* 7.

"How characteristic Joanna Baillie's letter is, so perfectly simple, dignified, and touching. Mrs. Baillie was several years younger than the sisters.

[1] On the death of her son Augustus, a young man of rare abilities. He had extraordinary mathematical genius, and when we became acquainted with him when only seventeen, he had read and thought more than most men of seven-and-thirty.

"Shall I send you Dean Murray's book?—not pamphlet. It is very entertaining."

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Aug.* 7, 1845.

"My dear own Margaret,

"No pen or hand but my own shall answer your most affectionate letter or welcome you again to your native country—damp as it is—warm and comfortable with good old,—and young, friends.—And young, for your young friends Mary Anne and Charlotte were heartily glad to see you. As to the old, I will yield to no mortal living. In the first place is the plain immoveable fact that I am the oldest friend you have living, and as to actual knowledge of you I defy any one to match me, ever since you were an infant at Foxhall, and through the Black Castle cottage times with dear Sophy and all. What changes and chances, and ups and downs, we have seen together!"

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Aug.*, 1845.

"Yes; my dearest Harriet, who would say No to you? Enchant Mrs. Somers with 'yes,' as you have enchanted me with your manner of asking for it. Pray accept this dedication. Her remembrance of my father's words which had been lodged in her mind for so many years is delightful. I am glad you had so much of Robinson, your gain can never be our loss. His note to Lestock shows how happy he had been with Mr. Butler. I was going to send to Charlotte ten out

of twenty buds good-natured Mr. Jones has sent to me, but Gahan says they are too dry, and he has put them under glass to strike, and if they strike a strike, Charlotte shall have half the strikes."

"*Sept.* 13.

"Henry Beddoes has been writing to you; Cecilia is a very nice creature, and her children remarkably well trained little gentlewomen. And now I must go and write to Mrs. Moore about what I know nothing about.

'At least nothing new
I had rather write to you.'"

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Trim, March* 1, 1846.

"Pakenham and Christina arrived here in excellent time, charmed with their kind reception at Black Castle. From the first moment I set eyes and ears upon Christina I liked her,—it seemed to me as if she was not a new bride coming a stranger amongst us, but one of the family fitting at once into her place as a part of a joining map that had been wanting and is now happily found."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, March* 18, 1846.

"Thank you for Mrs. Abell's book on Buonaparte, entertaining as telling things that could not be invented. Your mother is so good as to read out after

eggtime Dumas' 'Dame de Monserac,' beginning rather heavy. De Bussi's fight with I don't know how many assassins wonderful and good; and his being saved by the unlocked door behind him, and the swoon, and mixed reality, dream, delirium and remembrance, admirable; and I thought of Susan Hopley's *unrivalled* dream.

"I enclose a note of William Beaufort, senior—William Beaufort, junior, is here, and I like him much. Mr. and Mrs. Francis, and Mr. and Mrs. Pakenham Edgeworth are going to dine at Mrs. Murray's. An American Professor of a College has sent me a new cargo of roses,—*prairie* and wonderful climbers,—I hope one will climb up in time into your drawing-room window, and bid you good-morrow."

"*March* 30.

"Just returned from a delightful pony carriage drive with your mother to Kildereen, with spectacles[1] for Mrs. Green,—she tried half-a-dozen, and shook her head, 'No good, no use;' but the very last pair, she uplifted her hands with ecstasy, and her eyes from her book, 'The very thing, dear! and I never was expecting to see again,—may you live a hundred years, and have your own eyes!'

"Rosa and I read last night the 'Espinasse' and Madame du Deffand, very entertaining, thank you, we found them without trouble."

[1] Maria had got at Birmingham a set of common spectacles better than the people could buy in country shops, with which she made many a poor creature happy.

To Lady Beaufort.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 31, 1846.

"My dear Honora,

"I hope that the rhododendrons will not exhaust themselves; at this moment yours opposite the library window are in the most beautiful profuse blow you can conceive, and at the end of my garden indescribably beautiful, and scarlet thorn beside. The peony tree has happily survived its removal, and is covered with flowers.

"I this morning received a little book, a German translation of my father's first part of 'Harry and Lucy' by a lady now residing at Norwich."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, June* 24, 1846.

"I must try your patience a bit more in a most *thorny* affair——How 'thorny?'

"You will never know till a box arrives by the coach. Edward being under orders to convey it to Granard in the gig. Why Edward? Why in the gig? Because the box is too heavy for Mick Dolan or any other gossoon to carry. 'And what can be in it?' Wait till you see,—and I hope you may only see, and not feel. 'Citoyenne, n'y touchez pas.' Vegetable, animal, or mineral? Four and twenty questions might be spent upon it, and you would be none the wiser.

"Now to be plain, the box contains 'The old man's head,' now you know. Cacti sent to me by Sir William Hooker; your mother has not room for more than two, which she kept. Thunder-storm and hail-shower, half-past eleven."

The long illness of my son Francis, and his death October 12, overwhelmed us all for the remainder of the year 1846. The famine began, and Maria made every exertion in her power, mind and body, and purse, and heart, for the sufferers.

To Rev. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Jan.* 5, 1847.

"As you advised my sending the note to Colonel Jones I enclose his very civil and effective answer,—and also Mr. Bell's. My mother says that though there may be no more stones wanting for the roads near Edgeworthstown, stones are wanting for drains; so there are means of employment in the stone-breaking work still,—she has just had a talk with Mr. Henry Bond, the inspector, and he will set the men to work to-morrow."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*February* 9.

"I feel the loss of Doctor Clifford for myself, but how much more for Mr. Butler, not only as a medical adviser but as his friend and assistant in all parish and county and poor-house concerns."

She wrote the following Epitaph, which was inscribed on his monument—

"To the Memory of Doctor Clifford,

Who, by his medical skill, benevolence, liberality, and amiable manners, gained the affection, esteem, and

gratitude of all classes of people in this parish and neighbourhood, during a residence of twenty-seven years, spent indefatigably in his professional duties, and in the unostentatious exercise of humane and Christian virtue."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*February* 9.

"Mr. Powell instigated me to beg some relief for the poor from the Quaker Association, in Dublin—so, much against the grain, I penned a letter to Mr. Harvey, the only person whose name I know on the committee, and prayed some assistance for Mr. Powell, our vicar, to get us over the next two months, and your mother represented to me that men and boys who can get employment in draining especially, cannot *stand* the work in the wet for want of strong shoes; so, in for a penny, in for a pound; ask for a lamb, ask for a sheep. I made *bould* to axe my FRIENDS for as many pairs of brogues as they could afford, or as much leather and soles, which would be better still, as this would enable us to set sundry starving shoemakers to work. By return of post came a letter to 'Most respected Friend,' or something better, I forget what, and I have sent the letter to Fanny—granting £30 for food—offering a soup boiler for eighty gallons, if we had not one large enough, and sending £10 for women's work: and telling me they would lay my shoe petition before the Clothing Committee."[1]

[1] Leather was sent by these benevolent gentlemen, and brogues were made for men and boys, and proved to be of the first service.

"*February* 22.

"The people are now beginning to sow, and I hope they will accordingly reap in due course. Mr. Hinds has laid down a good rule, not to give seed to any tenants but those who can produce the receipt for the last half year's rent. Barry has been exceedingly kind in staying with us, doing your mother all manner of good, looking after blunders in draining, &c."

"*February* 28.

"I send 'Peter Vyvian Daniel, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States,'—wonderfully romantic letter,[1] and I have written to accept the mocking bird, after many qualms of conscience, having been the cause of the death of three of these charming birds, but Rosa is so anxious to have it I could not refuse it."

"*March* 13.

"I have been working as hard as an ass to get the pleasure of writing to you, and have not been able to accomplish it. I have only time to say, a gentleman from the Birmingham Relief Committee has sent me £5 for the starving Irish. How good people are! I send Mrs. Cruger's letter, and have written to the ladies of America, specially, as she desires, to those of New York, and your mother approved, and I asked for barley seed, which, as Mr. Powell and Gahan and your mother say, to be of any use must come before May—but I asked for money as well as seed.—Sturdy beggars."

[1] This letter was to offer a present of a mocking bird; it was written with enthusiastic feelings of admiration and regard for Maria.

"*March* 22.

"You will see how good the Irish[1] Americans have been, and are; I wish the rich Argosie was come.

"Thank you for Mrs. Kitchener's pretty little prologue and epilogue, just the homefelt warm-hearted thing that delights me. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, and tell them how much I like it, and how glad I am to be so remembered, by two generations of friends to Old Poz."

"*April* 9.

"'Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?' I found it, my dear, exactly where I knew it was, in 'Alison's History.' On Buonaparte's return from Egypt, the old guard surrounding him and the band playing this. I know Mary Anne and Charlotte have the music. I have seen it with my eyes and heard it with my ears; I have it in the memory of my heart—I have made all the use I want of it now in the new story I am writing, and mean to publish in Chambers' Miscellany, and to give the proceeds to the Poor Relief Fund."

"*April* 26.

"Having seen in the newspapers that the Australians had sent a considerable sum for the relief of the distressed Irish, and that they had directed it to the care of 'His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin,' meaning Doctor Murray, I wrote to our Archbishop Whately, playing upon this graceless proceeding towards him, and to the best of my capacity, without flattery. I did what I

[1] The Irish porters who carried the seed corn sent from Philadelphia to the shore for embarkation refused to be paid.

could to make my letter honestly pleasing to His Grace, and I received the most prompt, polite, and to the point, reply, assuring me that the Australians were not so graceless in their doings as in their words, that they had made a remittance of a considerable sum to him, and that if I apply to the Central Relief Committee, in whose hands he placed it, he has no doubt my application will be attended to.

"This was nuts and apples to me, or, better at present, rice and oatmeal, and I have accordingly written to 'My Lords and Gentlemen.' The Archbishop, civilly, to show how valuable he deemed my approbation! has sent me a corrected copy of his speech, with good new notes and protest and preface. He says it is impossible to conceive how ignorant the English still are of Ireland, and how positive in their ignorance."

"*April* 28.

"Mr. Powell has received from Government £105 on his sending up the list of subscriptions here for a hundred guineas, according to their promise, to give as much as any parish subscribed towards its own relief. This he means to lay out in bread and rice and meal—not all in soup; that he may encourage them to cook at home and not be mere craving beggars."

To Lady Beaufort.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 8, 1847.

"Most heartily do I rejoice that we may hope that you may be able to come; I do not say come with Fanny, for that might hurry and hazard you, but in the days of harvest home, if harvest home does ever come

again to our poor country, and you will rejoice with us in the brightened day.

"I cannot answer your Admiral's question as to the number of deaths caused by the famine. I believe that no one can form a just estimate. In different districts the estimates and assertions are widely different, and the priests keep no registry. Mr. Tuite, who was here yesterday, told us that in the House of Commons the contradictory statements of the Irish members astonished and grieved him, as he knew the bad effect it would have in diminishing their credit with the English. 250,000 is the report of the Police up to April. Mr. Tuite thought a third more deaths than usual had been in his neighbourhood. My mother and Mr. Powell say that the increase of deaths above ordinary times has not in this parish been as much as one third."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 19, 1847.

"The fever, or whatever it is, has been, Lucy says, dreadful about Armagh; many gentlemen have it; one who exerted himself much for the poor—was distributing meal, saw a poor girl so weak, she could not hold her apron stretched out for it; he went and held it for her—she was in the fever; he went home, felt ill, had the fever, and died.

"I enclose a letter from Mr. Starkey, to whom I wrote about all those poems we so liked; you see how gratified he is by our being touched by 'the Bankrupt,' which it seems touched him in the writing. I also send a letter of Mr. Lockhart's, which I particularly like,

and which peculiarly gratified me by showing his dependence on the true interest I take in his affairs."

"*June* 7.

"What magnificent convolvulus! we had not one blown for Fanny's birthday. Do not trouble yourself about my cough or cold, for I am doing, and shall do, very well; and I would have had twenty times the cough for the really exquisite pleasure I have received from Sir Henry Marsh's letter: no such generous offer was ever made with more politeness and good taste. In the midst of all that may go wrong in the world there is really MUCH GOOD, and so much that is honourable to our human nature.

"When Margaret is with you, if she likes to see 'Orlandino' in his present *deshabille*, she is welcome.

"I wrote to Mr. Lockhart as kindly and as boldly as possible about his cutting down the present nine volumes of Sir Walter's Life for £1,000; I declare I think I would give £1,000 to see it as well done as he has done the Life of Buonaparte. I told him all I thought he could cut out with advantage—all the accounts and explanations about Ballantyne and Constable, which explain nothing, and only make those suspect who never suspected before, and those who always suspected suspect more. He should only make a general statement of all he gained by his works and all he lost, and the immense debt he paid; and as to the rest, it can't be helped or accounted for, and posterity will care nothing about the particulars. I advised him to shorten the last melancholy volume; too dreadful the unveiling the decline of health and mind of such a friend and such a person: and to leave out

the last chapter, beautifully written as it is, about Sir Walter's love of mystery. The reader sees all that can be known about it in the facts, and it is not for a friend to point attention to the fault, nor to attempt to explain or excuse what cannot be excused or well accounted for. I particularly requested him to leave out all letters of Sir Walter's in which personal allusions are made, which certainly Sir Walter himself could never wish, and never would have allowed to be published. That letter to Lady Louisa Stuart about the 'genius of humbug,' and the Duke of Wellington and others, in which Lydia White is ridiculed."

"*June* 11.

"I am quite well, and half eaten by midges, which proves that I have been out, standing over Mackin, cutting away dead branches of laurestinus. He could not stand it—took off hat, and rubbed with both hands all over head and face. I wish we could put back the profuse blow of the rhododendrons, peonies, and Himalayan poppies till Honora and Fanny come. Have you any Himalayan poppies? If not, remember to supply yourself when you are here—splendid!

"I see a Mr. Round is proposed for the representation of Oxford. My mother tells me that Mr. Butler went to see Mr. Round at Colchester, and gave her a charming description of his old place and old family."

"*July* 8.

"I enclose a letter for Miss Stopford, which will surprise you by its number of sheets. I found many beautiful things in her poem, and if you have not read it, pray do. Her translation of the remarks on the

Juif Errant is an admirable translation, as your mother thinks, who is a much better judge than I am; so that I wrote to Miss Amelia with real pleasure."

"*August* 12.

"Will you look over the enclosed from Dr. Sprague? I am under obligations to him for innumerable volumes of Journals of Science, beautifully bound, and constant kindness, and have now to regret that I can do nothing for him. He supposes I must have known Burke. I thought there had been some anecdote in the notes or preface to Mrs. Leadbeater's 'Cottage Dialogues,' about Burke's paying a visit to her father, and the old man holding up a candle to Burke's face, to see and admire him. I have spent all the morning hunting for 'Cottage Dialogues,' and when at last I found it, I had the satisfaction to find that it was not *in it*. However, I was well enough pleased with what I stopped to read of the notes—mighty confident and *tranchant* style, as if I had been judge of the whole world and reviewer paramount, and as if my praise was such a mighty matter! Well, people get more modest as they get older!"

Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall having written to Maria, previous to publishing their edition of her works in nine volumes, asking her to write prefaces to each story, such as Sir Walter had given in the last edition of his novels, she replied:—

To Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall.

"Gentlemen,

"Accept my best thanks for your kindness in letting me know in time of your design of publishing

a new edition of my novels and tales. I am further and highly obliged and gratified by your liberal intention of illustrating and 'embellishing those works upon the plan of the present edition of the Waverley novels.' I am fully sensible that even such writers as Sir Walter Scott owe much of their popularity to the talents of the painter and engraver, especially in these modern days of literary luxury: how much more necessary must be the elegancies of printing and external decoration to writers of inferior pretension! Without any affectation of humility, which I despise and dislike more than frank vanity, I cannot believe that anything I could write as prefaces or notes to my stories could add to their value or interest with the public in any proportion to those of the Waverley novels; and I have too much honest pride to degrade myself by servile imitation, when I could not hope, by any effort, to catch the spirit or attain the value of the original.

"Sir Walter Scott, skilful beyond all other writers in the art of gracefully speaking of himself, possesses in those prefaces and notes peculiar advantages which protect him from the offensive appearance of egotism: it is not of himself as an individual that he speaks, but of his country—of its historical traditions and romantic legends. His novels are truly national; his elucidations are necessary to make national manners and language, and local or transitory customs, intelligible to the English reader even of the present day, and still more to those who will be delighted with his works in distant lands and in future ages. The history of each of his fictitious narratives, traced from the first idea through all its variations and transformations to its final completion, is not only interesting and useful as literary

criticism to all readers and writers, but further, and in a higher sphere, is important to the philosopher and the metaphysician curious to learn the secret workings and processes of that mind which has raised Sir Walter Scott to a pre-eminence never before attained by any writer in his lifetime, and which has gained for him personally the sympathy of his country, from the cottage to the throne.

"After this view, how can I return to speak of myself and of my works? In truth I have nothing to say of them but what my dear father has said for me in his prefaces to each of them as they came out. These sufficiently explain the moral design; they require no national explanations, and I have nothing personal to add. As a woman, my life, wholly domestic, cannot afford anything interesting to the public: I am like the 'needy knifegrinder'—I have no story to tell. There is, indeed, one thing I should have wished to tell, but that Sir Walter has so much better told it for me—I honestly glory in the thought that my name will go down to posterity as his friend."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, August* 15.

"I hope you think I am right in telling Chambers to send the MS. of 'Orlandino' to Madame Belloc; I am very glad to have any the slightest opportunity of obliging her. I am very glad her 'Ruche' is resuscitating; I think it deserves to live, and has the principles of vitality in it."

"*Oct.* 9.

"Baron Lefroy said well the morning I saw him, on

the contrast between French and English judges and judgments and proceedings in their courts of justice. The cross-examining the Duc de Praslin, to make him convict himself, is most absurd, as well as unjust. Your mother and Fanny dined at Carrickglass yesterday, and were not home till one o'clock; and Honora and I were found sitting up without knowing it, and we had been talking incessantly! I told Chambers that the title should be simply, 'Orlandino, by Maria Edgeworth,' and that it does not require or admit of any preface."

To Miss Margaret Ruxton.

"*Edgeworthstown, Oct.* 27, 1847.

"I have heard it said that no one should begin a letter with *I,* but methinks this must be the dictum of some hypocritical body, or of somebody who thinks more of themselves than they dare let appear. I am so full of my own little self, that I am confident you, my dear Margaret, will not think the worse of me for beginning with 'I am very well;' and I am a miracle of prudence and a model of virtue to sick and well—with good looking after understood. So I stayed in bed yesterday morning, and roses and myrtles and white satin ribbon covered my bed, to tie up a bouquet for a bride, very well wrapped up in my labada. You don't know what a labada is: Harriet will tell you. This nosegay was to be presented to the bride by little Mary, as Rosa was asked to the wedding, and was to take Mary with her. But who is the bride? you will ask, and ask you may; but you will not be a bit the wiser when I tell you—Miss Thompson. Now your heads go to Clonfin, or to Thompsons near Dublin, or

in the County of Meath. This is one you never heard of—at Mr. Armstrong's, of Moydow; and she was married yesterday to the eldest son of Baron Greene.

"At the breakfast, when Mr. Armstrong was to reply to the speech of the bridegroom, who had expressed his gratitude to him as the uncle who had brought her up, the old man attempted to speak; but when he rose, he could only pronounce the words, 'My child.'

"Mary, after the breakfast, walked gracefully up to the bride and said, 'My Aunt Maria begged me to present this to you. The rose is called Maria Leonida, her own name is Maria; and she hopes you will be very happy.' I was delighted."

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, Oct.* 30, 1847.

"I hope the hyacinths 'Maria Edgeworth' and 'Apollo,' and all the blues, will not be destroyed in their journey to you. I spent an hour yesterday doing up dahlias for Rosa, who wrote to me from Dublin that she was heart-sick for flowers.

"I advise and earnestly recommend you to read 'Grantley Manor.' It does not, Mr. Butler, end ill, and from beginning to end it is good, and not stupidly good. It is not controversial either in dialogue or story, and in word and deed it does justice to both Churches, in the distribution of the qualities of the dramatis personæ and the action of the story. It is beautifully written; pathetic, without the least exaggeration of feeling or affectation. The characters are well contrasted; some nobly high-minded, generous, and firm to principle, religious and moral without any

cant; and there are no monsters of wickedness. I never read a more interesting story, new, and well-developed."

"*Nov.* 13.

"Yesterday morning I received the enclosed from that most civil of publishers, Mr. Chambers, and most sensible and kind Madame Belloc, with a note from that most conceited and not over well-bred Mons. de Lamartine. I send them for your amusement and Mr. Butler's. I desired my friend Madame Belloc to use her own discretion in repeating my criticisms on his 'Histoire des Girondins,' but requested that she would convey to him the thanks and admiration of our family for the manner in which he has mentioned the Abbé Edgeworth, and our admiration of the beauty of the writing of that whole passage in the work. At the same time I regretted that he had omitted 'Fils de St. Louis,' and also that he has not mentioned the circumstance of the crowd opening and letting the Abbé pass in safety immediately from the scaffold after the execution. This it seems to me necessary to note, as part of the picture of the times: a few days afterwards a price was set upon his head, and hundreds were ready for the reward to pursue and give him up. I copied this from Sneyd's Memoir, and the anecdote of the Abbé, when asked at a dinner (Ministerial) in London whether he said the words 'Fils de St. Louis,' &c., and his answer that he could not recollect, his mind had been so taken up with the event. I think Lamartine, in his note to me, turns this unfairly; and I feel, and I am sure so will you and Mr. Butler, 'What an egotist and what a puppy it is!' But the ovation has turned his head."

On the 4th of February, 1848, after a very short illness, my daughter Fanny died. Maria survived her little more than a year. She bore the shock without apparent injury to her health, and she continued to employ herself with her usual benevolent interest and sympathy in all the business and pleasures of her family and friends; but, strongly as she was attached to all her brothers and sisters, Fanny had been the dearest object of her love and admiration: that object was now gone. We did not know how soon Maria was to follow her. She was staying, in the spring of 1849, for some weeks at Trim, where Lucy and Dr. Robinson were with her. She seemed unusually agitated and depressed in taking leave of Harriet and Mr. Butler, but said, as she went away, "At Whitsuntide I shall return."

The following was one of the last letters she ever wrote:—

To Mrs. R. Butler.

"*Edgeworthstown, May* 2, 1849.

"Unbiassed by anybody's opinion upon earth, I hereby reply to your important query regarding Lady Cecilia Clarendon's eyes: when I saw them last, to my mind's eye they were blue. Highly gratified by finding that my dear Lady Cecilia's eyes still continue to interest sufficiently to have a question as to their colour."

"*May* 7.

"I am heartily obliged and delighted by your being such a goose, and Richard such a gander, as to be frightened out of your wits at my going up the ladder

to take off the top of the clock! Know, then, that I am quite worthy of that most unmerited definition of man, 'a creature that looks before and after.' Before I *let on* to anybody my doubts of my own capability of reaching the nail on which to hang the top, I called Shaw, and made her stand at the foot of the ladder while I went up, and found I could no more reach the nail than I could reach the moon. Exit Shaw.

"Prudence of M. E., Act 2: Summoned Cassidy, and informed him that I was to wind up the clock, and that he was promoted to take off the top for me; and then up I went and wound the clock, and wound it as I had done before you were born; as there is nothing easier, only to see that it is not going to *maintain* at the very instant, which is plainly to be noted by the position of the maintaining pin on the little outer wheel, relative to the first deep tooth. You see, I am not quite a nincompoop.

"Honora, by a note this moment read, intends to come over in July. So Maxwell is going to sea, and I shall never see him again. Forward Mr. Ticknor's note to Honora. I answered about the Governess' Institution. I send my lines:—

> "Ireland, with all thy faults, thy follies too,
> I love thee still: still with a candid eye must view
> Thy wit, too quick, still blundering into sense
> Thy reckless humour; sad improvidence,
> And even what sober judges follies call,
> I, looking at the Heart, forget them all!
> Maria E. *May*, 1849."

On the morning of the 22nd of May Maria was taken suddenly ill with pain in the region of the heart, and in a few hours breathed her last in my arms.

She had always wished that her friends should be spared the anguish of seeing her suffer in protracted illness; she had always wished to die at home, and that I should be with her—all her wishes were fulfilled.

She was gone, and nothing like her can we ever see again in this world. Her genius, her vast capacity for every species of knowledge, her infinite cheerfulness; and with all her bright fancy, and all her never-failing wit, the wonderfully practical nature of her mind. The most remarkable trait in her character was the prudence with which she acted; the command which she had acquired over her naturally impetuous nature and boundless generosity of spirit.

Extremely small of stature her figure continued slight, and all her movements singularly alert to the last. No one ever conversed with her for five minutes without forgetting the plainness of her features in the vivacity, benevolence, and genius expressed in her countenance.

Particularly neat in her dress and in all her ways, she had everything belonging to her arranged in the most perfect order—habits of order early impressed upon her mind by Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, which, with her methodical way of doing business enabled her to get through a surprising amount of multifarious work in the course of every day.

She wrote almost always in the library, undisturbed by the noise of the large family about her, and for many years on a little desk her father had made for her, and on which two years before his death he inscribed the following words:—

"On this humble desk were written all the numerous works of my daughter, Maria Edgeworth, in the

common sitting-room of my family. In these works, which were chiefly written to please me, she has never attacked the personal character of any human being or interfered with the opinions of any sect or party, religious or political; while endeavouring to inform and instruct others, she improved and amused her own mind and gratified her heart, which I do believe is better than her head.

"R. L. E."

She used afterwards a writing-desk which had been her father's, but when at home it was always placed on a little table of his construction, which is in my possession, and to which she had attached many ingenious contrivances—a bracket for her candlestick, a fire-screen and places for her papers. This little table being on castors, she could move it from the sofa by the fire to the window, or into a recess behind the pillars of the library where she generally sat in summer time. She wrote on folio sheets of paper, which she sewed together in chapters.

To facilitate the calculation of the MS. for printing, and to secure each page containing nearly the same amount of writing, she used to prick the margin of her paper at equal distances, and her father made a little machine set with points by which she could pierce several sheets at once. A full sketch of the story she was about to write was always required by her father before she began it, and though often much changed in its progress, the foundation and purpose remained as originally planned. She rose, as I have said, early, and after taking a cup of coffee and reading her letters, walked out till breakfast-time, a meal she always enjoyed

especially, (though she scarcely ate anything;) she delighted to read out and talk over her letters of the day, and listened a little to the newspapers, but she was no politician. She came into the breakfast-room in summer-time with her hands full of roses, and always had some work or knitting to do while others ate. She generally sat down at her desk soon after breakfast and wrote till luncheon-time,—her chief meal in the day,—after which she did some needlework, often unwillingly, when eager about her letters or MSS., but obediently, as she had found writing directly after eating bad for her. Sometimes in the afternoon she drove out, always sitting with her back to the horses, and when quite at ease about them exceedingly enjoying a short drive in an open carriage, not caring and often not knowing which road she went, talking and laughing all the time. She usually wrote all the rest of her afternoon, and in her latter years lay down and slept for an hour after dinner, coming down to tea and afterwards reading out herself, or working and listening to the reading out of some of the family. Her extreme enjoyment of a book made these evening hours delightful to her and to all her family. If her attention was turned to anything else, she always desired the reader to stop till she was able to attend, and even from the most apparently dull compositions she extracted knowledge or amusement. She often lingered after the usual bed-time to talk over what she had heard, full of bright or deep and solid observations, and gay anecdotes *à propos* to the work or its author.

She had amazing power of control over her feelings when occasion demanded, but in general her tears or her smiles were called forth by every turn of joy and sorrow among those she lived with. When she met in

a stranger a kindred mind, her conversation upon every subject poured forth, brilliant with wit and eloquence and a gaiety of heart which gave life to all she thought and said. But the charms of society never altered her taste for domestic life; she was consistent from the beginning to the end. Though so exceedingly enjoying the intercourse of all the great minds she had known, she more enjoyed her domestic life with her nearest relations, when her spirits never flagged, and her wit and wisdom, which were never for show, were called forth by every little incident of the day. When my daughters were with Maria at Paris, they described to me the readiness with which she returned from the company of the greatest philosophers and wits of the day to superintend her young sisters' dress, or arrange some party of pleasure for them. "We often wonder what her admirers would say, after all the profound remarks and brilliant witticisms they have listened to, if they heard all her delightful nonsense with us." Much as she was gratified by her "success" in the society of her celebrated contemporaries, she never varied in her love for Home.

APPENDIX.

Several of the sketches which Maria made for her stories have been preserved, and as they show the pains she took with her design, and are curious from the alterations which occurred in the writing out of the story, I subjoin a specimen of them. They were written in small, narrow books, shaped like a cheque-book, and, indeed, often sewed into the empty cover of a cheque or stamped receipt-book.

"Original Sketch of Belinda.

Abroad and at Home.

May 10, 1800.

"*Characters.*—Mrs. Stanhope: a politic, well-bred, catch-match-making Aunt, who has succeeded in marrying half-a-dozen nieces to men superior to them in fortune, on which she prides herself extremely. She has only one niece left upon hand, Belinda Portman, whom she is determined to get rid of as soon as possible; and for this purpose she documents her in the art of showing herself off. Mrs. Stanhope's character must be shown in a letter of advice to Belinda. She

is at Bath with one of her married daughters, who is ill. She has been for some time plotting to get her into the society of Lady Delacour: succeeds.

"Belinda Portman, a young lady of about seventeen, very handsome and accomplished, fond of dress and public amusements, merely because she has tasted no other pleasure. She has good abilities, but she has never yet thought for herself; has been merely a puppet in the hands of her manœuvring aunt. She is charmed with the idea of her visit to Lady Delacour.

"Lady Delacour, a woman of wit and fashion, who married with the hope of managing her husband and his large fortune, and of distinguishing herself by every species of fashionable folly and extravagance. Dashing, harum-scarum manners happen to be the mode, and she endeavours to exceed all her predecessors and competitors, not only in all that woman, but 'all that man dare do.' Her ambition is to be odd. She thinks that women are

> 'Ne'er so sure the passions to create,
> As when they touch the brink of all we hate.'

She goes so near the brink, that her husband thinks she has gone beyond. They quarrel, hate one another, do not separate, because they cannot afford it; but live miserably together, each following their own *pleasures:* one of the chief of these pleasures is tormenting each other. Lord Delacour is excessively apprehensive of appearing to be led or governed by his wife. He is a drunkard of the highest fashion, a gambler, and a jockey.

"The contrast between the apparent prosperity and real misery of Lady Delacour must be strongly marked.

At home she is wretched; abroad she assumes the air of exuberant gaiety, like the man who wept behind the mask which made others laugh. She has acquaintance in abundance, but no friends. Her manners abroad elegant and fascinating, at home negligent and irascible.

"In a short time after her arrival at Lady Delacour's, Belinda begins to see through this thin veil with which politeness covers domestic misery. She is astonished at the discovery that Lady Delacour, who had appeared to her the most enviable of human beings, is in reality the most wretched. She begins to reflect upon Mrs. Stanhope's theories of happiness. *Good* matches, she finds, are not always happy matches. She overhears at Ranelagh, while she is waiting with Lady Delacour for her carriage, a conversation between some young gentlemen about her sisters, her aunt, Lady Delacour, and herself; she is shocked at the manner in which female fortune-hunters are spoken of. She finds that the people who seem most to admire Lady Delacour are the first to abuse her when out of sight: she defends her.

"Lady Delacour finds her with colour raised, in great agitation: begs to know the cause: extorts from Belinda the truth: affects to laugh at the abuse which so much hurt Belinda, but is really vexed by the treachery of her acquaintance and admirers. As she is going home in the carriage she hears her ladyship give a deep sigh: 'If I had served myself with half the zeal that I have served my acquaintance, they would not now forsake me. I have sacrificed reputation and happiness to the love of frolic. I am dying; I shall die unlamented by any human being. If I were to live

my life over again, what a different person I would be!'

"Belinda's astonishment at hearing that Lady Delacour is dying! She seems in perfect health and spirits. Lady Delacour repeats, 'I am dying—I know I am dying;' and then continues silent till they arrive at home. Invites Belinda for the first time to her toilette. There had always been a great mystery about this toilette. Belinda at first imagined that the mystery was, that her ladyship used cosmetics—yet this she could not long imagine, as she hears her speak of painting, rouge, &c., without hesitation or disguise.

"When she goes into Lady Delacour's dressing-room she finds her ladyship without paint, but still in the dress she wore at Ranelagh—contrast of her pale emaciated sallow countenance and gay dress shocks Belinda. Lady Delacour uncovers her bosom and shows her the hideous spectacle of a cancer.

"'My mind is eaten away by an incurable disease like my body. You shall know how I myself caused this cancer; I will tell you my history to-morrow; now I am exhausted. Leave me.'

"Lady Delacour's history: Her account of her feelings when she was acting the various parts of a fine lady's character, gaming without loving gambling—being a dasher, a jockey, her coquetting with a man she did not like, to excite her husband's jealousy—a politician, an electioneerer, and a woman of spirit, affronted by a Mrs. Lutridge, who was of an opposite party at an election; quarrel on the hustings—challenge one another, go out in men's clothes; fight a duel, Lady Delacour's pistol recoiled, blow on her breast brought on a cancer.

"This melancholy history makes a great impression on Belinda. So that the very means her aunt had taken to form her for a fine lady had a directly contrary effect. The same objects appear very differently on a distant and a near view. It is safer for young people to see than to hear of certain things.

"Character of Clarence Hervey, one of the young men of fashion who are in the train of Lady Delacour; he has a large fortune: aims at excelling in everything, and ambitious of praise from all descriptions of people; his character, or at least his conduct, varies with every new company or new situation into which he happens to be thrown. He admires Belinda, when he first sees her, because his companions pronounce her to be beautiful. Her Aunt Stanhope extremely anxious that Belinda should spread a net and provide a cage for this young heir.

"Character of Doctor Sane, the physician who attends Lady Delacour in her illness; like Doctor Moore, if you can draw him like the idea that may be found of Doctor Moore from his works; a benevolent man who knows human nature and what is called the world, perfectly: who has polite manners and talents for conversation in a high degree. He is interested for Belinda, a young girl who he thinks is in Lady Delacour's house on the verge of ruin and misery; make use of him to open her eyes to the real characters of all who frequent Lady Delacour's house. He warns her against Clarence Hervey. She is disposed to admire this dashing genius, but her eyes are opened to his real views, (which are not matrimonial,) by the conversation she overhears at Ranelagh, and by the prudence and penetration of Doctor Sane, who makes him show off the worst parts

of his character. Her reflections upon the miseries of Lady Delacour's apparently happy and really wretched marriage give her sufficient force of mind to conquer her incipient passion for Clarence Hervey; contrary to her Aunt Stanhope's peremptory advice, she discourages instead of attempting to attract him. He considers this as an artifice to draw him on to marriage and trots off.

"Mrs. Stanhope quarrels with Belinda for her disobedience and rashness. Illness of Lady Delacour; rapid progress of her disease. Commissions Belinda to go to see her daughter who is at a school in London: she has seen her only for a few weeks at holidays for some years. After having once settled her at a fashionable boarding school she took it for granted that her education would go on in the usual course, and that she should send for her home, and bring her out into the best company at the proper age. When her health so rapidly declines she dreads an interview with her daughter, and she defers it till it is no longer possible.

"The last whimsical ambition with which Lady Delacour is seized is to conceal from all the world that she has a cancer: the secret kept for a considerable time, but her maid Marriott, whom she has indulged partly from vanity and partly from convenience, is incensed at Belinda's being admitted to the secrets of her lady's toilette: she detests Belinda for refusing Clarence Hervey, because he would have bribed her highly if Belinda would have trusted her, and would have encouraged him. Marriott betrays the cancer secret to Mrs. Lutridge, the whisper circulates—reaches Lady Delacour the day she has undergone the dreadful ope-

ration of having her breast cut off—her vexation brings on fever—gaming debts: her husband refuses to pay. Doctor Sane attends her from humanity, but takes high fees—when he has accumulated a sufficient sum he restores it to her to pay, not her gaming, but her tradesmen's debts. Her death.

"Lord Delacour's brutal insensibility: Belinda endeavours to rouse him to some recollection of his daughter, but that is impossible: he takes a fancy to Belinda —she refuses him: his astonishment. The refusal reaches Clarence Hervey's ears: his opinion of Belinda changed.

"Mrs. Stanhope's rage at her niece's refusal of Lord Delacour. Belinda goes to see Helena Delacour: it is during the Midsummer holidays: she is on a visit in Kent at the house of a Mrs. Piercefield, a cousin of Lady Delacour's, a most amiable woman.

"Upon second thoughts I believe it will be best that Belinda should go to see Lady Delacour's daughter and find her at Mrs. Piercefield's during her ladyship's last illness: the contrast between the domestic agonies of Lady Delacour and the domestic happiness of Mrs. Piercefield will be more striking.

"Mrs. Piercefield was first struck with compassion for the child, seeing that it was so totally neglected by its mother,—pictures of domestic happiness at Mrs. Piercefield's, she invites Belinda to her house, who gladly accepts this invitation.

"Whilst all this has been going on Clarence Hervey's character has been undergoing various changes. Doctor Sane's conversations with him during an illness—madness—brought on by drinking for a wager. Anecdotes of Sir Francis Delaval related by Doctor Sane,—Clarence

becomes sensible that he has superior abilities,—this consciousness makes him disdain his former associates. He is deeply in debt; has the courage to stop short in the career of dissipation and applies himself to the cultivation of his talents, goes into Parliament, distinguishes himself. Belinda meets with a newspaper with his first speech in it at Mrs. Piercefield's; thinks it must be some other Mr. Hervey; meets him there; each astonished at the change in the other.

"An uncle of Belinda's dies and she comes unexpectedly into the possession of a large fortune; Mrs. Stanhope's affection for her returns, and contrary to her former advice, she now counsels her not to throw herself away upon Hervey: says she admires her judgment in having formerly refused him: he is an eccentric young man, she observes, who with great abilities will not make them useful to himself or any of his connections: he has to her certain knowledge refused the most advantageous offers from ministry upon the old fashioned romantic notion of never acting or speaking contrary to his conscience. Mrs. Stanhope's advice and information produces an effect diametrically opposite to her intentions: she marries Hervey, preferring happiness at Home to happiness Abroad."

In "Ennui" and "Vivian," the stories were scarcely altered from the original sketches. Besides these sketches she had note-books, small and of the usual note-book shape, in which she entered anything which struck her as affording material for thought or composition. So early in life did she begin these notes, that the first, dated 1780, is written in her childish round-hand.

Note-book, 1780:

"*McCulloch, Western Isles.* On the mountain degree of cold—whiskey in cup mixed with hailstones—quicksilver sank into bulb."

"*For Harry and Lucy.* Boy going under archway saw horse could go but not self, caught hold of bar above and clung."

"*Star, Dec.* 1801. Trial of Tailor and Simcoe. Coachman would sleep on box—gentleman snatched plate from coach—at trial coachy turning the tables on him for stealing plate, taken to Giltspur Street Compter——damages 1*s.*"

These miscellaneous notes were entered as she met with them, and she knew afterwards, "by some process of memory," where to find them when they were to be used.

When at Trim in 1849, she dictated the following:

"*March* 20, 1849. Being now in my eighty-third year, I recollect a number of literary projects, if I may so call them, or *aperçus* of things which I might have written if I had had time or capacity so to do. The word *aperçu* my father used to object to,—'Let us have none of your *aperçus,* Maria, either follow a thing out clearly to a conclusion or do not begin it: begin nothing without finishing it.'

"This advice I have followed, but I now may note down some of the many temptations that have presented themselves. It may be that some of my family or friends with literary tastes, and possessed of the necessary information may follow out and bring to completion some of these Notions.

"The first that occurs to me was suggested by the present state of Ireland, particularly by the failure of the potatoe crop. I recollect that in Berkeley's Querist there is this inquiry, 'Whether potatoes have been an evil or a blessing to Ireland?' and as well as I recollect another of his queries is, 'What would be the consequence to Ireland if potatoes ceased to be the national food?'

"I have some excellent letters of my dear deceased friend, Mr. Ricardo, which bear upon this subject, and which state what ought to be the desideratum for the food of a nation; such as storability; not to be the lowest price, that something may be had to fall back upon in case of crops failing. Food that requires industry, not to be scratched out of the earth like pig-nuts.

"I should have liked to have gone over the whole of the Querist, not merely with reference to Ireland, but to all the topics and Queries which that man of enlarged genius and great *longanimité* of mind suggested."

"There is a well-known book, Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors: it might be useful and entertaining to look over this book and mark what errors yet remain that deserve to be called Vulgar, and what have been established as truths.

"Also to examine whence the errors supposed to be such arose, and to '*bring forward*' to posterity 'arrears outstanding.' See Johnson's Life of Sir Thomas Browne, Quincunx, &c."

"To take a larger scope in the same range it might be well to look at Bacon's Pyramid of Knowledge, and

to note what progress has been made under each division, and what new divisions, or headings, have been made in consequence of new openings and new discoveries: but in making this examination more records must be referred to than I am acquainted with. I will however mention those which occur to me: Hook's Discourse on the Progress of Philosophy; Dutens' Decouverts des Anciens; Herschel's Natural Philosophy—O that Herschel himself would execute this project!—Whewell's History of Inductive Science; and Nicholson and Brand's and Silliman's American Scientific Journals, must be carefully looked over: see also an article on patents in the Edinburgh Review, January, 1849. Carefully noticing the new views of science and the influence of the great modern discoveries on society, illustrating both, as far as they have gone and indicating how far they are likely to lead: steam, balloons, gases, electricity, magnetism, and many more beyond my knowledge, even for suggestion,—Discoveries in Anatomy, Bell on Nerves of Sensation and Volition."

"Looking from science to the history of the imagination see Gregory on the Duties of a Physician, and Southey's Life of Wesley, for curious facts, also Whewell on Gnostics and Mysticism, Animal Magnetism Explained, &c.

"In metaphysics I know not of any advance, unless the doctrine of Association, originally noticed by Aristotle, may be termed new in the more extended signification in which it is used by Hartley, Priestley, Hume, &c.: but how far it has been usefully applied to education remains to be shown. Upon its revival this prin-

ciple seems to have been much overvalued, and as Sir Walter Scott humorously observed, to have been used as a 'sort of universal metaphysical picklock.' It seems to have been forgotten in the zeal for the power of association that there must be something to associate with; some original capacity of feeling pain or pleasure, probably different in different minds: this is pointed out as a subject for future inquiry.

"Bentham, in his 'Treatise on Utility, Legislation,' &c., has endeavoured to make out a list of all human pains and pleasures—consult it; but remark, that degrees vary so much in individuals, that a just or accurate scale can never be formed for reward or punishment. Look over Bentham to consider whether any advance has been made by him since Hume respecting the principle of Utility as applied either to morals or legislation. There is a slight 'Review' on this subject, written by myself, which may be worth looking at, as Sir Samuel Romilly approved of it as being, at the time it was written, the most concise statement he had seen of the value of the principle of Utility, as applied to crimes and punishments. The second part, on Rewards, might have contained more new observations as Dumont's Bentham sur les Recompenses has never been sufficiently examined, although many ideas have been stolen unacknowledged, from it by Members of Parliament, and others, and *plated* out for their own purposes."

"The making of laws and the interest of individuals as well as that of the public in general obviously go in the same line, as in the Post Office regulations, admirably expounded in Dumont's Bentham sur la Legis-

lation. This practical application of the principle may be considered as an Advance in the Science of Legislation since the time of Bacon.

"With regard to the whole system, founded on the principle of Utility, it should be observed that it is more a question of words, than has hitherto in the discussion, been observed even by philosophers. If each party were to define intelligibly and exactly what they mean by the word Utility, the dispute must come to an end. Hitherto, the enemies, as they call themselves, of the principle, disregarding derivation, assume that the word Utility can be used only in a restricted sense; as we say, a chair is useful to sit upon, not considering what may be useful to human happiness in general, or in giving pleasure, independently of doing service; in this view of the subject the Beautiful and all that relates to Taste, they distinguish from the Useful, and they have fair play for ridicule well exemplified in Madame de Stael's raillery against Dumont, and the system of Utility in her 'Considerations,' where she asks the philosopher whether beautiful landscapes, &c., are useful. The defenders of the principle of Utility have not yet sufficiently pointed out its exact definition; Dumont employs the word Utility as everything which is conducive to human happiness, or human pleasures. Referring to his list enumerating such pleasures, temporal pleasures both of the senses and of the intellect, it seems that he would also include religious happiness or the hope of happiness in a future state, as being conducive to our happiness at present. This he does not distinctly state, but infers it, as in his system, there is, he declares, nothing contrary to religion, only contrary to persecution, which, producing evil, comes under the head of

pains. Whether this be a forced construction should be examined. But admitting it to stand, it reduces the question to a flat truism, namely: that all which is useful to happiness here or hereafter *is* useful to happiness here or hereafter."

"In addition to the present 'Journal of Science,' and in lieu of a 'Licence for Patents,' recommended by the author of the Article on Patents in the 'Edinburgh Review,' to which I have referred, it might be advisable to review each Patent, simply to *review* it, as it comes out, and to see how far each invention agrees with or differs from the *principles* which conduce to permanent utility or success."

"In looking at 'Bacon's Pyramid of Knowledge:' the task of examining and reporting on each division appears too vast for any mind, but the mind of him who first sketched that 'Pyramid,' but even the commencing such an undertaking may be useful as encouraging other minds to assist. The slightest light thrown making the darkness visible, points out at least where we may attempt to penetrate to dispel that obscurity. The advantage gained to science or to morals, simply by throwing light, is most strongly exhibited in the comparison of the state of legislation all over the world, but particularly in England, with what was the condition of mankind as to liberty, security, and happiness, not only in what are called the Dark Ages, but in those in which light had not been diffused by the progress of knowledge and the publicity of the press. For facts exemplifying: see historians, especially 'Macaulay's Reigns of Charles II. and James II.' The

cruelties and tyranny then practised can never more be endured: Jeffries, Kirk, &c."

"In criticism a comparison may be made between Johnson's Lives of the Poets and Sir Walter Scott's Lives of the Novelists. Curious to mark the difference between criticism by one himself an artist in one particular line of fiction, and one only eminent in general literature, but not possessing the imaginative or inventive faculty. Johnson's superior *learning*, in the common acceptation of that term, hardly compensates for his want of imagination as to descriptive poetry and the beauties of nature, or as to the graphic power of representing human character, and of combining incidents in story. See the preface which he wrote to Mrs. Lennox's Shakespeare Stories, showing his own sense of his deficiency in the inventive power; saying that he considered the construction of a story, with the incidents in just concatenation, as the most difficult effort of human intellect. Johnson's attempts at the delineation of character in every-day life, high and low, may be seen in the 'Rambler,' particularly in a paper describing a scolding-match between a mistress and her maid, which the vilest novelist of the Minerva press would now be ashamed to own.

"Scott's and Johnson's candour in criticism should be compared: the asperity of Johnson should be condemned; and the false indulgence—flattery, I fear we must acknowledge it to be—of Scott in some instances should be despised, lowering as it does the value of his own coin. Upon the whole, however, Sir Walter, as a judge, himself an artist, must stand exempted from the general aversion which most writers seem to have to

be judged by their compeers. He was free from envy and jealousy. 'I would as soon cherish a toad in my bosom,' &c."

"Dr. Johnson says, somewhere, that a curious essay might be written upon the tracing up of the invention of stories, sayings, witticisms, allusions, &c., to their original source in different countries and ages. There are some *banale* stories, mythological and psychological, which have travelled the world through all ages; such as Psyche herself, and numerous others which might be cited in an entertaining manner in the story line. The range would become too vast, and it would be difficult to assign the original property, as we should come across the proverb, 'Wits jump;' and the certain truth, exemplified in science still more than in literature, that at given periods of the progress of knowledge or of fashion, minds come to the same point, either by accidental or necessary coincidence. See Dunlop on Fiction and Jackson's 'Four Ages.' What occurs to me as new would be the *comparison* of similes both in prose and verse on the same subject, as they have been treated in our own language and in other languages, by contemporaries, or by writers of different periods.

"In English some very obvious in the time of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Parnell: such as

'Riches spread abroad is incense to the skies,'

manufactured by Pope from a saying of Mr. Gray's of Lincoln's Inn, quoted in Bacon's Apothegms.

"The pebble in the water, concentric circles, and fame—Pope, Parnell, &c.

"Gay's 'Fair Woman,' from the 'Virginella sulla

fiora' of Ariosto, and all the copiers; the comparison of which might be made entertaining."

"To these instances of resemblances in thoughts and expressions, the bounds of what ought to be considered as plagiarism to be marked. See ingenious observations, truly made and wittily expressed, on this subject in first interlude to Darwin's Botanic Garden. 'You may pluck the wild flowers in the fields of literature, but you must not gather the cultivated fruit in your neighbour's garden.' Sterne took pages bodily from obscure authors; an instance of flagrant plagiarism, with guilty knowledge; and extraordinary that the rich should steal, but it is sometimes so seen, both in literature and in common life. Some, indeed, add murder to robbery, like Voltaire with Shakespeare. Some, standing upon the mines, call out, 'No mines here,' and depreciate that they may appropriate. Some claim possession by right of improvement, and others take without even the form of claiming, like Mirabeau: 'Il y a long temps que j'ai dit,' &c. Some drag the barbarian gold from the savage's ears.

"End with examining whether Time does, or does not, do justice at last, in fairly apportioning moral or literary fame."

The following notices are taken from the American papers:—

"The last steam-packet from Liverpool brought us the news of Miss Edgeworth's death. She died on the 22nd of May, at Edgeworthstown, above 82 years old. Few persons in our time have been allowed to do so much

to bless and to benefit mankind—fewer still, to persevere in their labours to the end, and to live so long to witness the good they had done, in every quarter of the world; and here, in the United States, more than in other countries beyond the British Empire, the hearts of many will be saddened by this intelligence, as with a sense of personal loss. To many of us, she was the friend of our childhood, who took us gently by the hand and led us in those paths where those who most loved us most wished we should go—to many of us in our riper years, she has lightened the heavy hours of solitude or of sorrow—to all who have listened to her she has been a safe counsellor, speaking in tones of cheerful encouragement, and urging us to whatever was honourable and good, by precepts of winning wisdom; and by fictions so faithful to life that they seem to have the force of living example—to all indeed who have thus known her, (and who can count their number?) her death now comes as a bereavement. But all who loved and admired her will be consoled to learn that her old age was serene and happy—that she enjoyed to the last not only her extraordinary powers, but all the pleasures of life, that she had most valued; and that she died on the spot which was always her home, surrounded by those whom she entirely loved and trusted, and followed by the blessings of her suffering countrymen, for whose relief she made her latest literary exertion; and to whom she never ceased freely to devote her substance and her strength. Under all circumstances the warm and trusting spirit that pervades whatever she wrote, was present to sustain and strengthen her. A few years ago, after a dangerous illness, she said to a friend, 'And now it is all over, I thank God not only for my recovery,

but for my illness. In very truth, and without the least exaggeration of affectation or sentiment I declare, that on the whole my illness was a source of more pleasure than pain to me, and I would willingly go through all the fever and weakness to have the delight of the feelings of tender warm affection, and the consequent unspeakable sensations of gratitude. When I felt that it was more than probable that I should not recover—with a pulse above 120, and at the entrance of my 76th year, I was not alarmed; I felt ready to rise tranquil from the banquet of life, where I had been a happy guest; I confidently relied on the goodness of my Creator.' And again, a few weeks since she wrote: 'Our pleasures in literature do not, I think, decline with age; last first of January was my 82nd birthday, and I think that I had as much enjoyment from books as ever I had in my life;' and thus she went onward doing good, and enjoying the good she did, until after only a few hours' illness she was called to close her long and happy life, which, to an extraordinary degree, was given to the cultivation of what was gentlest and best in her own nature, and in the hearts of all whom she could reach, either by her modest personal example or by the influence of her genius."

"This admirable writer has long enjoyed a reputation like the calm unbiassed judgment of posterity. She lived to see her works pass from the region of transient popularity to that of permanent fame, and in her own life has reaped that harvest of influence and renown not usually gathered till after death.

"No man or woman in this generation need to be told of the surpassing excellence of her various writings;

how full they are of admirable and penetrating good sense, of just views of life, of delicate and playful wit, of graceful and venomless satire, of natural pathos, and of the soundest morality, all recommended by a style simple, flexible, energetic, and idiomatic. The moral value of such teachings as we find in 'Vivian' and 'Helen' is of the highest kind; there is nothing ideal or visionary, but the disastrous consequences of common faults, such as we are every day tempted to commit, are sent like an arrow to the heart, with such power and point as to arrest the most thoughtless, and startle the most insensible.

"Especially as a writer of children's books has she been a most generous benefactor to all who speak the English tongue; who does not recall with delight the happy hours in which he first hung over these charming books,—'Frank,' and 'Rosamond,' 'Harry and Lucy,' and the 'Parent's Assistant?' Who does not look back upon them, as linked with the sweetest recollections of the first morning of life? In this department we believe that the very first place will be awarded to her by general consent. Time, which is ever sweeping away into its oblivious gulf such yearly swarms of children's books, makes no impression upon the indestructible elements of hers.

"But it is not only as an author that Miss Edgeworth is to be honoured and remembered: the eldest, we believe, of a very large family, her whole life was dignified and adorned by the exercise of the most generous and disinterested affections, and of constant thoughtfulness for others,—the object of love, admiration, and esteem to numerous relatives, who shared in the benefits of her warm heart and sound judgment.

"To the poor in her neighbourhood she was a constant benefactor, exemplifying in her own practice all those judicious plans and rules for the aid of the needy, which will be found illustrated in more than one of her works. The old age of this admirable person was singularly serene and happy; time neither chilled her affections nor impaired her understanding; her interest in all good, continued unabated to the last. Miss Edgeworth had more than one correspondent in this country, and her letters were frequent and always full of expressions of cheerfulness and gratitude for the blessings she enjoyed, and of the liveliest sympathy in all that concerned her friends, and marked with all the wisdom, the good sense, and the playfulness of her published writings. Never was old age seen in a more attractive form, or more exempt from the narrowing and chilling influences, so apt to come over those whose lives have been less wisely spent."

"To the last of her life her faculties remained unimpaired, and the fascination of her society was as great as ever; those even who came for a morning call would remain for hours, loth to terminate her conversation. The latter years of Miss Edgeworth's life were passed between Edgeworthstown and the rectory of Trim, the residence of her brother-in-law, the amiable Dean Butler; himself a well-known scholar and an antiquarian. Trim is in the vicinage of Laracor, great in the recollections of Swift and Stella, and not far from it is the birth-place of Wellington, so that this locality combines the memory of three of the greatest minds in Ireland. Miss Edgeworth was expected at this vicarage on the very day on which the news of her death arrived! She had

driven out in her carriage in her apparent usual good health on that day, when she felt a sudden weakness, and returning home, she, in the course of a few hours, gradually and gently sank into death. An Irish lady and poetess, in announcing her death to a friend, writes thus:—'I feel it difficult to express my deep regret for Miss Edgeworth's sudden and totally unexpected death. You cannot well imagine the charm of her society or the attraction of her manners and superior sense; she was never occupied by self; one was sure of pleasing her in whatever way they essayed the trial; she would laugh like an Irishwoman in exuberant enjoyment of any pleasant subject; her warm-hearted benevolence, aided by her warm-hearted love of country, was delightful.' "

She was touched by the generosity of the porters who carried the rice and India meal to the vessels for shipment to Ireland in the famine, refusing all payment; and she knit with her own hands a woollen comforter for each porter, of bright and pretty colours, which she sent to a friend to present to the men, who were proud and grateful for the gifts; but, alas! before they received them, those kind hands were cold, and that warm heart had ceased to beat.

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